July 14, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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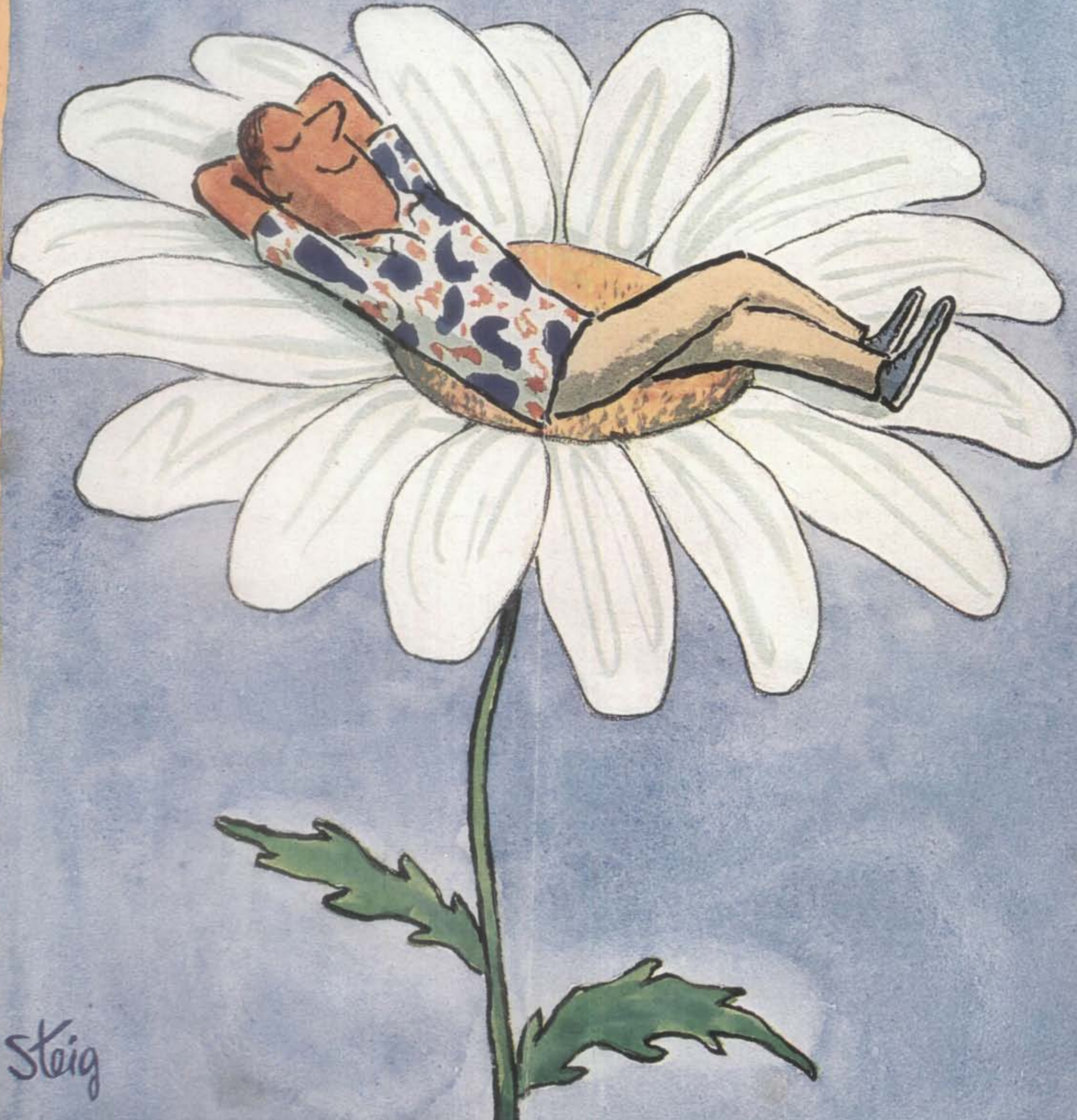

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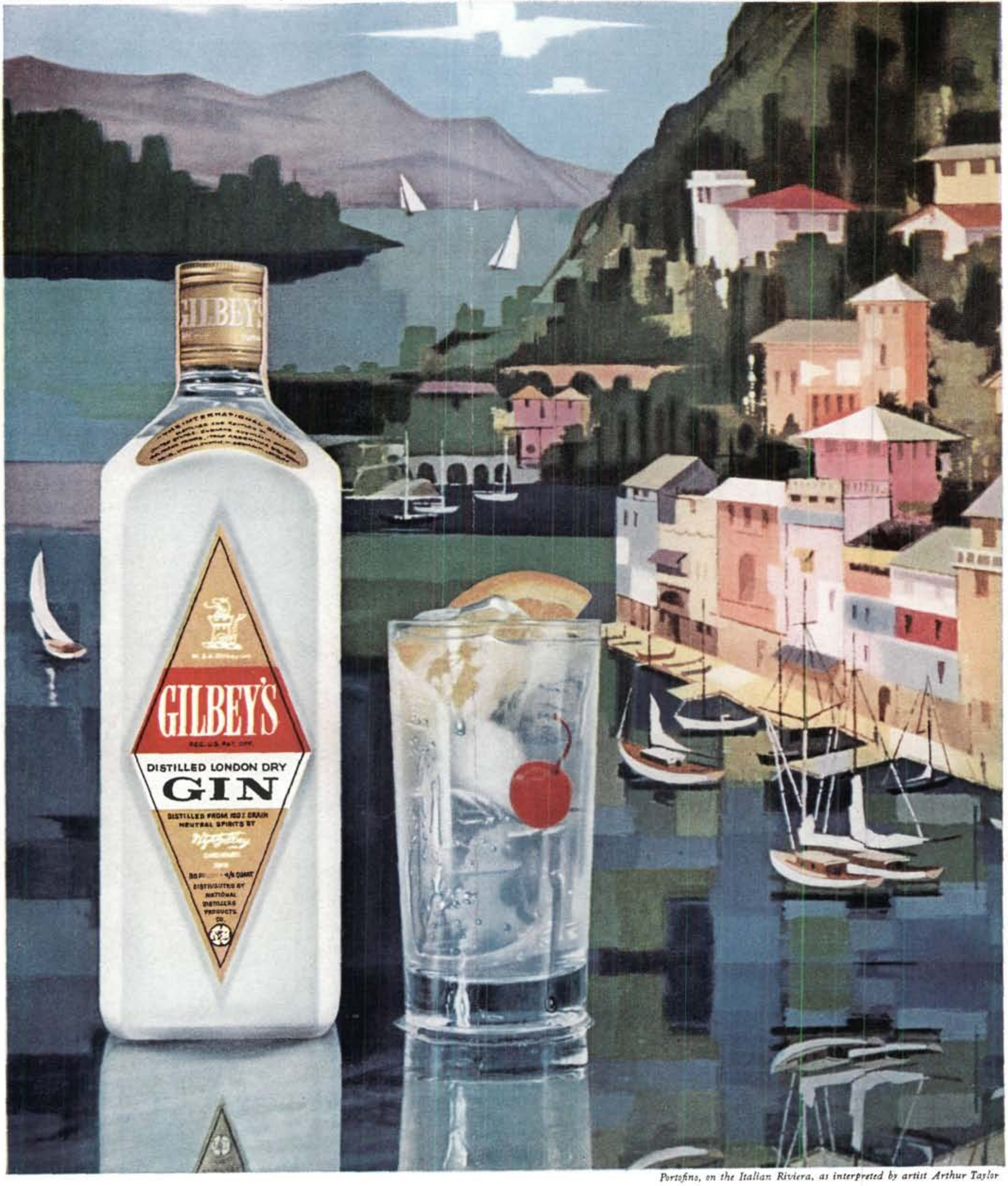
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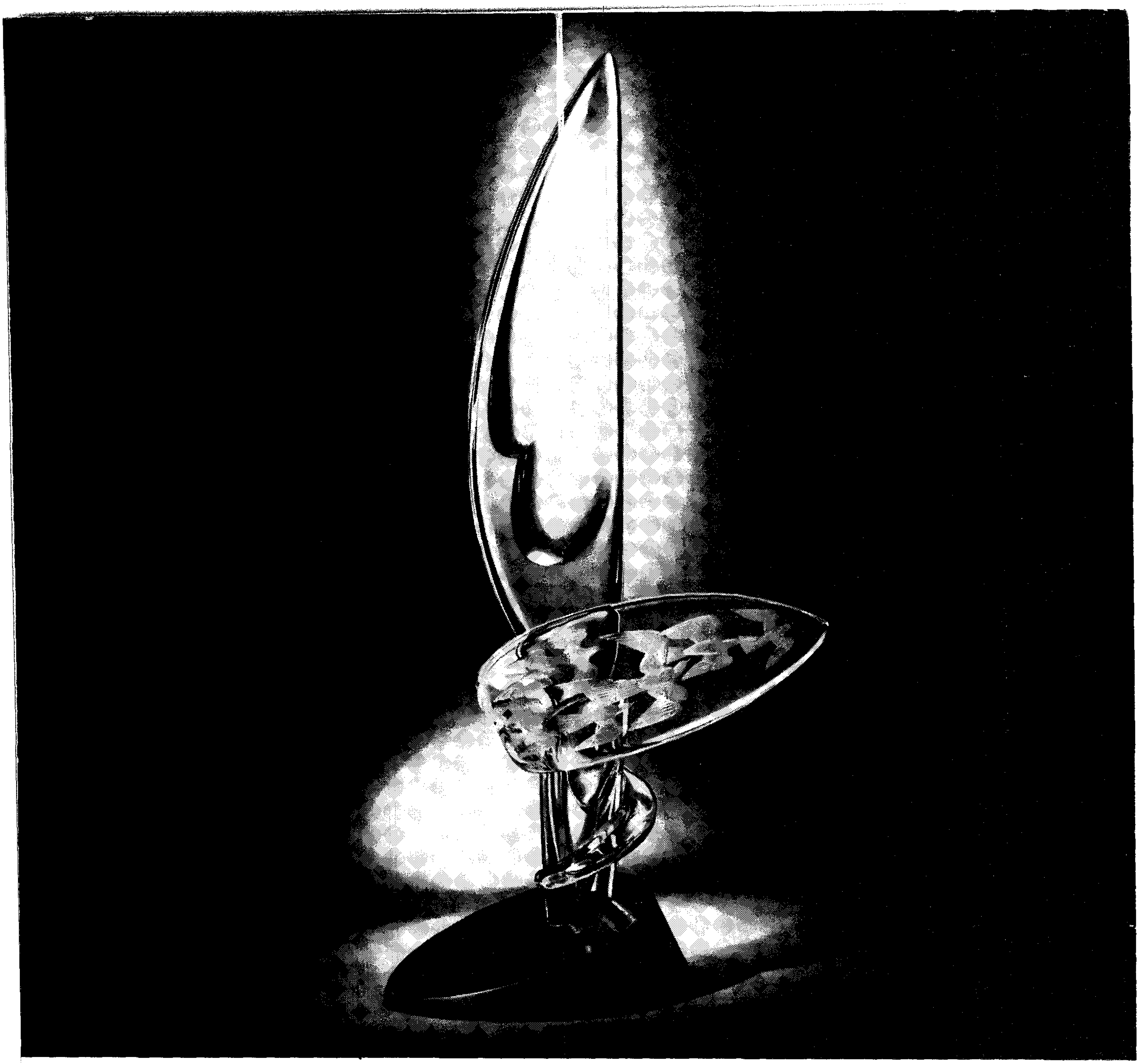

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THEATER
SUSAN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—A distinguished play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Other highly estimable performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Shelley Winters, and Alan Webb as some mixed-up Tennessee Williams people assembled in a seedy hotel on the west coast of Mexico. Mr. Williams has invented an occasional powerful scene in this drama, which is capably acted, but on the whole it is a loose and sprawling enterprise. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—Julie Harris plays a pert little French maid who is hauled into a magistrate's examining chamber after her lover of the moment—a Spanish chauffeur—*is murdered while spending an evening in* her quarters. The combination of French farce and courtroom drama doesn't always progress very speedily, but William Shatner, as the examining magistrate; Walter Matthau, as a banker; and Louise Troy, as the banker's wife, lend sturdy support to Miss Harris. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are mildly amusing in this comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about a West Coast father who dispatches his daughter to an Eastern college and then broods heavily about what might be happening to her there. However, the humor is so low-keyed as to be practically inaudible at times, and the plot isn't long on originality. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** Neil Simon's comedy about the doings of a pair of youths who have absolutely no interest in their father's artificial-fruit business. Hal March, Martin Huston, and Lou Jacobi are in the cast. Tom Poston will succeed Mr. March on Monday, July 16. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson (George Grizzard fills in for him on Mondays), and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bravo Giovanni—Cesare Siepi giving his powerful basso a workout in a rather disorganized play about an Italian restaurateur who finds himself hard pressed by an eating-chain outfit and has to resort to larceny to keep his rivals from getting the upper hand. A. J. Russell is responsible for the book, Ronny Graham and Milton Schafer wrote the lyrics and music, and Stanley Prager provided the direction. Michele Lee, Maria Karnilova, George S. Irving, Lu Leonard, Arnold Soboloff, and Gene Varrone are also on view. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written lively and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** King Arthur and all that. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **CARNIVAL:** Susan Watson portrays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets she encounters while wandering in southern Europe. Among her associates are Jerry Orbach and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The cast is led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion." Michael Allinson has the part of Professor Higgins, and Margot Moser that of Eliza Doolittle. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Aug. 4.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Jeannie Carson and Donald Scott. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—George Voskovec, Viveca Lindfors, Barbara Baxley, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker

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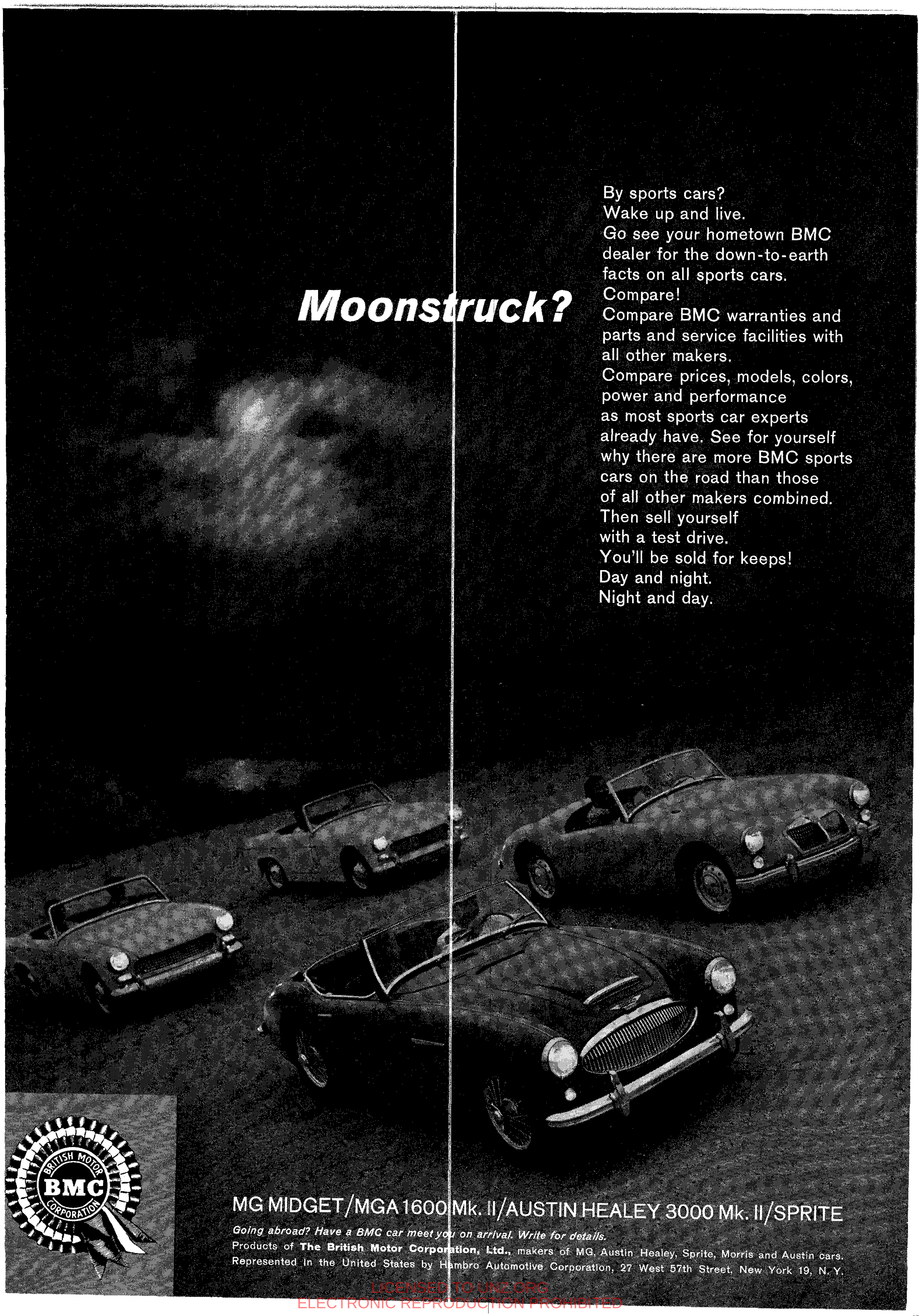

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and satisfactorily performed, from Joyce's novel, with Robert Brown as the young Dedalus. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, Clayton Corzatte gives a fine performance as a young medical student who tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosmersholm—With Nancy Wickwire, as Rebecca West; Mark Lenard, as Rosmer; Patrick Waddington, as Professor Kroll; and Bramwell Fletcher, as Brendel. An admirable production by David Ross, and a most rewarding evening. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, July 15.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "The Tempest," with Paul Stevens, James Earl Jones, and Kathleen Widdoes. The second in a series of three plays by the company. Opens Monday, July 16. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, at 8:30.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—This goldfish bowl, now drained, will be refilled on Monday, July 16, no doubt with the same assortment of our finny friends. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagel's neatly turned orchestra will pipe the customers aboard.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre, where Renato Rossini's body-and-soul guitar soliloquizes, and Phil Wayne's dance trio burbles, more or less from apéritif time to curfew night after night. Another band fills in for all hands on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Milt Shaw and Mark Monte, two bandleaders who'd never dream of leaving town, have settled—along with their two small broods—into the Persian Room for the summer. Florian ZaBach joins up once an evening during the week and twice on Fridays and Saturdays to put his venerable fiddle through some solo flights. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill, a huge recreation area, is sounding more like New York since Gunnar Hansen's band reported for duty. Closed Sundays.

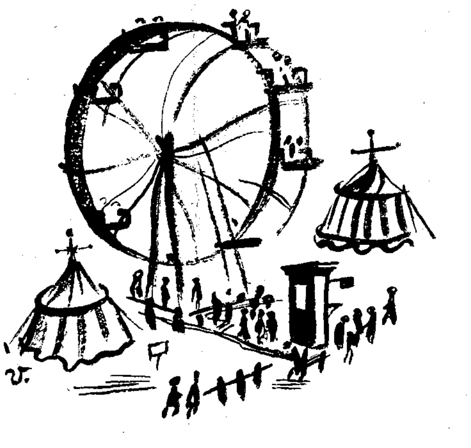
St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The pennies from this genuine heaven are provided by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and the Jean Berleaza ensemble, and the continuous cotillion is provided by the guests. No action on Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Ray Hartley, the young Australian who spends every night but Sunday from cocktails through supper in the leisurely Savoy Room, turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): People you know going on just as they would on their own front porch, even though there's a leavening of utter strangers. For one and all, Budd Gregg plays social piano from eight on. Closed Mondays.... **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, around about midnight; Bob Printz patrols his piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Fridays through Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter's home is indeed a castle, with all the perquisites pertaining thereto. His pianoforte, decisive without being domineering, is in operation from cocktails until one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This road leads to Rome. Nobody is more expert at threading the traffic than the management's élite corps of ambulatory violinists, who are on the move until all hours. Lest the night ever become silent, a brace of accordionists are likewise on the prowl. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Met may come, the Met may go, but this Florentine opera house lasts forever. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, oboist, and basso profundo—is the mainstay of the sound department, up to and including the conducting of the tiny troupe of opera lovers. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a minute dance band. Closed Mondays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only fiddle, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri IV's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor a violinist and a pianist make their way every evening but Sunday.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): A summer-replacement operation at the moment, except for Woody Allen and his very young nervous-breakdown humor. Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames, the court musicians, have yet another way of showing which way madness lies. Closed Mondays.... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays.... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar of this banqueting hall, Jules Kuti makes modest passes at the piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his trans-atlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians, who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer's Byzantine piano and the rest of the staff, too, begin a short holiday after Saturday, July 14.... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can go on far into the night. Closed Sundays.... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Every once in a while, the prevailing calm is broken by a set of singers and dancers who like to do things the hard-as-nails Spanish way. The rest of the time, a piano is apt to brood out loud, but not very. Sundays, there's dancing from two to seven; Thursdays and Fridays, there's dancing after eight.... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Cal Bostic's whoop-de-do voice and piano start their call to arms at ten in the well-cushioned small greenroom, and Andy Hamon's sort of soulful voice and piano are due at the same hour. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The corner room of the Hotel Delmonico, and not so small



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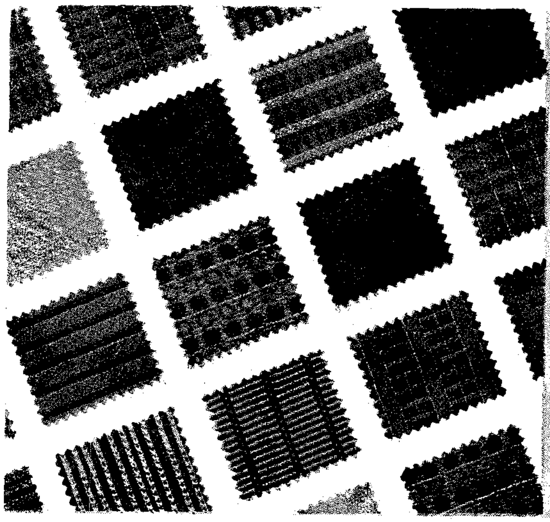

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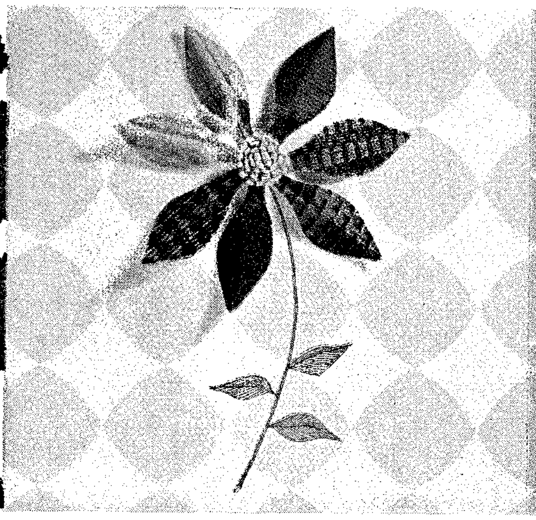

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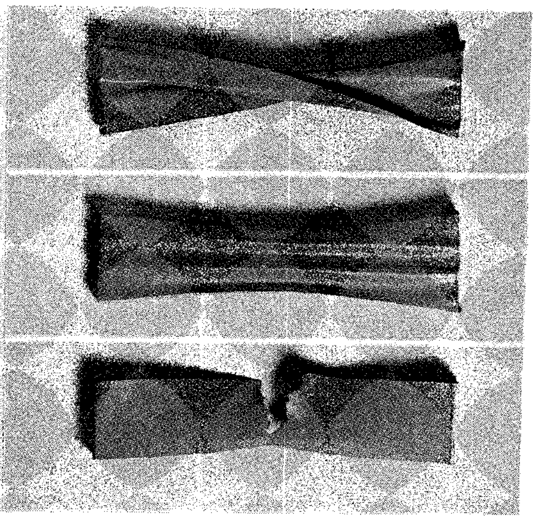
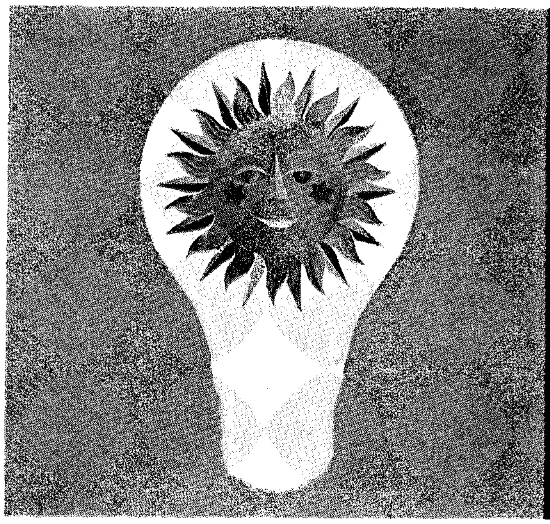


we twist it, stretch it, tear it to test its strength and durability.



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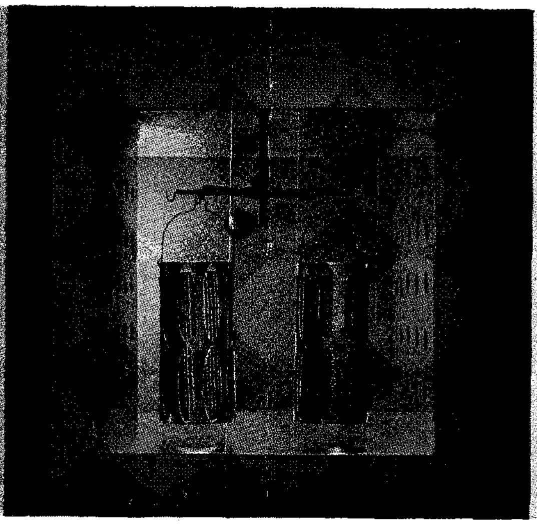

we bake it at 250° F. to find out how it withstands extreme heat . . .

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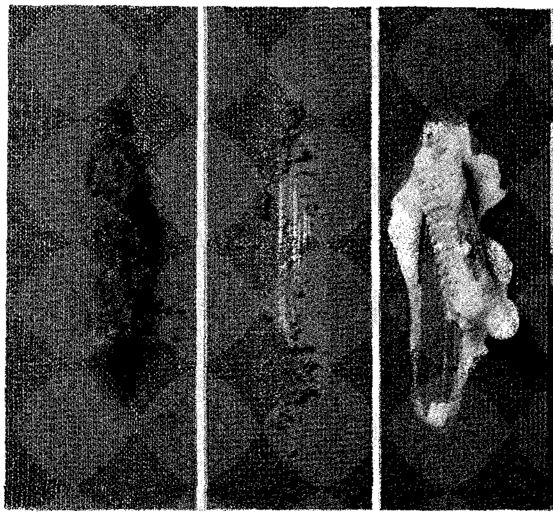

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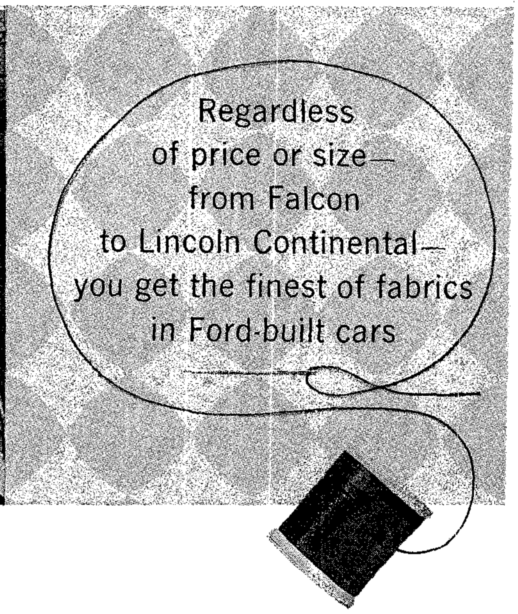
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

that it can't accommodate a dinner for two, three, or four, plus the baby grand of Marty Berns, who uses it softly and well from six to one every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Nothing here troubles the careworn mind, since the principal subject matter is not the body politic but the body of the species beautiful. Among the numerous specimens are the girls of an enormous earthbound ballet, not to mention the girls of the Wallenda aerial ballet. There is also the team of Ford and Reynolds, whose jokes are way down deep, near the lowest common denominator. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Just weekend get-togethers is the summer diet—Thursday through Saturday. On July 12-14 and again on July 19-21, the players will be Lambert, Hendricks, and Bavan (the wonderful old squad of merrymaking scat singers with a very bright new girl in its midst), Stan Getz's quartet (some body and plenty of soul), and Ahmad Jamal's quintet (jazz in a country garden).

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): On Monday, July 16, Barbra Streisand, who leads one sort of life in "I Can Get It for You Wholesale," begins leading another one here. It will definitely involve the *eau-de-vie* singing for which she is known. Her companions will be Bob Lewis, a this-way-and-that-way wit, and the Phoenix Singers, a triad of voices once worthily involved in the Belafonte Singers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): No matter who's onstage—at present it's the Ximenez-Vargas company of Spanish adventurers—one can always be sure that the music will be furious and that the dancing will be a series of impassioned lovers' leaps. Between the sessions of song and prance, Pupi Campo's dance band calls upon the customers to be agile, too. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes often persuade the clients to join in. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A new director (Ben Bagley) and a new cast have just put forth a new small revue on a stage that has specialized in this art form. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is heading up a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Abbey Lincoln (tiger, tiger, burning bright) is singing up a few fine little storms with the assistance of Mal Waldron's trio. Al Grey and Billy Mitchell chip in with their sextet. They all check out on Sunday, July 15, and on Tuesday, July 17, Milt Jackson and Connie Kaye (fifty per cent of the vacationing Modern Jazz Quartet) bring their experimental new quartet to bear. Ray Bryant's fervid threesome will also arrive. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland lays a pair of feminine but firm hands on the local piano in successful pursuit of the modern idiom; Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her lively aides. Howard Reynolds plays adequately awake piano during intermission. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Gene Krupa's band and Dick Ruedebusch's sextet are, in their roustabout way, seeing exactly how much the traffic in antiquity will bear. On Friday, July 20, Red Nichols and his Five Pennies will begin restaging *their* version of the past, in place of the present cast. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Art Blakey and his jazz Messengers are laying almost undue emphasis, and Philly Joe Jones and his band are part helter and part skelter. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Mongo Santamaria's sextet is now in residence, which goes to show that you can hear any kind of today's music if you sit at the bar long enough. If you wait as long as Tuesday, July 17, you'll once more hear Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and crew, who keep returning to this rustic scene. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Boilermakers' Local 802 is in the front-row seats; such representatives of Musicians' Local 802 as Jonah Jones' quartet and Arvell Shaw's trio, in both of which tradition is tops, are on the stand. On Monday, July 16, Harold Quinn's threesome replaces the Shaws. Sundays are given over to Tom, Dick, Harry, and other less celebrated musicians. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Roland Kirk's quartet bends every effort (and every ear) in setting forth its version of the truth about music. Mr. Kirk, whose odd instruments could be inventions of the Devil, extrudes even odder sounds from them. Another group has its say on Tuesdays. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Herman Chittison just keeps rolling along his piano in his steady, measured way from eight until two every night but Sunday. His post is a corner of the bar. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 3-9533): If lemon peel is an insufficient supplement to one's espresso, there's always folk music of sorts in this frontier tavern, and folk music of a viable sort from the perfervid Tarriers. The quality of the rest cannot always be relied upon. The players stay home Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A well-spent evening at the hands of Sonny Rollins' quartet (Jim Hall's guitar is an important ingredient) and Mose Allison's trio—Rollins issuing pronunciamentos from the half world between representation and abstraction, Allison being simply glad to be alive, which indeed he is. Jam sessions Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through July 27. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—Monumental pieces for architecture and outdoor settings, by Jacques Lipchitz, Aristide Maillol, Fritz Wotruba, and other Americans and Europeans; through July 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—At the **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: A summer show of works by (for example) Jacques Hnizdovsky, Noel Rockmore, and Rico Lebrun; through Friday, July 20. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **SMOLIN,** 19 E. 71st St.: Prints, drawings, and water colors of the thirties, by George Constant, Boris Aronson, Carl Holty, and others; through Friday, July 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK,** 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters, including William Merritt Chase, Everett Shinn, and Louis M. Eilshemius; through July 25. . . . **DINTENFASS,** 18 E. 67th St.: Gallery artists (for instance Antonio Frasconi, Robert Gwathmey, and William King) in an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints; through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Among the twentieth-century artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures are Russell Cowles, Carl Morris, and George Rickey; through Aug. 3. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Raymond Puccinelli, and other gallery artists; through Aug. 31. . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils and water colors, by Childe Hassam, Paul Sample, and Adolf Dehn, to mention a few; through July 27. . . . **WISE,** 50 W. 57th St.: Edward Dugmore, S. W. Hayter, Michael Lekakis, and other gallery art-

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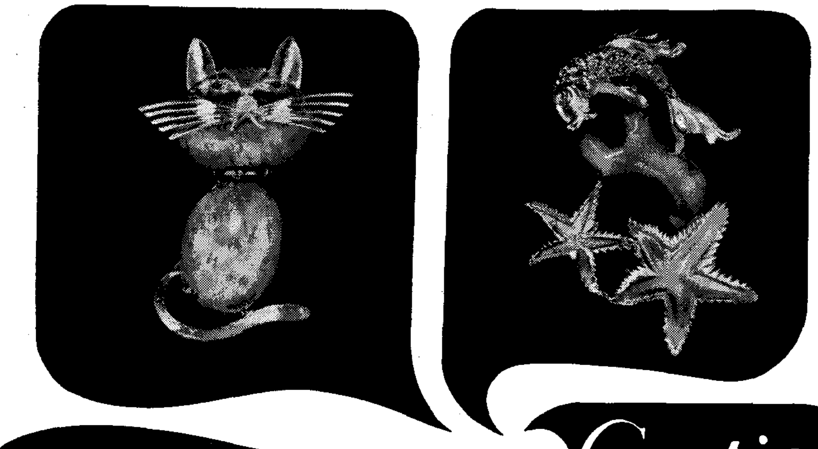

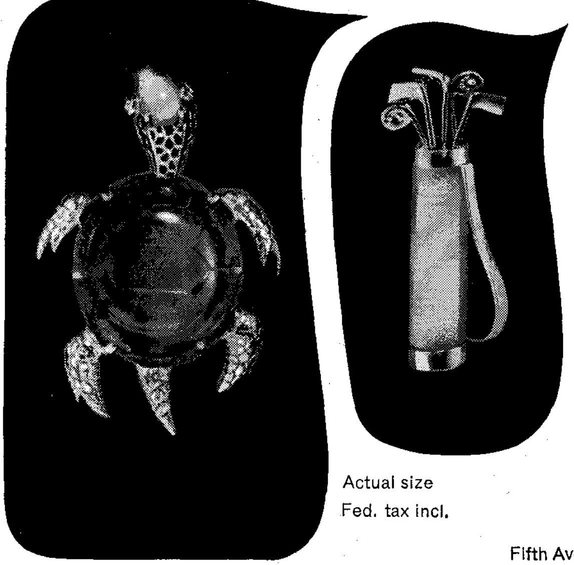

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Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **lewison,** 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by American and French artists, among them Preston Dickinson, André Lhote, and Maximilien Luce, plus bronze sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 10. . . . **thibaut,** 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Harold Baumbach, Philippe Hosiasson, Umberto Mastroianni, and others; through July 27.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **lefebre,** 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, Asger Jorn, and other painters, most of whom live in Paris; through Saturday, July 21. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.). . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Chinese porcelains from the bequest of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., notably several Ming three-color temple jars and K'ang-hsi vases and plates in *famille noire, famille jaune,* and *famille verte;* through Sept. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ In the Museum's sculpture garden, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a glider, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and whatnot) gathered from seventeen countries; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures (by such artists as Braque, Gris, and Giacometti) from the collection of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller; through Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

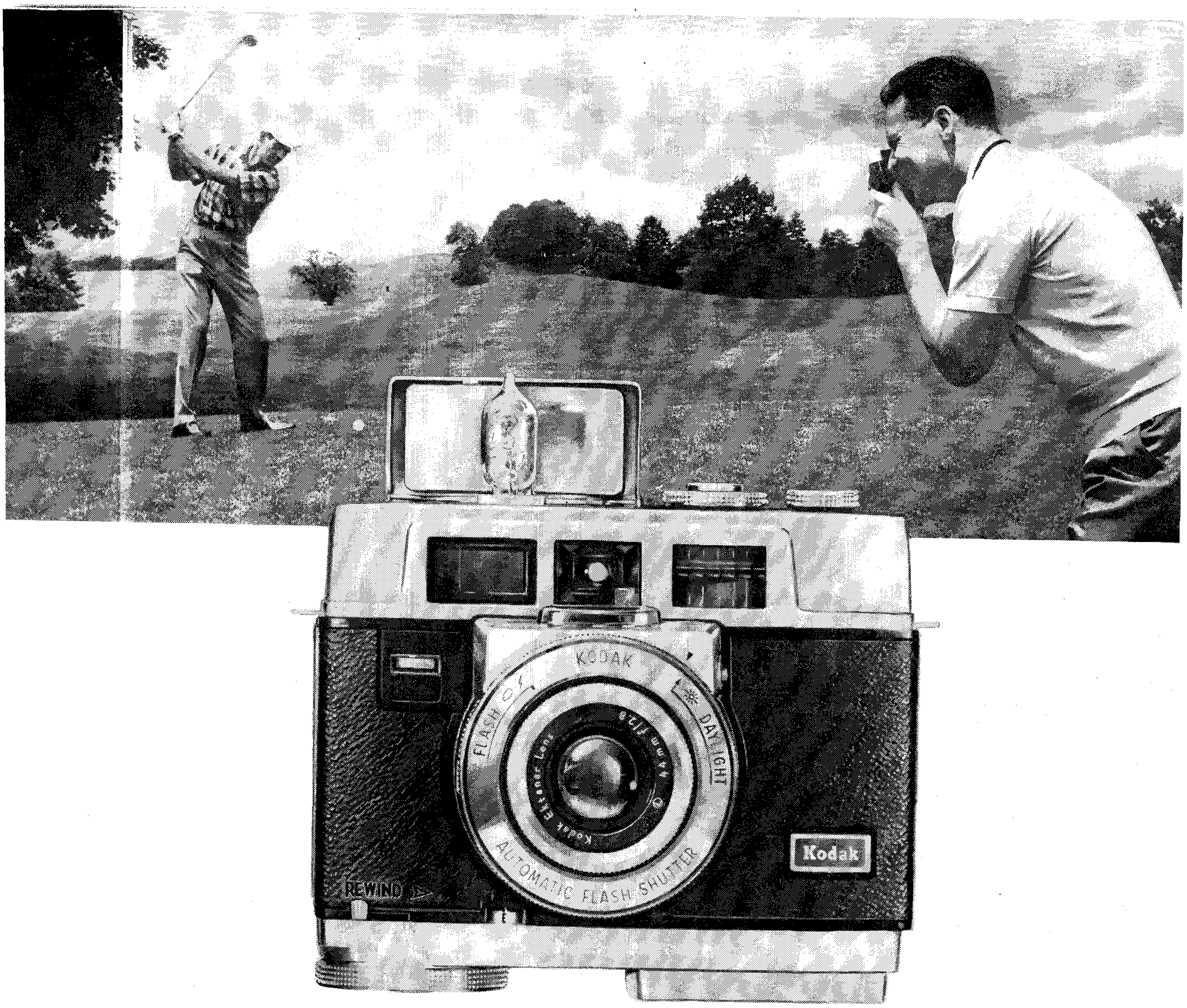
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer selection of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, offering, in chronological order, oils by Seurat, Rousseau, Chagall, Feininger, Sam Francis, and others; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Charles Dickens," an exhibition commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his birth and consisting of autograph manuscripts, first editions, autograph letters, and original drawings for Dickens' book illustrations; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent



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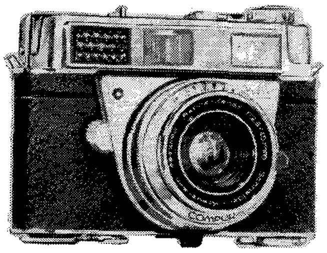

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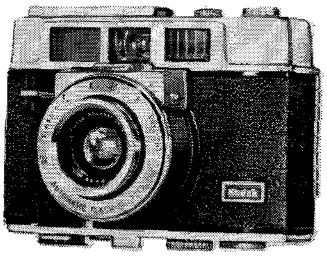

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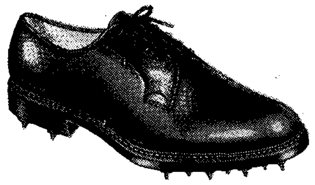

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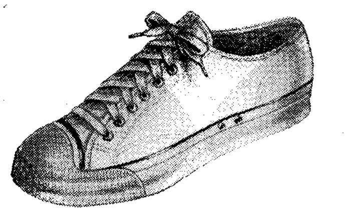

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 12: Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft conducting an all-Stravinsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14: Franz Allers conducting a Gilbert and Sullivan program, with Jeanette Scovotti, soprano; Morgan Stuart, tenor; and Martyn Green, baritone. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 17: Antonio de Almeida conducting, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 18: Antonio de Almeida conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19: Julius Rudel conducting a program of music by Richard Strauss, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Howard Fried, tenor; and Walter Cassel, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21: Julius Rudel conducting a performance of Puccini's opera "Tosca" in concert form, with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Barry Morell, tenor; Louis Quilico, baritone; and others. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 11. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Thursday, July 12: Jimmy Rushing and the Al Grey Octet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19: Jerome Richardson and the Les Spann Quintet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 13, at 8: With Claude Frank, piano. Saturday, July 14, at 8: With Ruth Posselt, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. Sunday, July 15, at 2:30: With Vronsky and Babin, pianos. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 18, at 8: A chamber-music program by a group to be announced. . . . ¶ Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in three more all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 20, at 8: With Joseph Silverstein, violin; Gino Cioffi, clarinet; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; James Stagliano, French horn; and Sherman Walt, bassoon. Saturday, July 21, at 8: With Evelyne Crochet, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 2:30: With Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Blake Stern, tenor; Mac Morgan, baritone; and the Tanglewood Choir. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz, folk, and flamenco concerts—Sunday, July 15, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong's band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 3:30: Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist. (Lenox, Mass.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet, with Kyril Magg, flute. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, July 15, at 4.)

SILVERMINE GUILD CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERTS—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Robert Bloom, oboe. (New Canaan, Conn. Sunday, July 15, at 8.)

NOTE—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 14: The Santa Fe Opera Ballet, with Igor Youskevitch and Natalie Krassovska. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 17-21: Liane Daydé and Serge Golovine, Glen Tetley with Linda Hodes and Robert Powell, and Carola Goya and Matteo. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Saturday, July 14: Erick Hawkins with his company, and Glen Tetley with Linda Hodes and Robert Powell. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21: Alvin Ailey with his company. (Palmer

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SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Thursday and Friday, July 12-13, at 8, and Saturday, July 14, at about 2:45 (the Mets' first Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings between members of the 1951 Giant and Dodger teams, among them Jackie Robinson, Pee Wee Reese, Bobby Thompson, and Monte Irvin). . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Sunday, July 15, at 2 (doubleheader), and Monday, July 16, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, July 18, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Thursday, July 19, at 6 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, July 20, at 8, and Saturday, July 21, at 2.

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, July 14: Carlos Hernandez vs. Kenny Lane, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21: Juan (Rocky) Rivero vs. Don Fullmer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Public Links Championship. (Sheridan Park Golf Course, Tonawanda, N.Y. Through Saturday, July 14.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15.) . . . ¶ New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Glens Falls Country Club, Glens Falls, N.Y. Wednesday through Sunday, July 18-22.) . . . ¶ National P.G.A. Championship. (Aronimink Golf Club, Newtown Square, Pa. Thursday through Sunday, July 19-22.)

Polo—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho: Sundays at 4.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 28. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 14; the Astoria, Monday, July 16; the Great American, Wednesday, July 18; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 21. . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 14; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 18; and the Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 21. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:45, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: M.T.K. vs. Panathinaicos and Real Oviedo vs. Wiener S.C. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, July 15, at 2:30.)

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, July 15, at 2.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, July 31. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, July 15.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 14, through Saturday, July 21.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Kenneth Koch reading from his own works. (New School Courtyard, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, July 15, at 8:30.)

Q

How Are Stocks Bought and Sold on an Exchange?

A

The securities of some 4,000 companies are listed on the various U. S. stock exchanges, of which the largest by far is the New York Stock Exchange, located at the corner of Wall and Broad Streets in downtown New York. On the floor of that Exchange on Monday through Friday from 10 a.m. to 3:30 p.m., representatives of member firms buy and sell securities for their customers and themselves in a two-way auction market, selling to the highest bidder, buying from the lowest seller.

Suppose you are in Seattle and decide you want to buy 100 shares of Typical Manufacturing Company common stock, which—for the sake of our example—we'll say is listed on the New York Stock Exchange. You call your account executive at Merrill Lynch and tell him to buy 100 shares of Typical for you "at the market," which means at the best price that prevails when your order reaches the floor of the Exchange. Your order is then sent over our private wire system to our New York headquarters, where it is received in our wire room and telephoned to one of our floor clerks at the Exchange. The floor clerk summons one of our floor brokers and gives him your order.

Meanwhile, in Boston, Mr. Jones telephones his order to sell 100 shares of Typical Manufacturing stock to his broker, whose firm is also a member of the New York Stock Exchange. The order is wired to the broker's New York office, where it is received and telephoned to his broker's clerk on the floor. And that clerk gives Mr. Jones's order to his floor broker.

Both Merrill Lynch's floor broker and the other member firm's floor broker head for the trading post where Typical is traded. When our man arrives there, he doesn't say whether he wants to buy or sell; he simply asks loudly, "How's Typical?" Other brokers with orders to buy or sell Typical make their bids to buy and offers to sell the stock by open outcry. For instance, one broker may offer to sell at 50⅜, and another will announce his willingness to buy at 50¼. All bids and offers must be made in audible voices. No secret transactions are permitted.

At this point, our floor broker, realizing that 50⅜ is the lowest that anyone has offered to sell Typical for, indicates that he has an order to buy by saying that he will pay 50⅜ for 100 shares. And Mr. Jones's broker, realizing that up to that moment 50¼ was the highest that anyone had currently bid for Typical, says that he will sell 100 shares for 50⅜. And so they reach an agreement on price that is a compromise between the highest bid and the lowest offered. Their contract is purely oral, but each broker makes a written note of the transaction for his own records. A clerk of the Exchange sends a report of the transaction by pneumatic tube to the ticker room, where it is teletyped on the tape and projected on screens in brokerage offices all over the country.

Our telephone clerk and the other broker's telephone clerk report the transaction back to their respective wire rooms, and the wire rooms teletype Seattle and Boston that the transaction has been completed. Your broker then tells you that 100 shares of Typical have been bought for you at 50⅜, and Mr. Jones's broker telephones him to report that his 100 shares of Typical have been sold at 50⅜. You have bought your stock and Mr. Jones has sold his stock without ever meeting or even knowing each other's identity. A printed confirmation of the transaction is prepared that same day in each broker's office, and the next day you and Mr. Jones receive your confirmations in the mail. You have to pay for your stock within four business days, and Mr. Jones must deliver his Typical stock certificate within four business days.

Of course, you don't have to buy 100 shares of a stock. You can buy any number at all. Generally speaking, from 1 to 99 shares of a stock is known as an odd lot. If you buy, say, 10 shares of Typical, you still get the benefit of the Exchange's auction market, because your order is executed by an odd-lot dealer at the price of the next round-lot transaction in Typical to reach the floor —plus a differential of ¼ of a point or 25¢ on stocks selling at $40 or more a share. For stocks selling under $40, the differential is ⅛ of a point or 12½¢. These differentials are subtracted from the round-lot price on odd-lot sales.

This is the way stocks, shares in American business, are bought and sold in regular trading on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

NEXT WEEK: *What Is a Seat on the Stock Exchange?*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's smooth melodrama about political life in an imaginary city called Washington, D.C. Superlative acting by a passel of attractive stars. (*Criterion*, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A long, honest, and often painful examination of the nature of accountability, told in terms of four Nazi judges, on trial before an American military court. The almost too starry cast includes Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this beautiful French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—Jeanne Moreau and the late Gérard Philipe play two attractive fiends bent on destroying virtue in the fashionable Paris set of which they are the ornaments. A dazzling adaptation, directed by Roger Vadim, of de Laclos's famously infamous classic. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting July 18, tentative.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—Grandma's boy made good in pictures a long time ago, and this one shows just how he did it. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lolita—A surprisingly successful adaptation of the famous novel. Screenplay by Vladimir Nabokov, who has known what to omit from his original work, and direction by Stanley Kubrick, who has drawn the performance of his life from James Mason, and admirable performances from Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Miracle Worker—An immensely moving version of the play, which, as you will recall, was based on the early life of Helen Keller. Anne Bancroft is brilliant as Miss Annie Sullivan, and Patty Duke is her match as the fierce child held incommunicado by deafness and blindness. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434. . . . ¶ Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; through July 17.)

Only Two Can Play—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. Funny dialogue, artfully thrown away. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 18, tentative.)

Stowaway in the Sky—A daft old French aeronaut takes his grandson on a balloon trip over France. Recommended for adults only if they are accompanied by children. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney wrote a fine play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. The director, Tony Richardson, has managed to make the movie even better than the play, and the cast—among them Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin—is without exception superb. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

That Touch of Mink—An outrageously secondhand and yet glossily new version of the farce about the wealthy man-about-town who tries to seduce a poor but pretty virgin. Starring Doris Day and Cary Grant, who have their parts down pat, and no wonder. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Through a Glass Darkly—A girl who is going mad and knows she is going mad carries with her into horror her helpless father, husband, and brother. Ingmar Bergman and his usual troupe at their incomparable best. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—Two French prisoners of war resolve their personal dilemmas on the far side of the Rhine, which, for one of them, turns out to be the right side. Charles Aznavour is excellent as a sad little pastry cook, and Georges Rivière is equally good as a bold and jaunty journalist. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 13.)

Ballad of a Soldier (1960)—A Soviet film about the war that is less a drama than a collection of memorable photographic essays. Directed by Grigori Chukhrai, and with Vladimir Ivashov and Shanna Prokhorenko. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 13-16, last showing at 3:50.)

Chaplin Comedy—"The Rink," a one-reeler from the silent past. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 16, at 6, 8, and 10.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 17.)

Gilbert and Sullivan (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting July 17.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through July 16.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 12.)

Me and the Colonel (1958)—Danny Kaye as a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis after the invasion of France. Curt Jurgens and Nicole Maurey give him a hand. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 13.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 13.)

The Rainmaker (1956)—A confidence man loose in the prairie belt convinces a homely maiden that she is really quite a belle. Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 17.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 17.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 13-16, last showing at 2:14.)

Secrets of Women (1961)—A comic study of the horrors and rewards of married life, written and directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 12.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 15-16.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Burt Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist, and Tony Curtis as a press agent who acts as his stooge. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; July 16-18.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—An old one, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in this Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; July 17-18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through July 14: "Bringing up Baby" (1938), with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ July 15-18: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939), with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through July 17: **THE MIRACLE WORKER.**
From July 18: "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Hatari!," John Wayne, Elsa Martinelli.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THAT TOUCH OF MINK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 18 (tentative): **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 17 (tentative): "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.
From July 18 (tentative): "Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart; and "The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 17 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms; and "A Weekend with Lulu," Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips.
From July 18 (tentative): "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 14: "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.
July 15-16: "Escape from Zahrain," Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo; and "Hell Is for Heroes," Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin.
July 17: "Aida" (in Italian and English), revival, Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell; and "Madame Butterfly," revival, with Japanese actors and Italian singers.
From July 18: "Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart; and "The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (EL 5-6030)
"End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
STOWAWAY IN THE SKY.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
TOMORROW IS MY TURN (in French).

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 17: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.
From July 18: "Jessica," Maurice Chevalier, Angie Dickinson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 17: "The Road to Hong Kong," Bob Hope, Bing Crosby.
From July 18: "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 17: "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.
From July 18: "Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart; and "The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 17: "Hell Is for Heroes," Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin; and "Escape from Zahrain," Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo.
From July 18: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer; and "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 12: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.
From July 13: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.

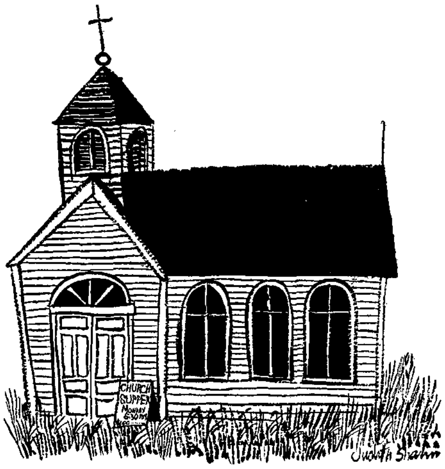
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 15: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Invasion Quartet," Bill Travers.
July 16-18: **SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS**, revival; and "The Apartment," revival, Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
July 12: **SECRETS OF WOMEN** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson.
July 13-14: "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck.
July 15-16: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
July 17-18: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish), revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 17: "Hell Is for Heroes," Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin; and "Escape from Zahrain," Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo.
From July 18: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer; and "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 17 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms; and "A Weekend with Lulu," Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips.
From July 18 (tentative): **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French).



Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Devil's Wanton" (in Swedish).

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through July 16: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.
From July 17: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 17: "Hell Is for Heroes," Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin; and "Escape from Zahrain," Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo.
From July 18: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer; and "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
July 12: "The League of Gentlemen," revival, Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.
July 13-16 (last showing at 2:14): **BALLAD OF A SOLDIER** (in Russian), revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
July 16, at 6, 8, and 10: **CHAPLIN COMEDY** (silent); and "Blood and Sand," (silent), Rudolph Valentino.
From July 17: **THE 400 BLOWS** and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (both in French and both revivals).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 17: **THE RAINMAKER**, revival; and **THE ROSE TATTOO**, revival.
From July 18: "Experiment in Terror," Glenn Ford, Lee Remick; and "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 12: "The House I Live In" (in Russian), revival; and "The Grasshopper" (in Russian), revival, Ludmilla Tselikovskaya.
July 13: **ME AND THE COLONEL**, revival; and "When Comedy Was King," revival, a film made up of excerpts from old movies featuring Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Laurel and Hardy, and such.
July 14: "Les Enfants Terribles" (in French; formerly called "The Strange Ones"), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "Blind Desire" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Jean-Louis Barrault.
July 15: "The Beggar's Opera," revival, Laurence Olivier; and "Boris Godunov" (in Russian), revival.
July 16: "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore; and "The Goddess," revival, Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
July 17: **TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE** (silent); and "Don Quixote," revival, Feodor Chaliapin.
July 18: **GILBERT AND SULLIVAN**, revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 17 (tentative): "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.
From July 18 (tentative): "Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart; and "The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 17 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.
From July 18 (tentative): **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 17: "Hell Is for Heroes," Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin; and "Escape from Zahrain," Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo.
From July 18: "The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer; and "Blood and Roses," revival, Mel Ferrer, Elsa Martinelli.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 17 (tentative): "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.
From July 18 (tentative): "Lisa," Stephen Boyd, Dolores Hart; and "The Cabinet of Caligari," Dan O'Herlihy, Glynis Johns.

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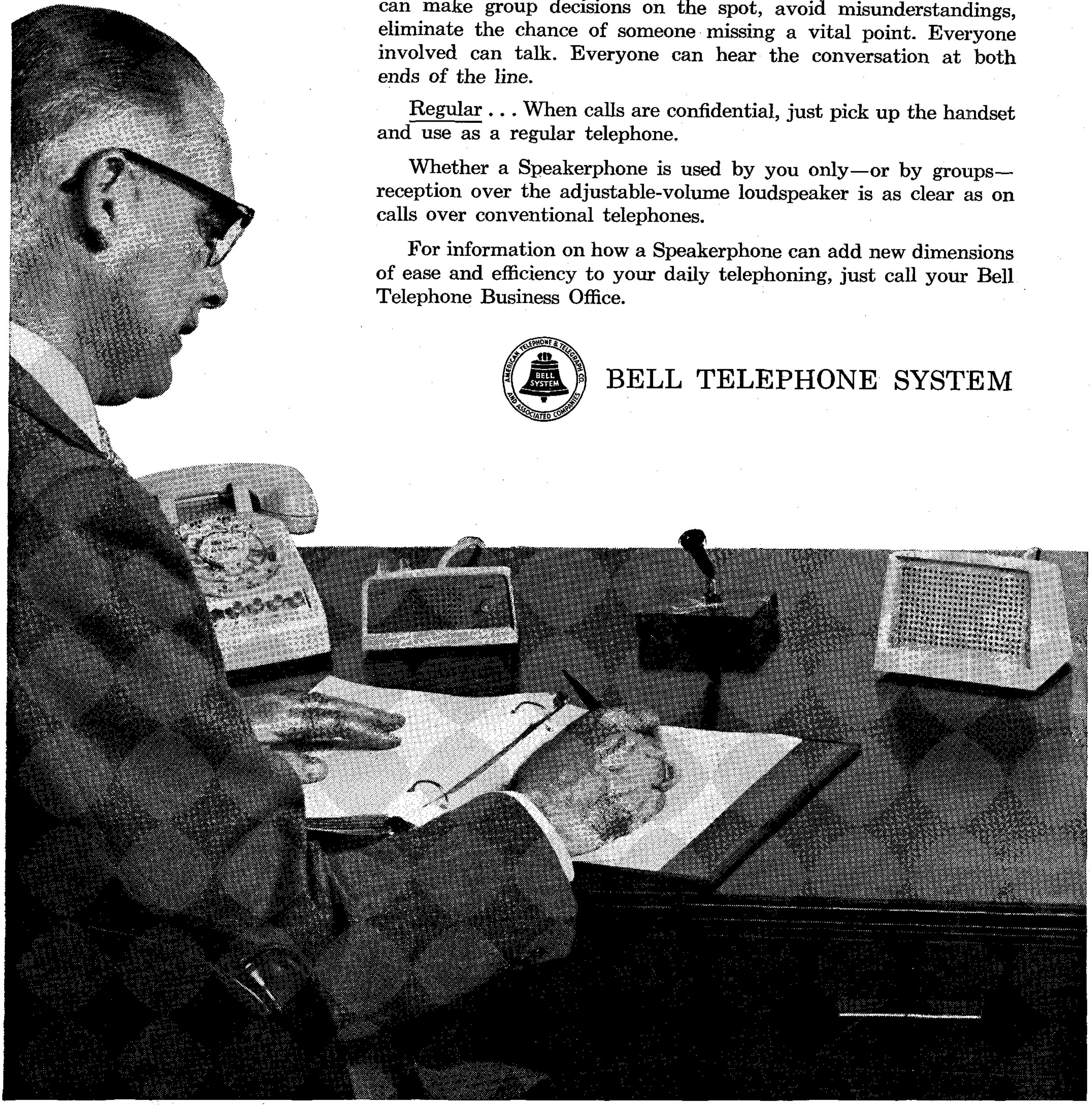

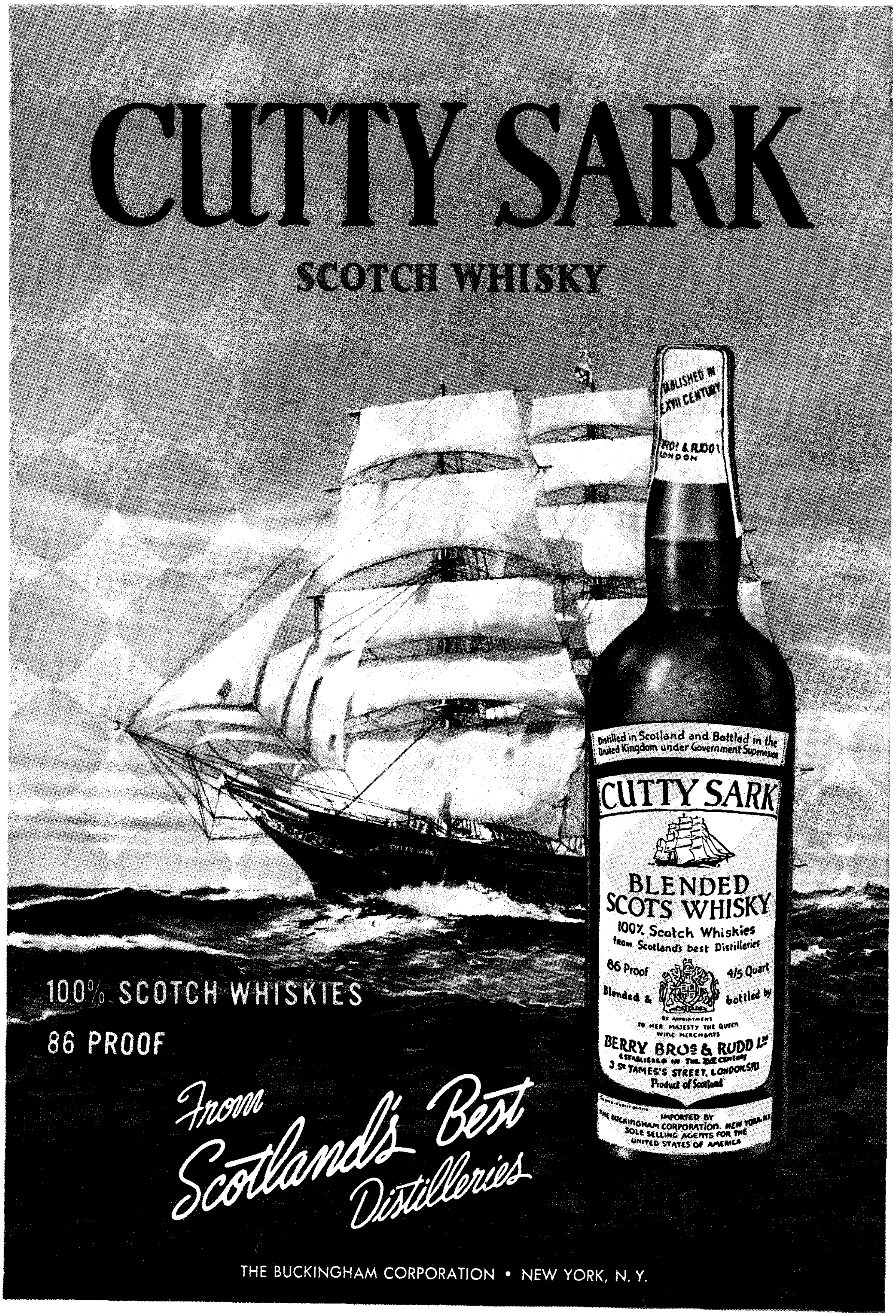

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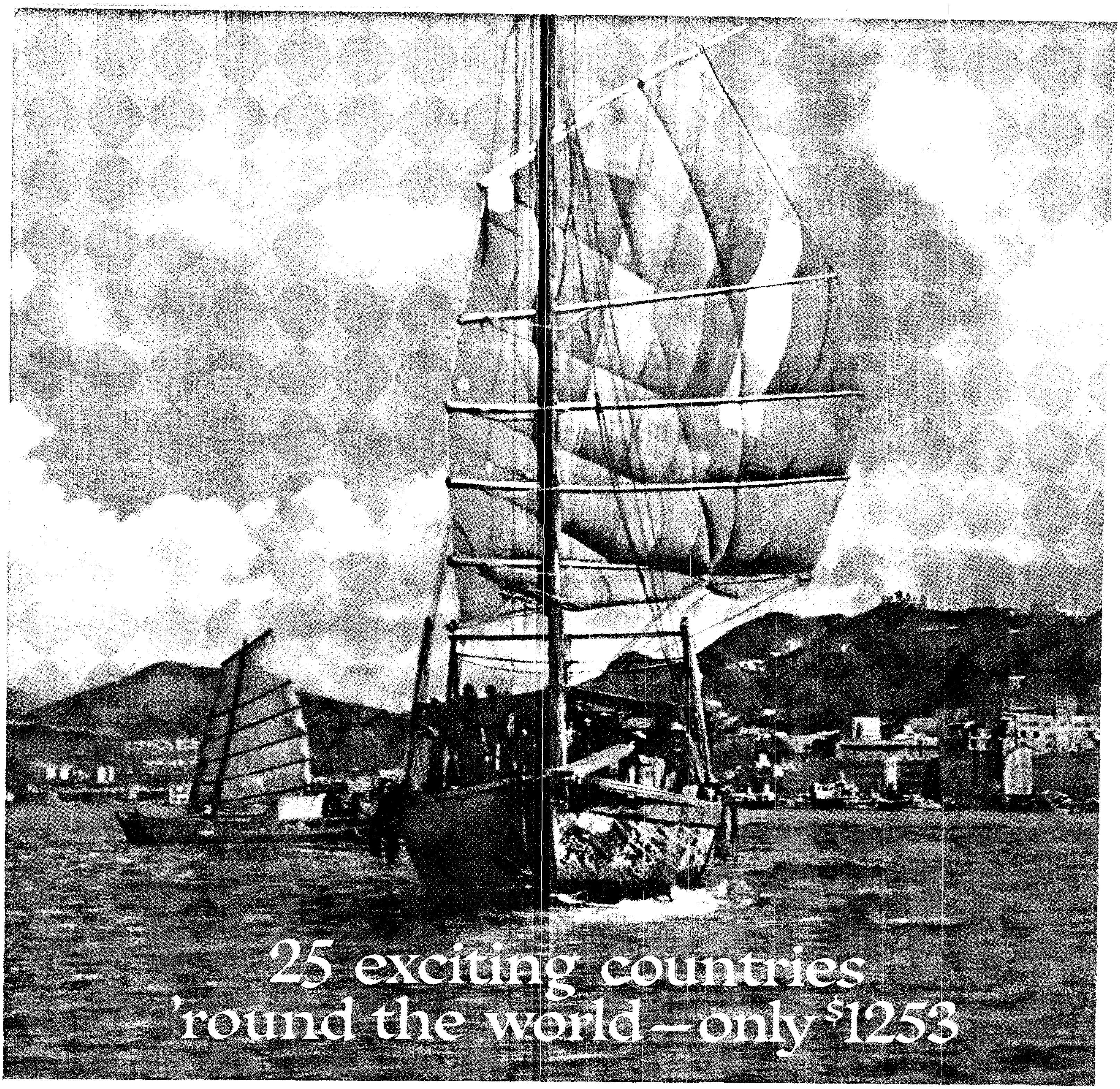

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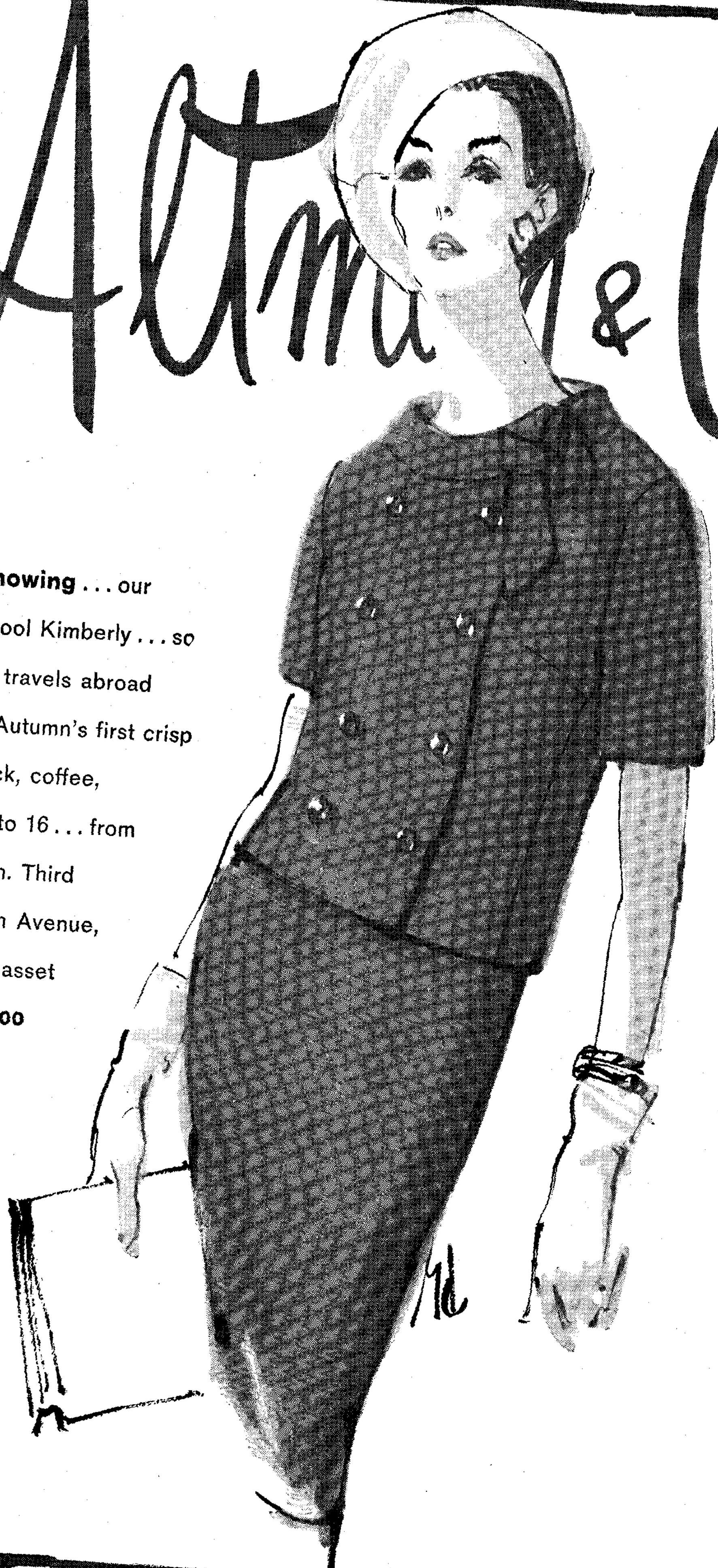

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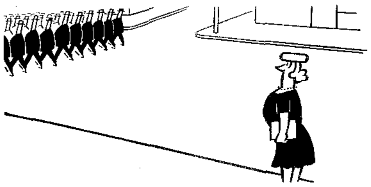
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONCE again we have heard from our friend the long-winded lady, and here is what she has to say:

"There are more parades in this city than any of us know about. There was one yesterday that went unwitnessed and unadmired except by two policemen and me, and it was a real parade, with marching men, all in line and all in step, and martial music. This was about a quarter to eight in the morning, and it was Sunday. I was thinking about coffee, and I was standing in the middle of the block on Forty-fourth Street between Fifth and Sixth wondering whether to go along to the Algonquin, which is so small and familiar, or to walk a little farther, and east, to the Biltmore, which is so large and familiar, when I heard the music striking up on Fifth Avenue, and I hurried along to the corner to see what was happening. I can't say how many men were marching, but there were enough of them to fill the Avenue for a block, leaving good margins of space all around, and that is how they were marching—neatly, keeping their margins straight. They were all dressed in dark suits, and they went shoulder to shoulder along the empty Avenue, with the empty buildings and the empty windows keeping them incognito. In all these buildings, there was nobody to hear them and nobody to see them. They were passing Forty-fifth Street when I first saw them, moving along uptown at a steady tread. At that distance, they were geometric, private, and solemn, and I thought of funeral marches, drummings out of the corps, hunger marches, executions, revolutions, conscription, and strikes. One of the two policemen I had noticed was on the opposite side of the Avenue at Forty-seventh Street, but the other was quite close to me, at Forty-fifth. I walked along to him and asked him what the parade was. 'I don't know,' he said. He was very tall and pink-faced, with a cheerful smile. I said 'Have you really no idea what it is?' and he shook his head and said 'No idea.' I said 'But it could be anything,' and I thought of nuclear weapons, the Russians, conspirators, political plots, assassinations, and Trojan horses. The city seemed more deserted than ever, with everybody asleep, and I thought, It is just a step to chaos. I was wondering about the policeman. Then he asked 'Are you thinking of going after them?' and I said no, and turned back down the Avenue and decided on the Biltmore and went over there and had coffee. The reason I had to make that choice between the Algonquin and the Biltmore is that Schrafft's is closed on Sundays."



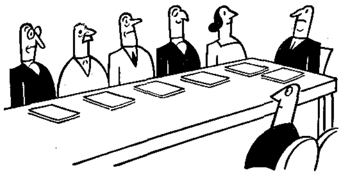
Bird Week

WHAT a nice time bird lovers have! Consider the schedule of the recent six-day get-together here of the International Council for Bird Preservation. Along with the reading of papers, at the Museum of Natural History, on pollution of the sea by oil, the effect of pesticides on bird life, the preservation of birds in the antarctic and the sub-antarctic, and the problem of birds and aircraft collisions, there were a huge cocktail party (in the Museum's Bird Art Gallery); several buffet lunches (in the Bird Art Gallery and the Oceanic Bird Hall, and at the Bronx Zoo); a buffet supper (at the Lotos Club); and a sit-down dinner (at the Museum). For the ladies, there was even more: a Bergdorf Goodman fashion show (no egrets), under the auspices of Mrs. George W. Merck, the wife of the Council's United States secretary; a boat trip around Manhattan (no snaring of sea gulls), under the aegis of Mrs. Richard H. Pough, wife of the president of the John Burroughs Association; and a bus tour of New York City (no shooting of pigeons), under the sponsorship of Mrs. Roger Tory Peterson, whose husband is chairman of the Council's United States delegates.

We broke in on this unremitting round of pleasure and pursuit of knowledge early one morning in a lecture room of the Hayden Planetarium, where we seated ourself before a tableful of presiding officers, including President S. Dillon Ripley; Secretary Merck; Vice-President W. H. Phelps, Jr., the proprietor of an ornithological museum in Caracas; Swedish Secretary Kai Curry-Lindahl; English Secretary Phyllis Barclay-Smith, editor of Britain's *Avicultural Magazine* and, according to the British *Who's Who*, a devotee of bird watching, dancing, and travelling; and Captain Jean Delacour, president emeritus of the Council, master of Normandy's zoological Château de Clères, and the grand panjandrum of international aviculture.

"At our last congress, in Tokyo, we urged each of our fifty-two member nations to proclaim a national bird," Professor Ripley said, opening the session, which was to be a discussion of national birds. "What progress has been made?"

"The matter has been broached in Canada," replied Mr. Hoyes Lloyd, the Canadian delegate. "A newspaper ballot was taken, and quite a few voted for the white-throated sparrow. The question was then raised: What does it sing? Well, in some sections of the country it sings 'Sweet sweet Canada Canada Canada,' but in others it sings 'Sweet



sweet Kennedy Kennedy Kennedy.' So it was ruled out. The Canada goose now appears to be the leading candidate, because of its alleged exemplary marital habits, but nothing has been decided."

"What happened in India?" Professor Ripley asked Dr. Salim Ali, the premier ornithologist of that land.

"For the time being, they're still talking," Dr. Ali said. "The peacock has been mentioned, but it's the national emblem of Burma, and it was felt in certain quarters that its selection might be considered imperialistic. The great Indian bustard might be a wiser choice, since it stands particularly in need of protection, and as the national bird it would receive protection."

"Carry on with your struggle for the bustard," Professor Ripley said. "It can still be saved by an awakening of the national conscience."

Professor Ripley turned to Dr. Curry-Lindahl, who said that the blackbird appeared to be Sweden's choice but he himself favored the eagle owl or the peregrine falcon, since both were threatened with annihilation and would therefore, like the bustard, profit by getting the national nod.

Belgium's E. J. J. Kesteloot plumped for the kestrel; Colonel J. Vincent, of Natal, said it didn't matter what bird was chosen by South Africa (sensation); Mr. Phelps said the troupial was the people's choice in Venezuela, although he personally felt the cock of the rock was more beautiful; Dr. Jean P. Dorst, of France, said that his countrymen were strongly in favor of the lark, but, *hélas*, it had already been appropriated by Denmark; Dr. Rudolf Drost, of West Germany, put in an official word for the stork; and Professor F. Carlos Lehmann, of Colombia, reported that the condor was already his country's national bird.

Professor Ripley called on Dr. G. A. Brouwer, of the Netherlands.

"I'm sorry, but we still do not have a national bird," he said. "I favor the ruff, but the gray heron seems to be leading. I am not in favor of it. The gray heron is protected only part of the year. You should not shoot your national bird."

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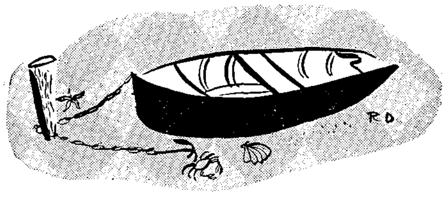
MERCANTILE INTELLIGENCE: A display of wedding gifts at Tiffany's contains two packages wrapped in Cartier paper.

Realism

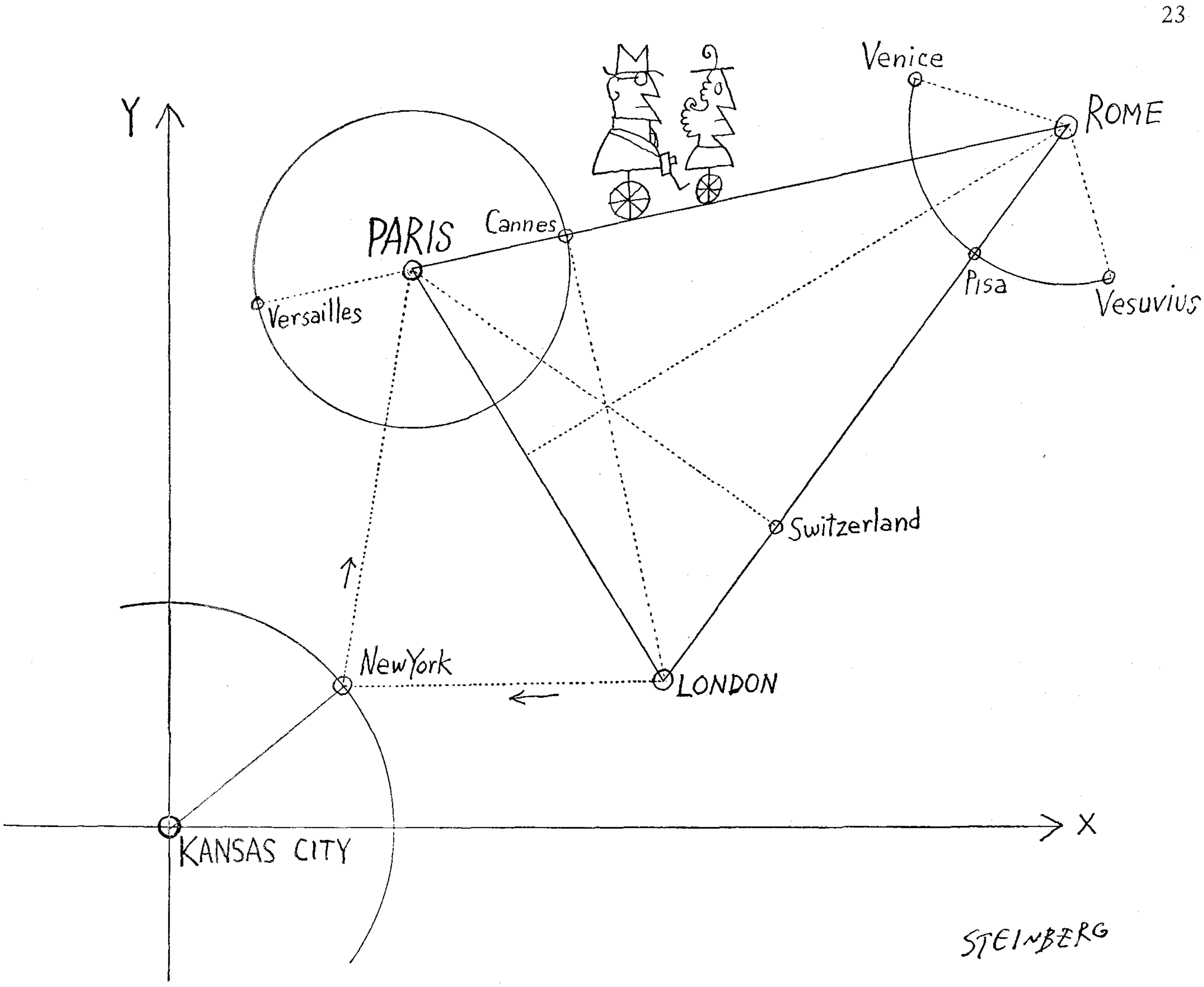
TELEVISION has been casting its inquisitive eye on some strange spectacles lately, but few of them have been stranger than the Police Department's morning lineup, which is now being broadcast live from Department Headquarters, at 240 Centre Street, to strategically located precinct stations in the five boroughs. A select showing of prisoners who have been arrested for felonies and serious misdemeanors committed within the previous twenty-four hours, the lineup is held from nine to nine-thirty each weekday morning except Friday (when all available detectives are on duty to prevent or investigate payroll robberies) and is transmitted on Channel 31 through the facilities of WUHF, the city's ultrahigh-frequency television station. To protect the constitutional rights of those who participate in this grim matutinal ceremony, and to preclude the possibility of the city's being sued for invasion of privacy or defamation of character in the event that a prisoner is eventually judged innocent by the courts, the audio portion of the lineup is sent out over a direct police-telephone network, and, in addition, WUHF technicians scramble their broadcasts with an encoding device; this distorts the video signal into something that looks like a tossed salad when it is seen on the screens of any ultrahigh-frequency TV sets except those of the Department, which are equipped with special decoding devices to sort things out.

With the notion of bringing you an untossed version of the lineup, we presented ourself, by prearrangement, at Police Headquarters one morning last week, and were taken into kindly custody by Detective Frank Diamant, a soft-spoken, cigar-smoking man in his middle fifties, with sad brown eyes, a strong lower-East Side accent, and an air of quiet dedication to his profession. "The lineup is an old and hallowed institution," Detective Diamant told us at the outset. "It was established in 1904 by Police Commissioner William McAdoo, and has remained pretty much the same ever since. In fact, until we began to televise it, a few weeks ago, the only major change in lineup procedure occurred in 1927, when detectives, who had previously viewed the prisoners at close range, were allowed to sit farther back and to give up face masks, which they had worn to conceal their identities."



Detective Diamant took us up to the fourth floor in an elevator, and then led us down a corridor to a large, darkened gymnasium containing a brightly lit stage, which had a microphone hanging from the center of its proscenium, steps with brass railings at either end, and a white backdrop on which was painted a chart for measuring height. Standing directly in front of the stage was a television camera mounted on wheels; behind the camera was an elevated chair of the type used by movie directors; and flanking the elevated chair were two banks of folding wooden seats—one of them filled by a class of gray-uniformed recruits from the Police Academy, and the other partly filled by about fifty men in plainclothes. Detective Diamant ushered us to a front-row seat on the center aisle, sat down beside us, and explained, in a theatre whisper, that the recruits were present as part of their training, and that the men in plainclothes were detectives representing various Manhattan precincts. "Now the men in other boroughs can watch the lineup on television," he said. He glanced at his watch, and went on to tell us that the chief purpose of the lineup is to make known the identities of persons arrested for serious crimes and to give detectives an opportunity to study their physical characteristics, mannerisms, and *modi operandi.* "Since most serious crimes are committed by habitual offenders, it's important for detectives to familiarize themselves with this type of criminal," he said. "For that reason, the Bureau of Criminal Identification people who select prisoners for the lineup generally choose men with previous records; in fact, many of the men shown here are *summa-cum-laude* graduates not only of the lineup but also of one or more penal institutions."

At this point, a hush descended over the gymnasium, and a uniformed chief inspector of detectives mounted the elevated chair behind the television camera, delivered a brief lecture to the assembled recruits concerning the purpose and value of the lineup, and called for the first case. The prisoners were then brought down by twos and threes from the rear of the room, unmanacled by their police escorts, and sent out singly to stand before the microphone at stage center. The television camera followed each man as he walked across the stage; then, as he turned toward the inspector, it travelled over him from head to toe and back again; and, finally, it panned in for a closeup of his face. While the prisoner remained onstage, the inspector read out the details of the crime for



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which he had been apprehended, questioned him about the particulars, and apprised the audience of whatever criminal record he had. Of the dozen men shown, some were defiant, some were dejected, and some appeared to be uninterested. Most of the prisoners admitted, under questioning, that they were habitual users of narcotics, and most of them had long arrest records—going back for more than twenty years in some cases. The crimes for which they had been arrested included burglary, grand larceny, illegal possession of a weapon, felonious assault, and murder.

When the last man had left the stage, been manacled again, and led away, Detective Diamant told us that all the prisoners would now be taken to court for arraignment. "Anything a man says in the lineup is considered admissible evidence, and can be used against him," he said. "For this reason, no prisoner is compelled to answer any question. Usually, though, when a man gets up there in the bright lights before an audience, he talks." Detective Diamant shrugged, smiled, and glanced at the now darkened stage. "Lots of theatrical people have come down here to see the lineup," he continued. "They're looking for authenticity, I suppose. Alfred Hitchcock took careful measurements of the stage for some movie he was making, and Ralph Bellamy watched the proceedings when he was rehearsing for the Broadway play 'Detective Story,' some years back. We've also had the actor who plays Sergeant Friday's partner in 'Dragnet.' I guess shows like that are all right, but personally I wouldn't dream of watching one. After all, how can you beat the real lineup for realism?"

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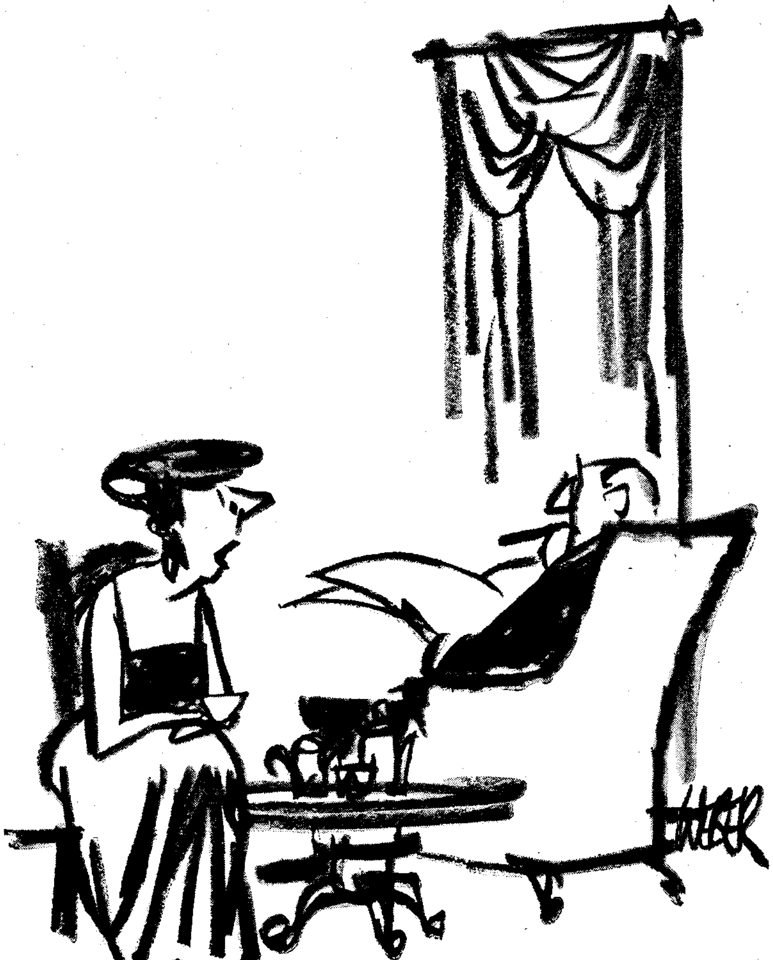
ADVERTISEMENT, on a blotter, for the Tremont Temple Baptist Church, in Boston: "Worship God in an air-conditioned sanctuary."

Anniversary

PEOPLE celebrate anniversaries in different ways. Mr. Ed Sullivan recently solemnized the fourteenth anniversary of his TV show by arranging to have Steve Allen, Lucille Ball, Jack Benny, Teresa Brewer, Red Buttons, Johnny Carson, Jack Carter, Bing Crosby, George Gobel, Jerry Lewis, Ted Mack, the Arthur Murrays, Phil Silvers, and Kate Smith rally round and tell everyone what a great fellow Mr. Sullivan is, and Mr. Hans P. Kraus, the rare-book dealer who spent $892,596.50 a couple of years ago picking up stock at the sale, or sales, of the Dyson Perrins library, in London, has just observed his thirtieth anniversary in trade by issuing a catalogue—his hundredth—that shows, in a way, what a great fellow Mr. Kraus is, since it describes thirty-five manuscripts in his possession that are available for a total of $1,407,030. These include, in the loftier echelons, the St. Blasien Psalter ($260,000), which is a thirteenth-century German illuminated manuscript containing eighty-two miniatures; the Llangattock Hours, of Ghent ($200,000), a hundred-and-sixty-nine-leaf manuscript, circa 1450, that marks the dividing line between the Gothic and the realistic styles in religious art (its Christ is no longer a symbol but a living man, and its Mary is no longer a puppet); the Vidal de Canelas Libro de los Fueros ($160,000), a thirteenth-century codex of the laws of Aragon produced for King Jaime I and containing a hundred and fifty-six miniatures, among them a lively one of adultery; a manuscript (also $160,000), in still secret cipher, whose text is attributed by some scholars to Roger Bacon, and whose four hundred and seventy-five drawings depict objects no human eye has ever seen; a fourteenth-century Gotha Missal ($110,000), with fifteenth-century Parisian binding, elaborately blind-tooled, but with a few small pieces of leather gone; and a 1469 joint "Histoire de Thèbes" and "Histoire de la Destruction de Troye" ($110,000 again), with tears in blank margins of a few leaves repaired, and with some wormholes on first and last pages. You can, however, obtain an early-ninth-century Bavarian Legendarium Leaf for only $1,250, or *two* leaves (some rubbed spots) from a medieval German epic poem by Wolfram von Eschenbach for $850. The catalogue itself (a hundred and ninety-five illustrations; no wormholes; make your own spots) sells for thirty-five dollars.

Rubbing our eyes (for Mr. Kraus had sent us a complimentary catalogue), we went to see him at his stand—a five-story house, on East Forty-sixth Street, that was once the home of the Emanuel Lehmans. Its courtyard, where Mr. Kraus met us, now contains a steel-and-concrete vault, in which he preserves his costliest treasures. "I used to keep them in six or seven bank vaults," he remarked, and proceeded to pull out several of the items listed in Catalogue 100, plus some Gutenbergs, Caxtons, palimpsests, and examples of what he characterized as the largest collection of papyri in private hands. "Come upstairs," he said, "and I will show you the library of Antoine Lavoisier, the eighteenth-century French chemist, and a collection of manuscripts associated with him, copies of his own works and those of his scientific contemporaries, books about him or containing information about him, books from his widow's library, and other memorabilia, which I bought a few months ago from Denis Duveen. He's a cousin of the late Lord Duveen, and he owns the Duveen Soap Corporation, in Long Island City. He didn't have enough room for them in his apartment, and some of them were stuffed away in his soap factory."

We followed Mr. Kraus to an enormous upstairs room, which, he told us, had been remodelled in the style of George III by Stewart Chaney, the stage designer. It contained two thousand volumes once owned by Lavoisier; more than a hundred and fifty documents, including his death certificate (he was executed during the French Revolution); and such possessions of his as briefcases, purses, a swordstick, shoe buckles, a library ladder, and Masonic aprons, and such possessions of his wife's as thimbles, a pillbox, a toothpick set, and a wooden darning egg. We asked the price of the lot, and Mr. Kraus said two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. "There's material here for a hundred doctoral dissertations," he added. "Scholars often ask permission to use it, but I feel it should be kept untapped for the next owner."



"Darling, would it upset you terribly if I came out for peace?"

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OVERHEARD in a travel agent's office: "They've received so much foreign aid they've been taken off our list of unspoiled countries."

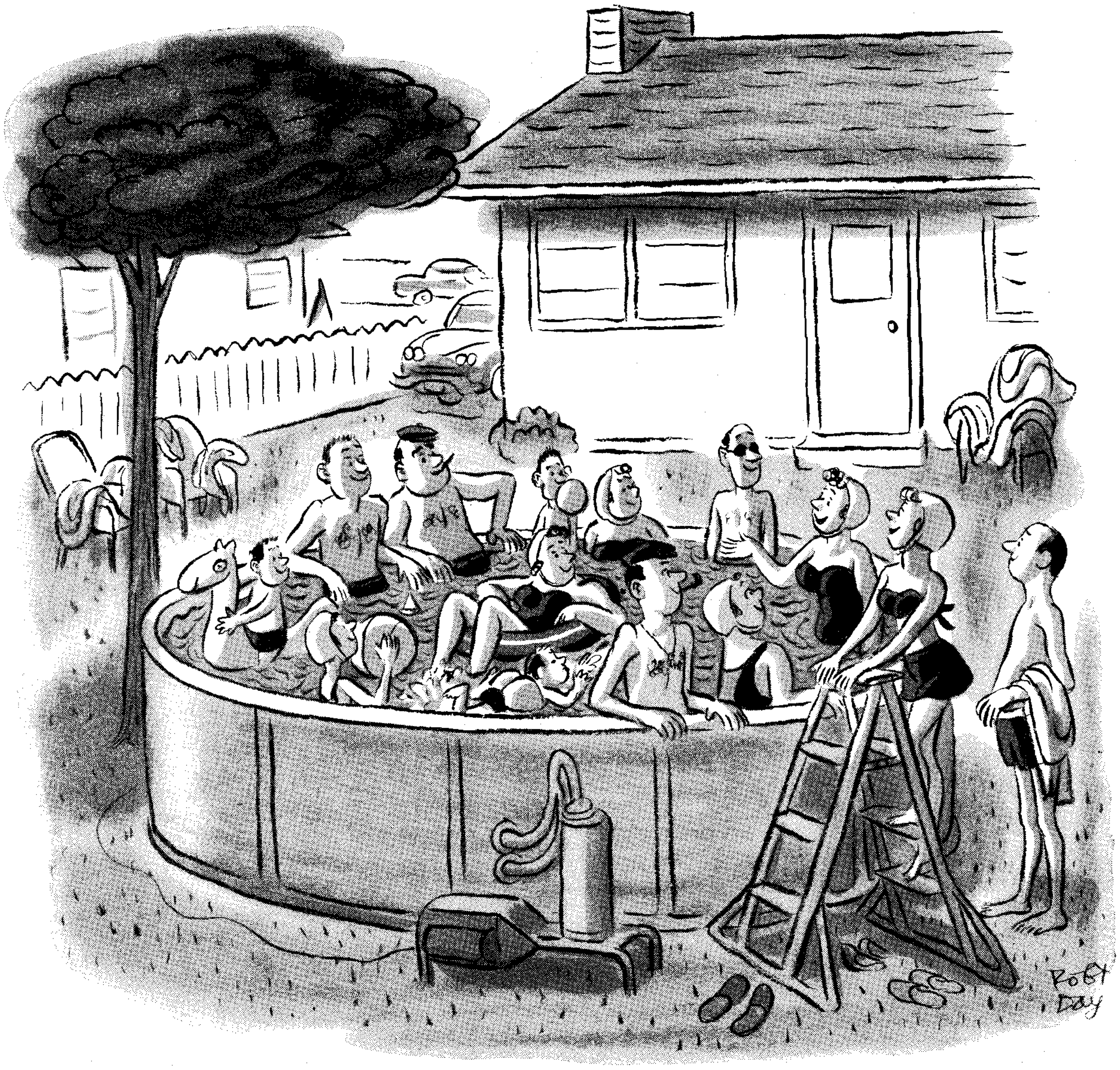
L'Homme

FRANÇOIS BASCHET, manufacturer of musical instruments at No. 11 Rue Jean de Beauvais, in Paris, is a wiry, small-boned man of forty-two with bright-blue eyes, a remarkable command of American slang ("Let me give you the real poop"), and a conviction that contemporary composers and performers would produce much more attractive music if they had truly contemporary instruments to produce it on, instead of having to extract it from instruments developed mostly in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. To test his conviction, M. Baschet has invented thirty instruments and has something like a hundred others in mind. These instruments, made of steel rods, steel wire, glass rods, and an assortment of plastics, bear not the slightest resemblance to any of their conventional forebears; if anything, they look like sculpture, and one of them is, by chance, sufficiently representational to have been nicknamed "*l'homme*." M. Baschet calls his contrivances "*structures sonores*," or "structures for making sounds," and, with his brother Bernard, the composers Jacques and Yvonne Lasry, and half a dozen friends, he has formed an orchestra, called Structures Sonores Lasry-Baschet, which plays compositions—most of them by the Lasrys—calculated to display the varied attributes of the Baschet instruments.

Now, there are always plenty of cranks turning out new musical instruments, but M. Baschet's inventions are, in effect, being vouched for by the French government, which rarely throws away money on untried novelties and has shown no hesitation in flying

M. Baschet and five members of his orchestra from Paris to Seattle, where, this month, they're presenting twenty-five concerts at the World's Fair. It was when M. Baschet touched down here on his way to the Fair that we interviewed him, and learned something about the principles that guide him as an inventor. "Start a little bit before the beginning," he said. "Most inventions are merely developments of earlier inventions. It takes a radical effort of will to clear one's mind of all the previous solutions to a problem and state, as if for the first time, the terms on which you wish to solve it. Sound is produced from one of my instruments by stroking glass rods with moistened fingers. I'd never have come to this solution if I'd gone on thinking about pianos and violins. The only unrevolutionary instrument I've ever bothered to invent was a collapsible banjo. I needed it because I wanted something that could be packed in a small grip and taken on a trip around the world."

The trip wasn't one of those two-week jaunts that people have grown accustomed to lately. M. Baschet spent seven years inching, tortoise-tourist fashion, through fifty-two countries, earning his way as he went. He left Paris in 1945, determined, after the hurly-burly of the war, to find the one perfect spot on earth in which to spend the rest of his life; twenty-five hundred and fifty-five days later, he reached the spot, which, of course, turned out to be Paris. "Having decided where I wished to live, I set about deciding what I would like to do," he said. "I was equally attracted to acting, writing, and sculpturing, so I tried each in turn, succeeding reasonably well at each and then abandoning it. I drifted into making musical instruments not because I'm a musician but because, as a listener, I became impatient with the cacophonies that modern composers fall back on in order to achieve novelty with worn-out tools. I'm only on the threshold of what needs to be done in this field. Moreover, I'm convinced that the other fields of art are in need of violent upheaval; even the art of cooking is hundreds of years out of date, and I'm constantly tempted to try throwing all those old pots and pans out the window. At forty-two, I feel I've plenty of time ahead of me to practice revolutions in. Or, rather, I feel I've no time ahead of me and none behind, which is to say I've all the time there is. When you come to Paris, stop in at my workshop and bang some steel bars with me."



"Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank, may I present Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkiss and their son, Donald, and Mr. and Mrs. Trowbridge? The rest I think you know."

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Enigma

A SUBURBAN friend of ours was driving along the Boston Post Road recently with his six-year-old son, who was diverting himself by peering into the rear-view mirror. With some difficulty, the boy was deciphering in the mirror the numerals and letters on the license plates of the cars that were following and occasionally overtaking our friend's car.

"The numbers are backward, aren't they, Daddy?" the young one observed. "Why is that?"

"I can't explain while I'm driving," said Daddy, whose knowledge of optics is dim, "but when we get home I'll show you why with a mirror."

After a few moments' pause for thought, the lad remarked, "If the numbers are backward, why isn't the driver on the other side of his car?"

"Look, Son," our friend said, "I have to concentrate on driving."

Fortunately, at this point he got into the thick of the Darien traffic, and his son lost interest in the rear-view mirror. The subject of why numbers are reversed and drivers aren't has not come up again, and our friend hopes it never will.

YOU KNOW ME ALICE

(SOME CORRESPONDENCE WE MIGHT HAVE IF RING LARDNER WERE ALIVE TODAY)

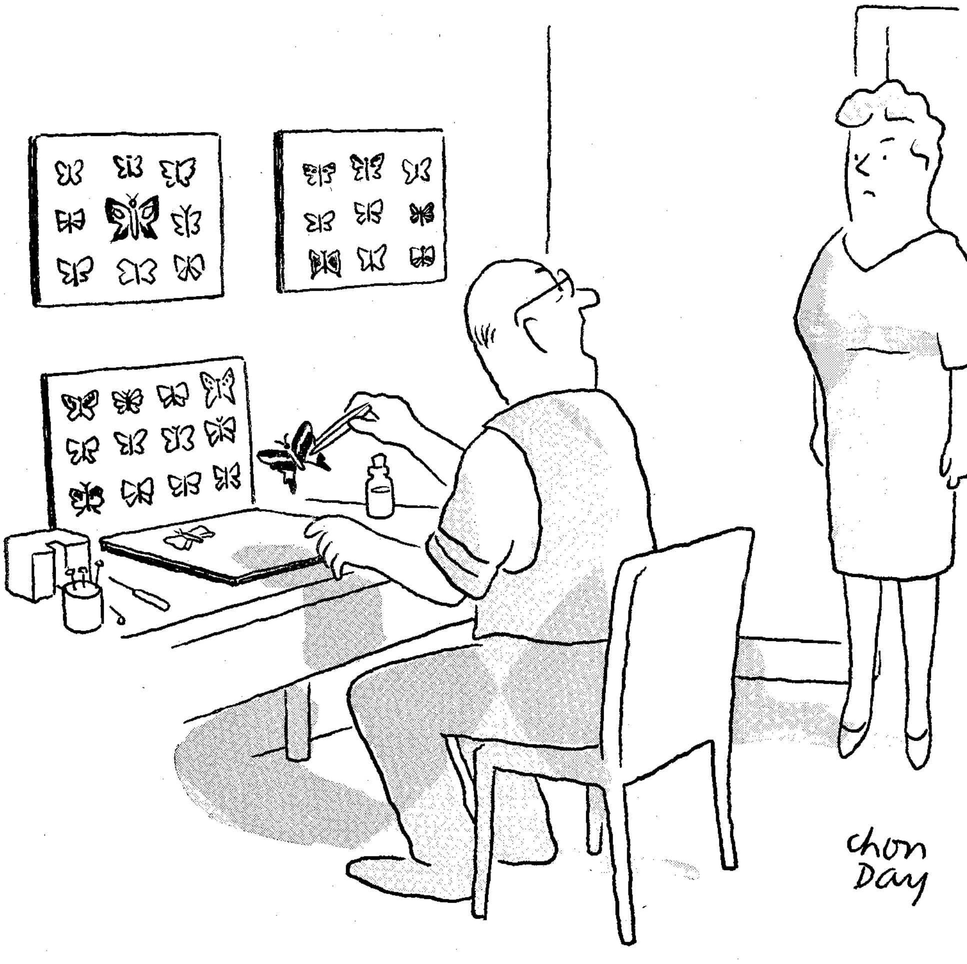
Westport, Conn., May 2.

DEAR ALICE: Well hon here I am managing a Little League team in Westport. The job at the Bridgeport Brass is all set and we can get personaly welded as soon as your mother's hip mends and you can get out here. Meanwhile I'm living in a rooming house near the New Haven R.R. tracks here riding the train to work so I'm what you could call a commuter only going the other way, not one them Madison Ave. birds carrying one them lether reticules into the Big Town and back every day. So hence the postmark which must of gave you quite a turn.

Managing a ball team ain't what it use to be in the old days and may still be out there in Keokuk. Time was when all you had to know about your material was wether they could do something with a bat besides supply a little extra ventilation on hot days or pull down a fast clothesliner off second. Now you have to worry about tension spans and what they call stribling rivalry and one thing another—in other words why they might not be performing up to snuff on the above. The last mentioned is when you have two brothers on the same team as I happen to of drew. Their mother told me they have these feelings of mutual hostility due to a family situation which she will go into with me in more detail later if they is any danger of our not copping the penant and that it was her experience that the best way out of a jam was substitute situations. So I says how would it be if I always had one them warming the bench to go in for the other if needs be and she siezed my hand and kissed it and then went and hid in the car she had brung them in, a blue Jag convertible which the family have been driving with the top up I understand because they are in mourning.

Well kid they being the first arrivals for the opening practise I got a bat and started hitting them some fungos. The mother sat shivering in the Jag watching the proseedings through the windshield. This is what she seen.

The one kid whose name is Martin had this idea that somebody had ast him to impersonate a croquet wicket in creative play because every time I hit him a grounder he would have his feet planted the exact distance apart at just the right time for the ball to pass through without no hindranse. After about five or six of these flawless imitations the mother came over to shed some light on it. He has this will to fail she said and went back to shiver in the Jag some more. I thanked her for this piece of info to help me in forming my first team and turned to look for the brother.



"My own little world is a good little world!"

This kid is a compulsory eater they call them. He was nowheres to be seen at first then I made out a speck against the refreshment stand which at this field is about 500 yards from our diamond, one of 3, no doubt telling the woman on hot dogs there to keep 'em coming. The mother started up the Jag and drove over to get him hollering out the window at me He fears competition and seeks ecscape in food as she went by. When the car was gone I yelled to the other kid What's your brother's name? and he yelled back Stringfellow and I had the case diagnozed.

By now the mothers were arriving in droves with their hopefuls by auto (nobody walks in Westport unless an ump gives them a base on balls) most of the mothers and an occasional father staying to have a word with me and there being enough kids to keep theirselves busy for a while on their own I went over to the bleachers where I set up a small office to hear out the parents lining up with dossiers on the prospective athaletes.

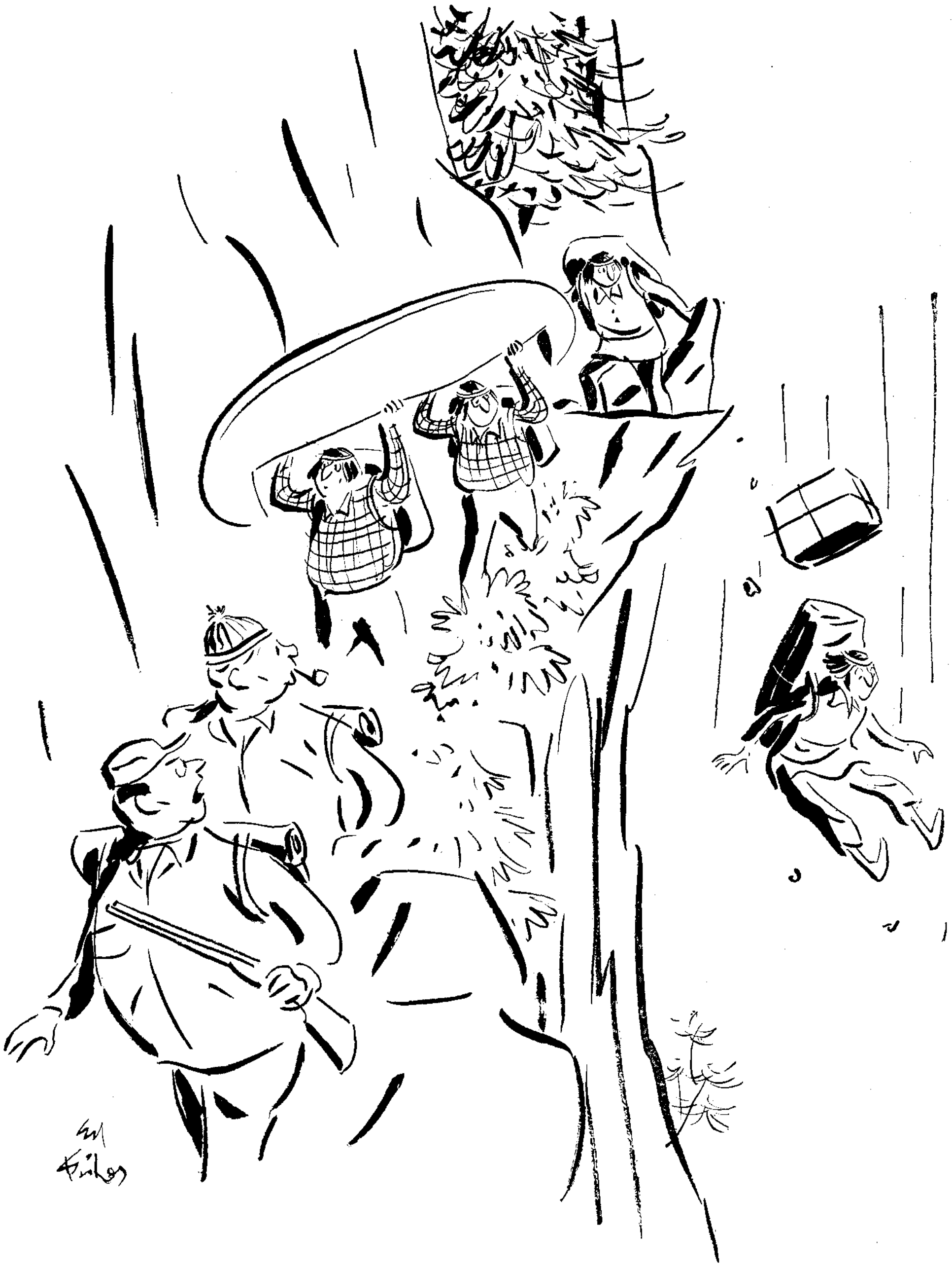
I'll give you my starting lineup next time preferring to use the rest of this sheet to remind you that letter writing ain't my fort and that I wisht you was here in person holding it with me. You know me Alice.

Yours sincerely, ED.

Bridgeport, Conn., May 18.

DEAR ALICE: Well hon I'm writing this in the shop where I got a little lunch time left over on top of a crate.

Well Alice my starting lineup on the first game was as follows. In left, center and right I got three oral types which is fine for talking it up around the outfield. On first a kid who has a thing about sliding. I let him bat just before my two best hitters so in case he gets on third he'll have the highest possible chance to coalchute it home looking dramatic and important like his mother says he needs to while he spanks the dust off hisself to gain confidence. Martin is on second. I can't do nothing with his brother while he is on the pickalily and if he muffed one might head strait for the refreshment stand to seek consolation there and never be seen again. I can't take the responsibility. Shortstop



"*Good Lord! The Metrecal!*"

and third I have very little to go on as they are underpriviledged kids from the r.r. tracks nobody ever gives no thought to, just good ball players in the hot spots though I am told one of them might be out stealing something more serious than second if they wasn't second to steal with the girls looking on. The catcher is a swell natured kid whose as broad as he's long and can stop any reasonable pitch because of the sheer bulk there is to get past. You can always use an obeesity case behind the plate.

Now on this level hon which is the beginners from 8 on up your ever-perennial problem is pitching. Few have the experience or control at that age. In making up my notes on my squad a woman named Mrs. Niswonger said to me in a interview I granted her conserning her son Artie who wanted to pitch Nicknames are very revealing don't you know and they call Artie the Strike Out King. Well I learned through some side investigation that they call him that when he is at bat, when he is on the mound he is known as the Sultan of Swat due to how good he can make even a kronic whiffer look. I ast her didn't she think in that case we had ought to start somebody else in the box and she says What and deel him a blow to his eggo from which he might never recover? In this part the country where they know more about those things you put players in where they're weak so as to bolster their confidense and make athaletes out of them. The only other pitcher I had was no better than Niswonger anyway so I started Niswonger.

So that was the opening roster for our first game. It was with the Bluejays. We're the Robins so you can see we have a bird moteef this yr. The plate ump was the guidance counselor for one of the schools so hence he knew most of the kids' potenshul already and how to sound off the calls wether loud or easy on their nerves and etc. A local dentist umped bases for us.

Niswonger wasn't no worse than the Bluejays' pitcher. He walked the first eight of our batters giving us five runs and three men on base with none away. The suspense was unbearable—when would he put one over? In the consulting room (formerly known as the bleachers) the mothers were yacking it up amongst theirselves, trading slants on their sons and occasionally shouting That's looking 'em over! and It only takes one! and so on from lists that they carried with suitable things to holler. At this point the kid with the thing about sliding was on third and with ball four called on the batter he came home—another forced run. As he strolls home his mother jumps to her feet in the stands and yells Slide! He does. He takes a running start and then dropping down on one side just as pretty as you'd want shoots across the plate like a torpedo nearly spiking the guidance counselor who got his feet out of the way just in time.

Suddenly the pitcher got his range and retired three of us in a row and in the bottom of the inning Niswonger promply oblidged the opposition by starting up the Big Parade around the bags again. He walked seven in a row and then finally got one over that the Bluejay at bat sent into left field for a homer and a two run lead for the enemy.

At this junkture I debated yanking Niswonger. But sensing what was in the wind Mrs. Niswonger hightailed it over to our dugout hauling the plate ump with her—this guidance counselor. He sketched in the basic factors in the bind we were in. The kid's father couldn't get past the Biltmore Men's Bar unless hogtied and dragged past and then only with the reminder that they was still the bar car to sit in and overshoot his station by a couple stops landing him closer to Wallingford than Westport and this together with the threat of iminent divorce it led to give the kid such a feeling of uncertainty that if I pulled him at this crisis I and I alone would have to answer for the consequences. He wouldn't—the ump that is. He seemed to know what he was talking about. He got his P.H.D. at the U. of Pennsylvania with a thesis on sulking which he is the leading authority on so I let things ride. All this while the base ump was handing out spice drops to the infield from a good supply he had on him. As a town dentist he can't see why all the to do about a few cavities.

Suffise it to say Niswonger worked his way out of the hole and we tied the score and then they was a sudden shower which the way they performed I says they should ought to all go take anyways includeing the mothers. One woman listening to me dish it out in that vain said You must get a grate deal of compensation out of bossing a bunch of kids around and I says to her Lady nobody offered me a nickle to do this and I would not except it if they did. I couldn't button my lip but went on to say that I liked working with boys if only I could get rid of the full cooperation of the parents espesially the women. Then the kid with the will to fail's mother got into the act to my surprise. She was eavesdropping on the rhubarb from the Jag where she suddenly must of got her courage up because she says Evadently you are equally good at pushing ladies around and do we deserve to sirvive as a race and I says If you weren't all ladies I would give you my opinion of you in two words, blather skites. Then she says My husband will wish to see you tomorrow or so and I says Send him around, haveing visions of being strode up to by this guy in one them gaberdeen suits Alice and being slapped across the chops with one them lether handbags that they carry. Which would at least bring the rhubarb up to the man to man level where it belongs. All this while we were getting no dryer accept for the woman snug in the Jag. I was between her and the first woman with two out in the top of the third and the score tied eight all and a man on second. Then the first woman says You certainly seem to have a lot of hidden hostilities and I says What's hidden about them? and she didn't have no comeback. I may of been a little sharp but my job is hard enough without a lot of bystanders going off ½ cocked about how it should ought to be done.

Well with the rain showing no signs of letting up they was nothing to do but call the game a tie to be played off later though who picked up the marbles on the rhubarb I will leave you to be the judge. You know me Alice. I don't want nobody sticking their $0.02 into my affairs though I am perfectly willing to listen to any reasonable offer of advice even in this matriarky I think they call this type of culture.

I agree with you about the amount of furniture we should start off with though why it should all be bird's eye maple I fail to see. I have always kind of had this feeling of mutual hostility toward bird's eye maple. More of this later.

Yours, Ed.

Westport, Conn., July 2.

Dear Alice: It's grate news your mother's hip is better and well enough for you to practically garantee you'll be here in a week. All as I can say is I'll be glad when we can get settled. But I wisht you could of been here with me last night. As you know we finally had this playoff of that tie game with the Bluejays which was also a game breaking a tie with them for fourth place and brother! I never see such exitement. It was the most satisfying evening of my life sports-wise.

LASZLO
FRESH
STRAWBERRIES

To begin with they was no mothers around. They all went to the Mental Health Ball which is more important this year than ever before they tell me because of the whopping amount that has to be raised. Malajustments are on the increase in all these communities where they take such an interest in their children's minds and organize their play and all for some strange reason another. The guidance counselor was chairman of the affair so he wasn't on hand neither. The dentist umped both plate and bases, doing so from the pitcher's box.

While he may be a firstrate dentist he could use a good eye doctor hisself judging from some them calls Alice. The kid with the thing about sliding has got another thing about ducking pitches. It's the same thing really the way they explain it. He has the same chance to drop beautifully putting on the same kind of show stirring up dust which he spanks off his uniform like one who

IN MEMORIAM: A.C., R.J.O., K.S.

The sky widens to Cornwall. A sense of sea
Hangs in the lichenous branches and still there's light.
The road from its tunnel of blackthorn rises free
To a final height.

And over the west is glowing a mackerel sky
Whose opal fleece has faded to purple pink.
In this hour of the late-lit, listening evening, why
Do my spirits sink?

The tide is high and a sleepy Atlantic sends
Exploring ripple on ripple down Polzeath shore.
And the gathering dark is full of the thought of friends
I will see no more.

For where's Anne Channel, who loved this place the best,
With her tense blue eyes, and her shopping bag falling apart,
And her racy gossip and 1920 zest,
And that warmth of heart?

Where's Roland easing his most unwieldy car,
With its load of golf clubs, backwards into the lane?
Where's Kathleen Stokes with her Sealyhams? There's Doom Bar.
Bray Hill shows plain.

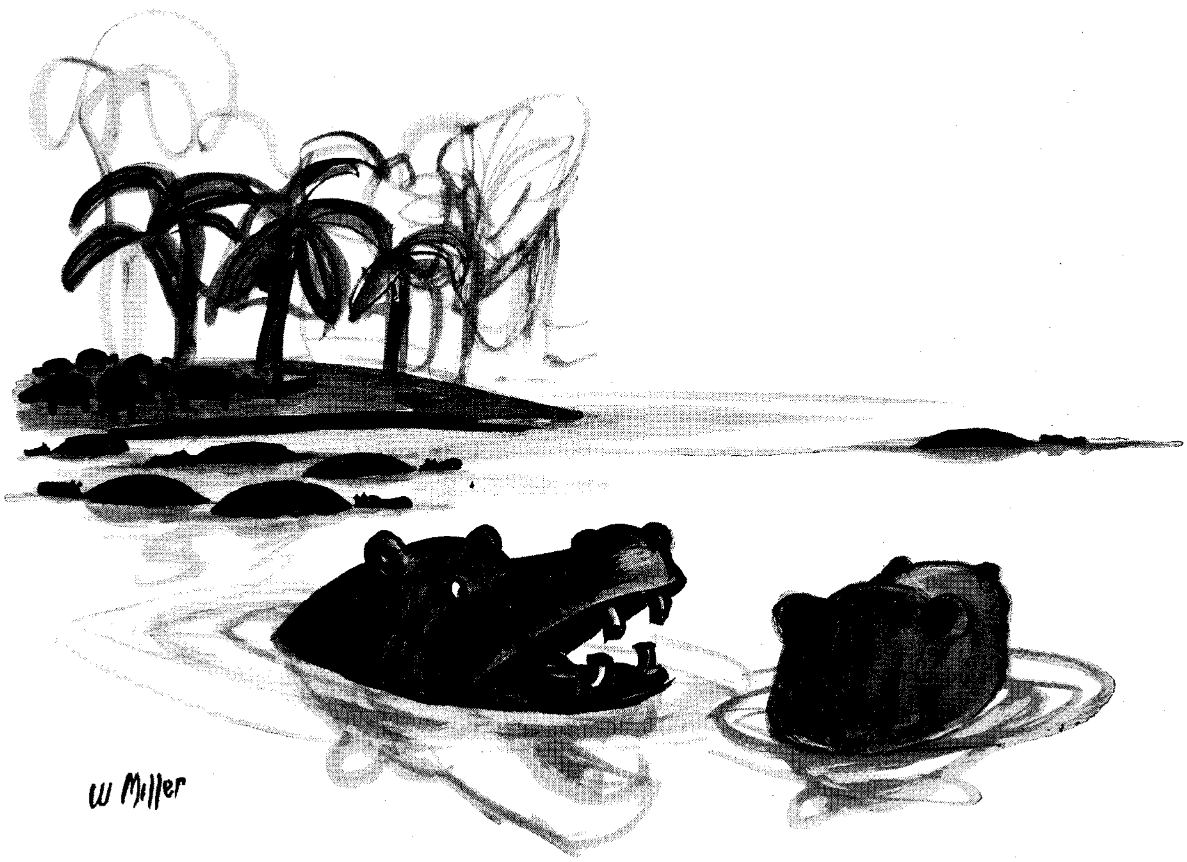
For this is the turn, and the well-known trees draw near.
On the road their pattern in moonlight fades and swells.
As the engine stops, from two miles off I hear
St. Minver bells.

What a host of stars in a wideness still and deep!
What a host of souls, as a motor bike whines away,
And the silver snake of the estuary curls to sleep
In Daymer Bay.

—John Betjeman

• •

has just ecscaped sudden death to bolster his eggo. They was a fast ball heading straight for his coco but even as he made for terra firma the ump yelled Steerike! pointing a thumb over his shoulder in the general direction of Cos Cob to say he was out. Well Alice it is the first time I ever see a man called out on two strikes but the ump's memory was as stubborn as it was wobbly and he stood on his right not to have to reverse a decision if he didn't feel like it. I for my part told the kids to show some sportsmanship and stow the repertee such as Get a tin cup with some pencils in it! and etc. But that ain't how we made Little League history that night. I'm coming to that now.



"All I know is she never hangs around with the fun crowd."

• •

Emotions by this junkture were raw. Both sides had suffered equally from the ½ baked umping so never mind that but by the last inning as a result and with no mothers to guide them they were playing like fiends. Since we were the home team this time we had last licks. Not that we ever got them—and thereby hangs the tale.

Midway through their licks the Bluejays put in a pinch hitter with two on and two away and the score tied five all. Here the Bluejay runner on first started yelling to the batter Put one through second where you like to Jack! He couldn't catch a cold in an icebox in Alaska! Meaning rightly enough Martin our croquet wicket. But by now Martin had had it. His dandruff was up like nothing I ever see. Thank God his mother wasn't around to badger me with no substitute situations, just let him stay there and take it. When our catcher threw a bad return to Niswonger who was pitching it went over Niswonger's head toward Martin and this time he managed to get hold of it. Well taunts the wit on first what happened? This says Martin and threw the ball at him like a rock. He caught it making sure to keep his foot on the bag so as not to be called out and shot it right back just as hard as *he* could. This time it went as usual through Martin's legs and the other kid says You'd make a grate football player—a center. That did it. Martin ran over and let him have it with both fists.

Well hon don't ask me to describe in detail what happened because I couldn't. In a second the whole infield was a malay I couldn't begin to give a blow by blow account of and blow by blow it would have to be because this wasn't just no ordinary rhubarb. This was It. Neither I or the other manager interfered. It did our hearts too good to see it. It thrilled us. Something went up my spine like band music good and loud at the sight of those boys out there mixing it up. Being boys at last. I never see a group so integrated. You couldn't tell whose arms and legs belonged to who they was such a solid tangle of them whaling the tar out of one another. The ump didn't interfere neither having even less objection to loose teeth than to cavities. He stood smiling by along with us managers.

I'd say we beat the Bluejays that night though I'd have no way of proving it accept by a count of shiners and bloody noses. By the time we did pull the last ones apart figuring we had had our hearts done enough good and got our charges tidied up a little it was too dark to resoom. The other manager and I chipped in to buy them all pop at the refreshment stand where they all rushed pellmell like one happy family now.

Well so ends one Little League season for one manager. Probably his last judging from what the mothers said when they heard what happened. But it's just as well they bad me fond ado before the official farewell because the boys chipped in and bought me a beautiful silver money clip with my inishles on it whereas if the mothers had of still had a hand in the proseedings you and I might now be libel to own one them pieces of dead wood that look so charming on tables that ain't got no shape neither and how would you fit that in with bird's eye maple Alice? But it has been a mighty educational experience for this gink. I picked up some pretty good pointers on raising kids so come on out here and let's get started on that family. Boys that is. We'll add the girls later for you if needs be. Financially speaking-wise I know what a full house means these days but I'm game. You know me Alice.

Love, ED.
—PETER DE VRIES

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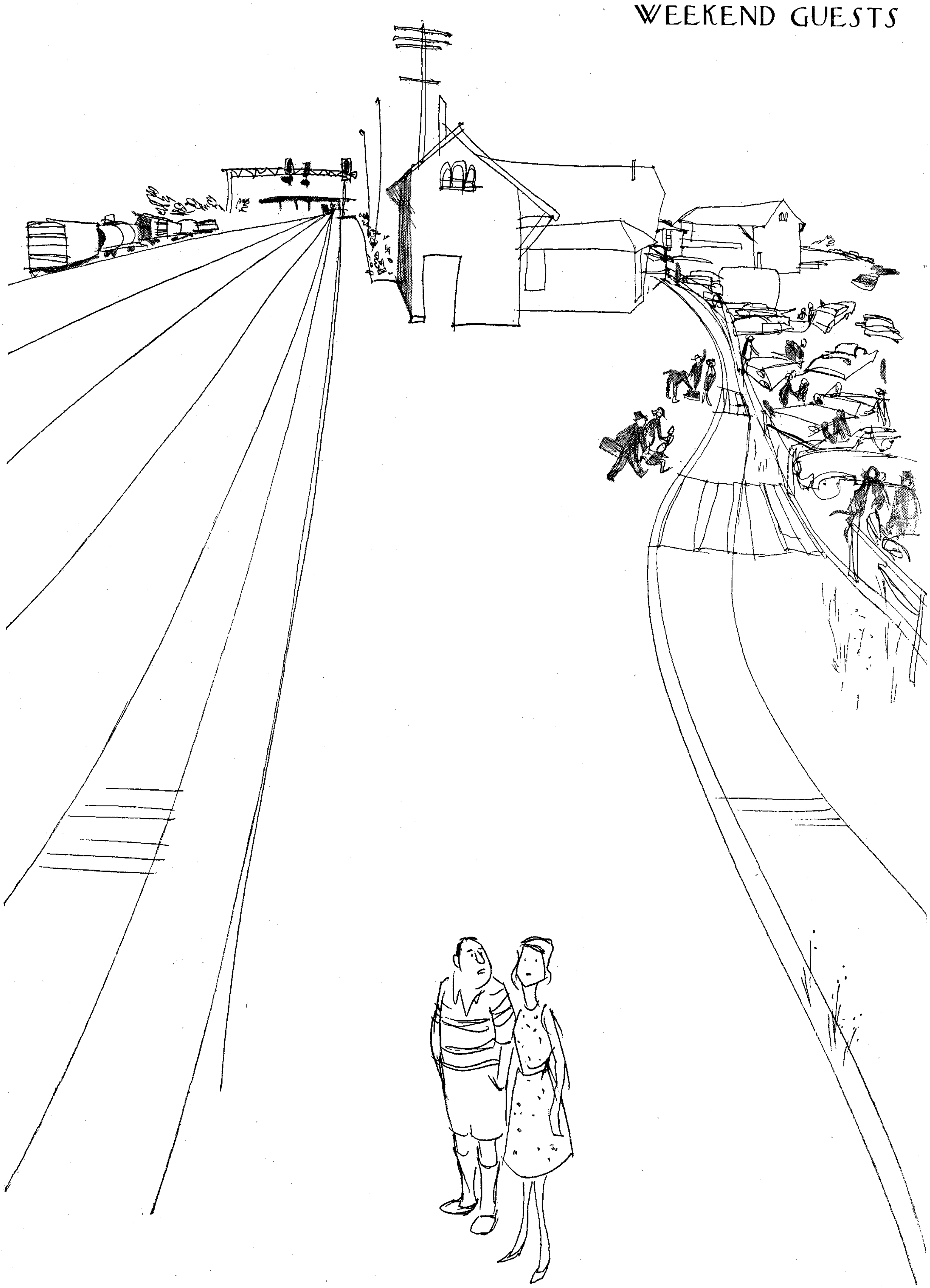
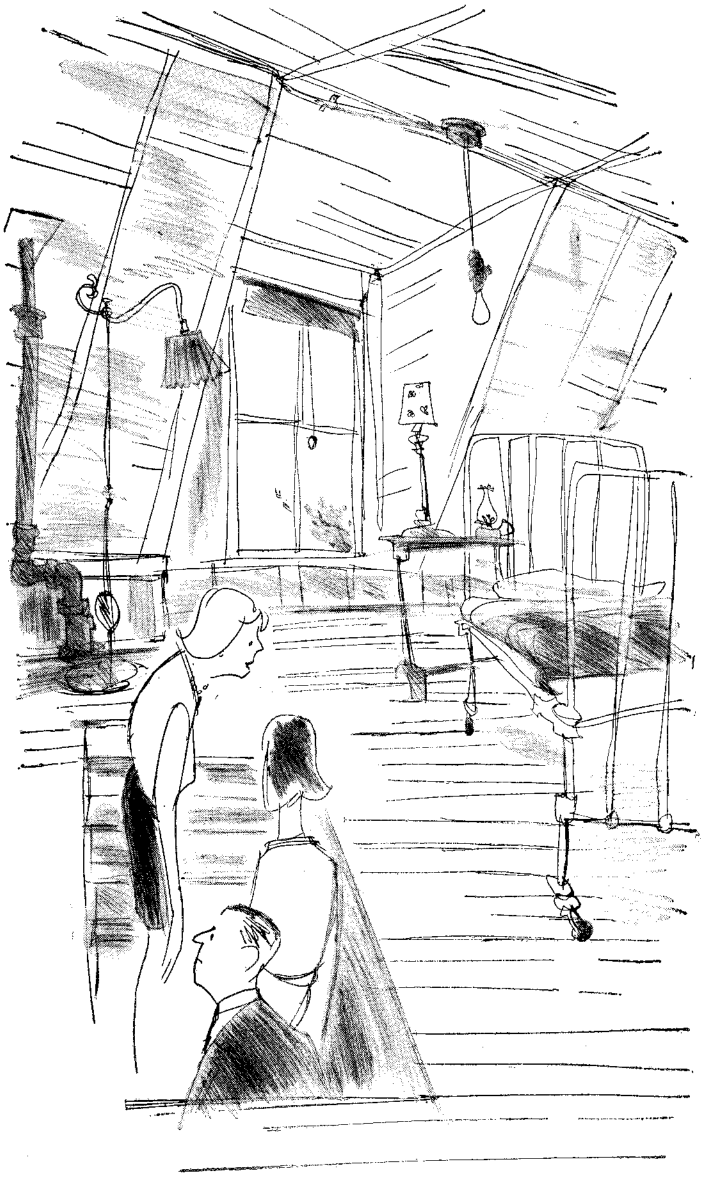
Sentencing and hearing of probate matters and criminal case motions will be on Thursdays during the summer months, instead of Thursdays as heretofore.—*The News.*

Noted.

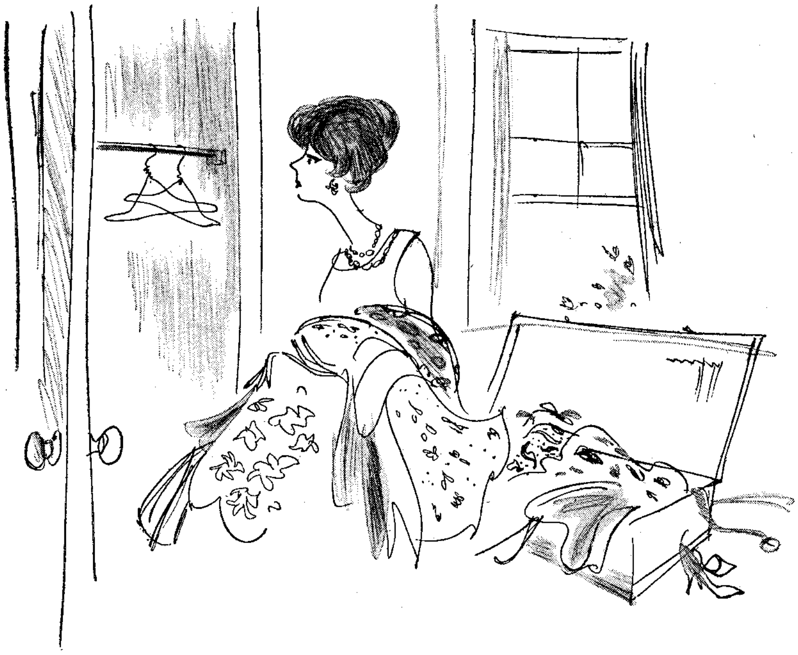
WEEKEND GUESTS

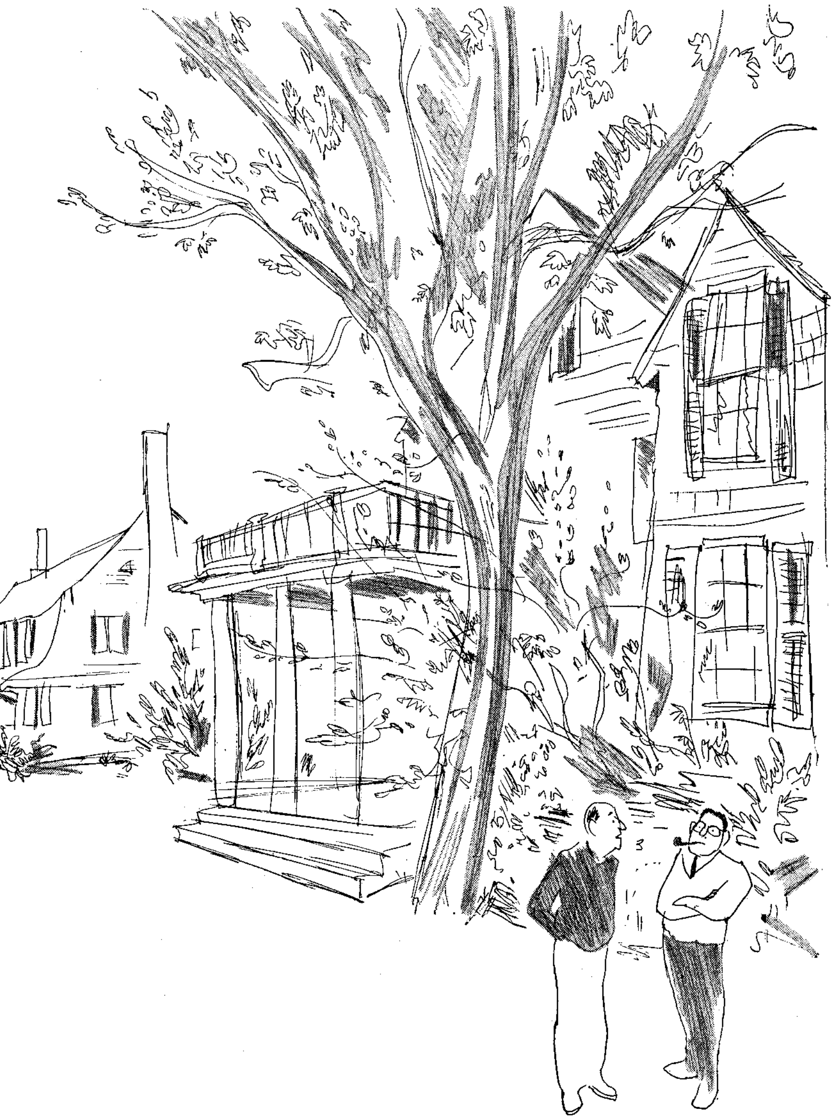


"*They* said *they'd be on the six-o'clock.*"

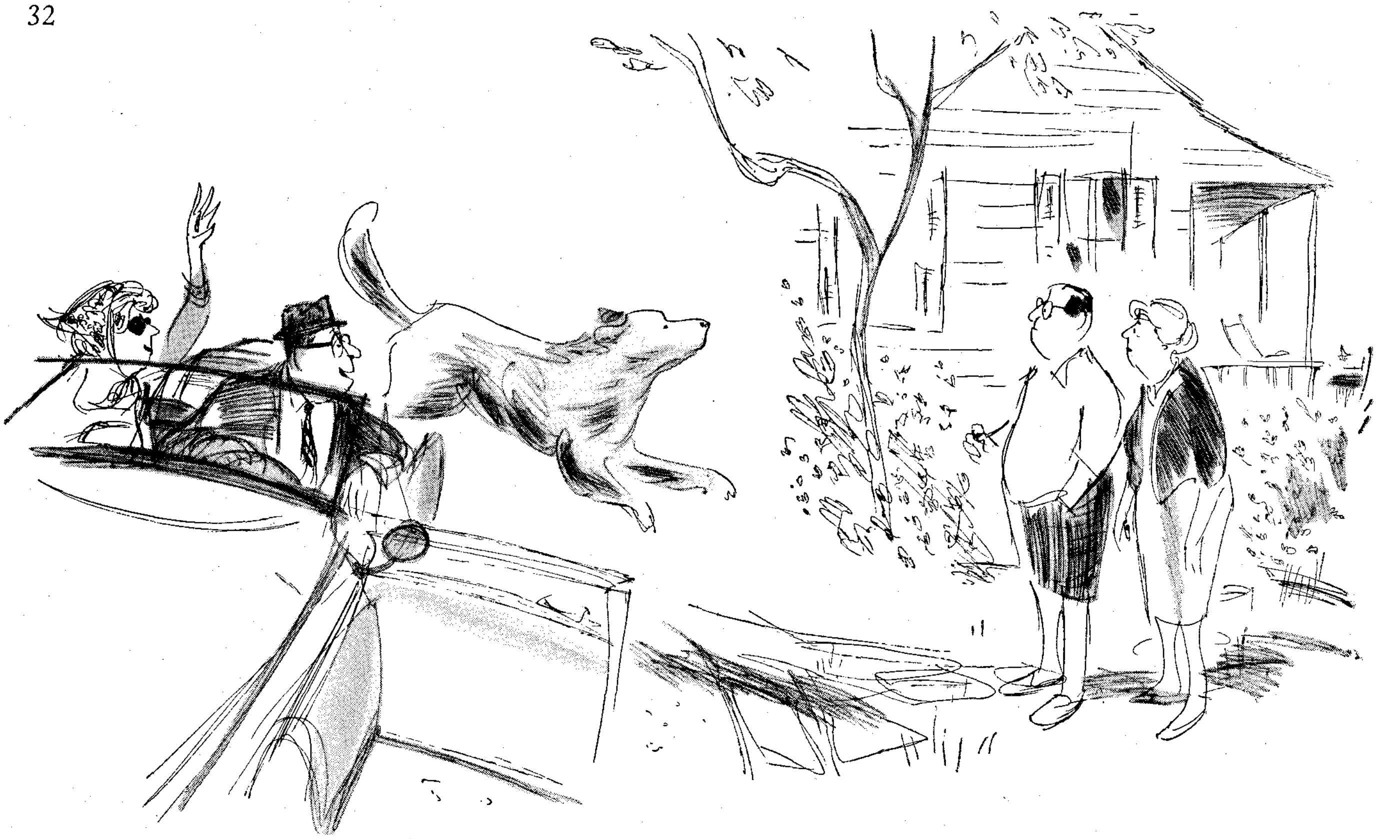


"Now, we're not terribly fancy . . ."

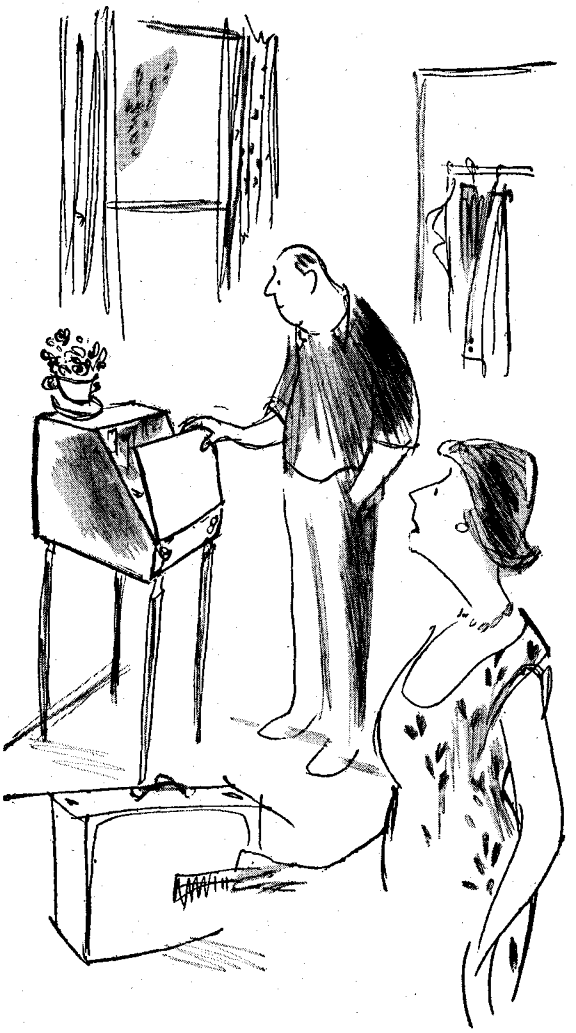




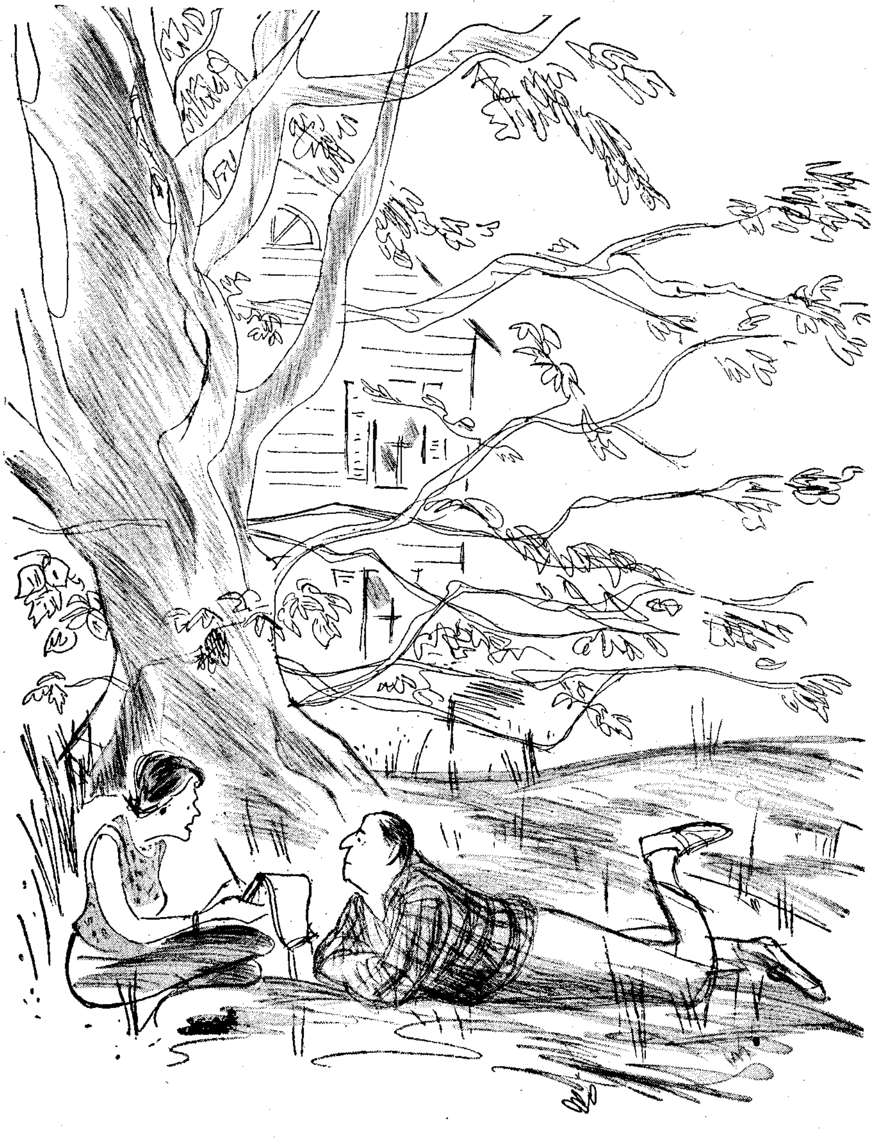
"Well, if you don't feel like tennis, golf, croquet, or swimming, are there any of them you might like to watch?"



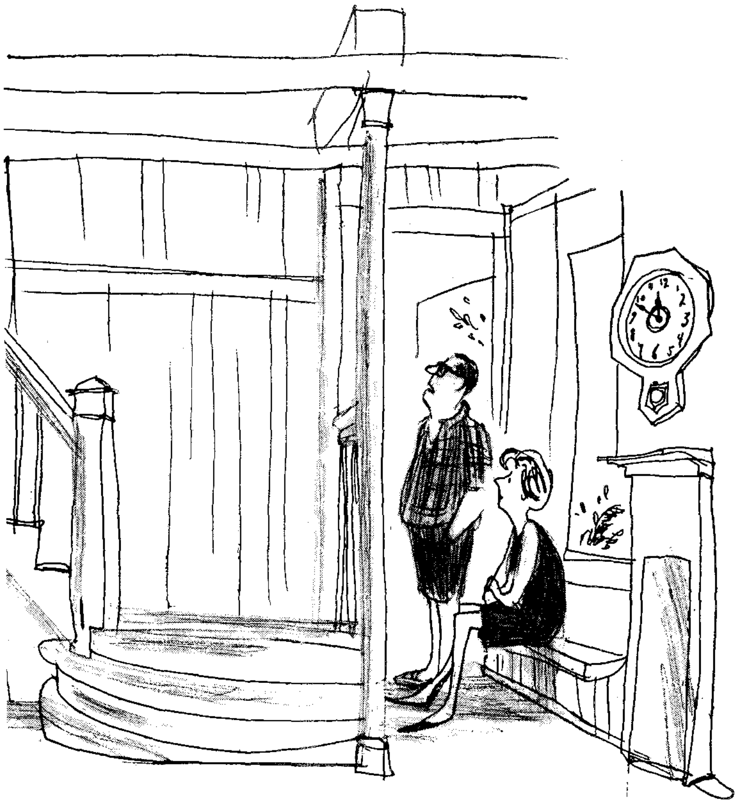
"When we started to leave, he cried."



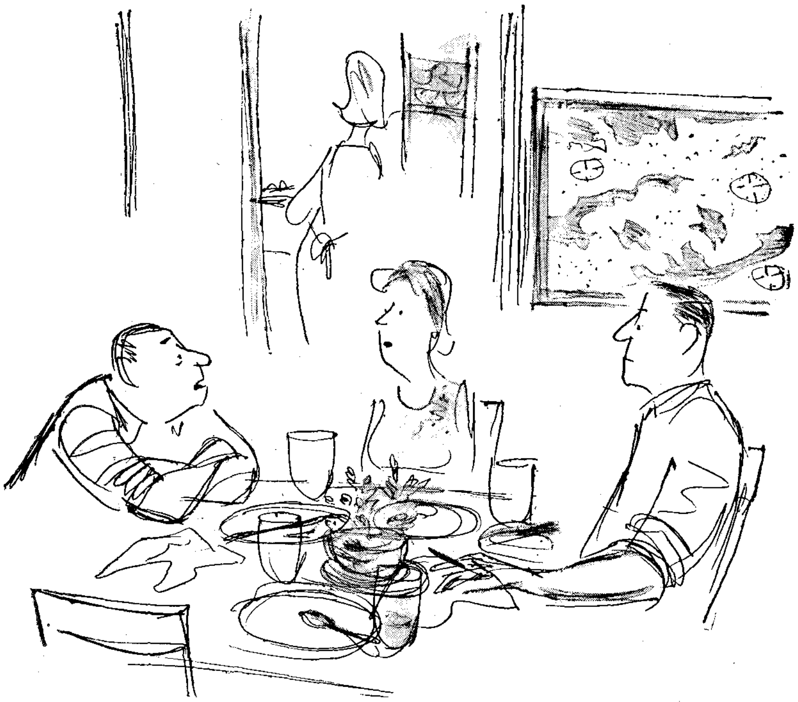
"George!"



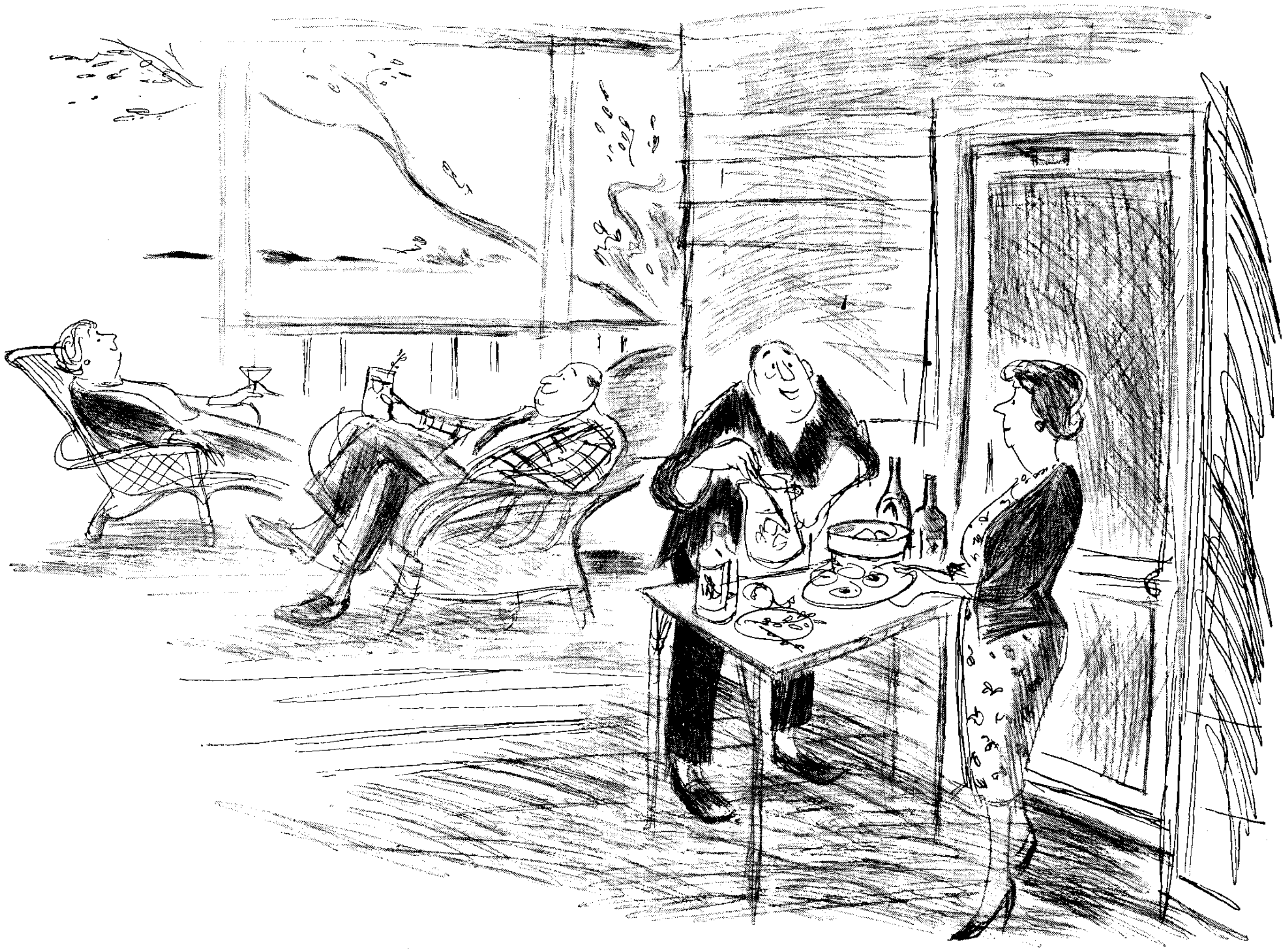
"Good idea! A picnic lunch at the beach from one to three. That leaves a gap of two hours between the beach and the Walkers' cocktail party."



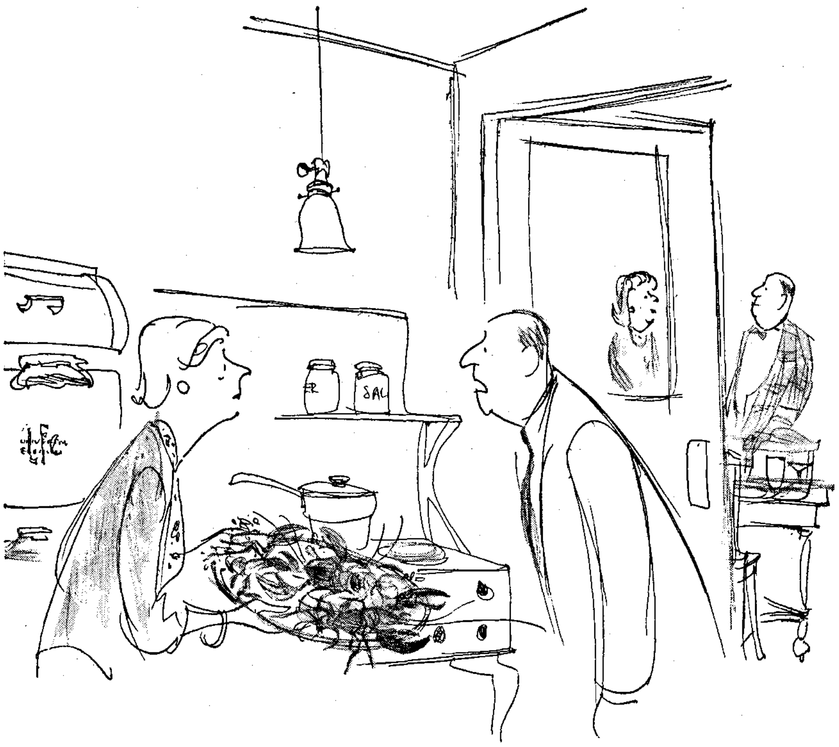
"If they aren't down by noon, I'm going to go up and pound on the door."



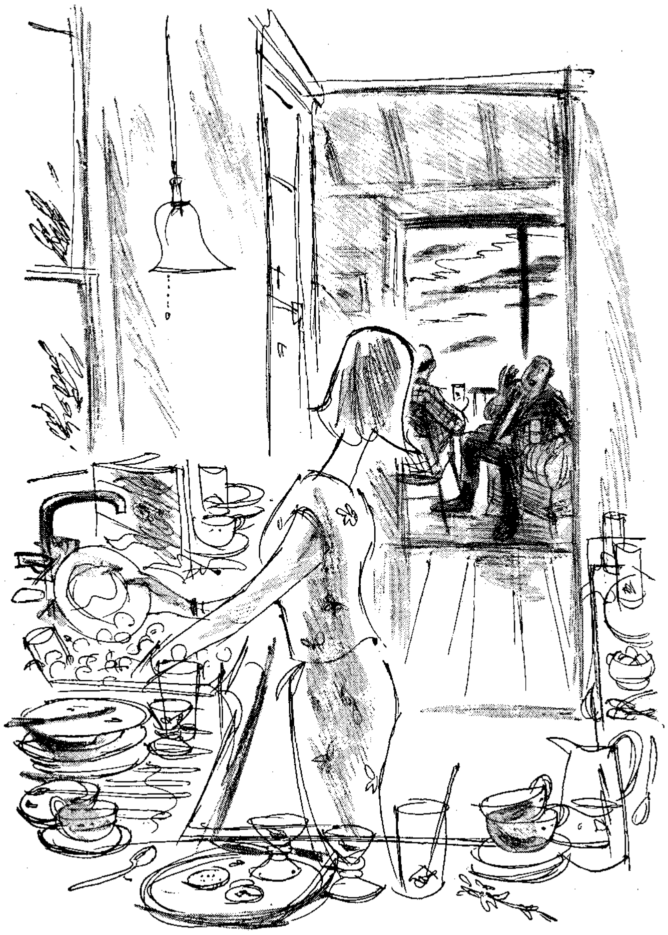
"Say—uh—do you people ever like to take a quick nap after lunch?"



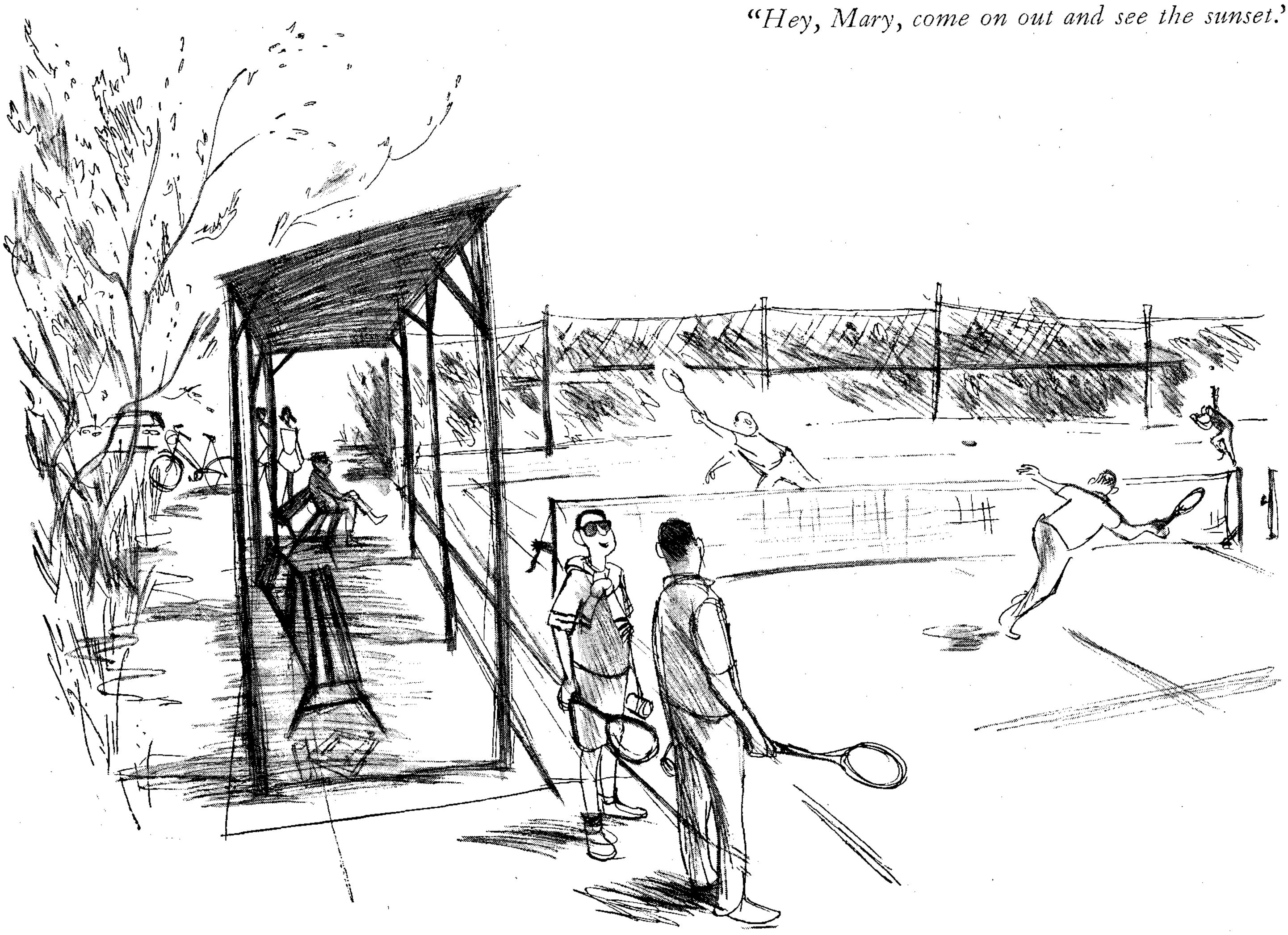
"Thank heaven! I've finally discovered something they like to do."



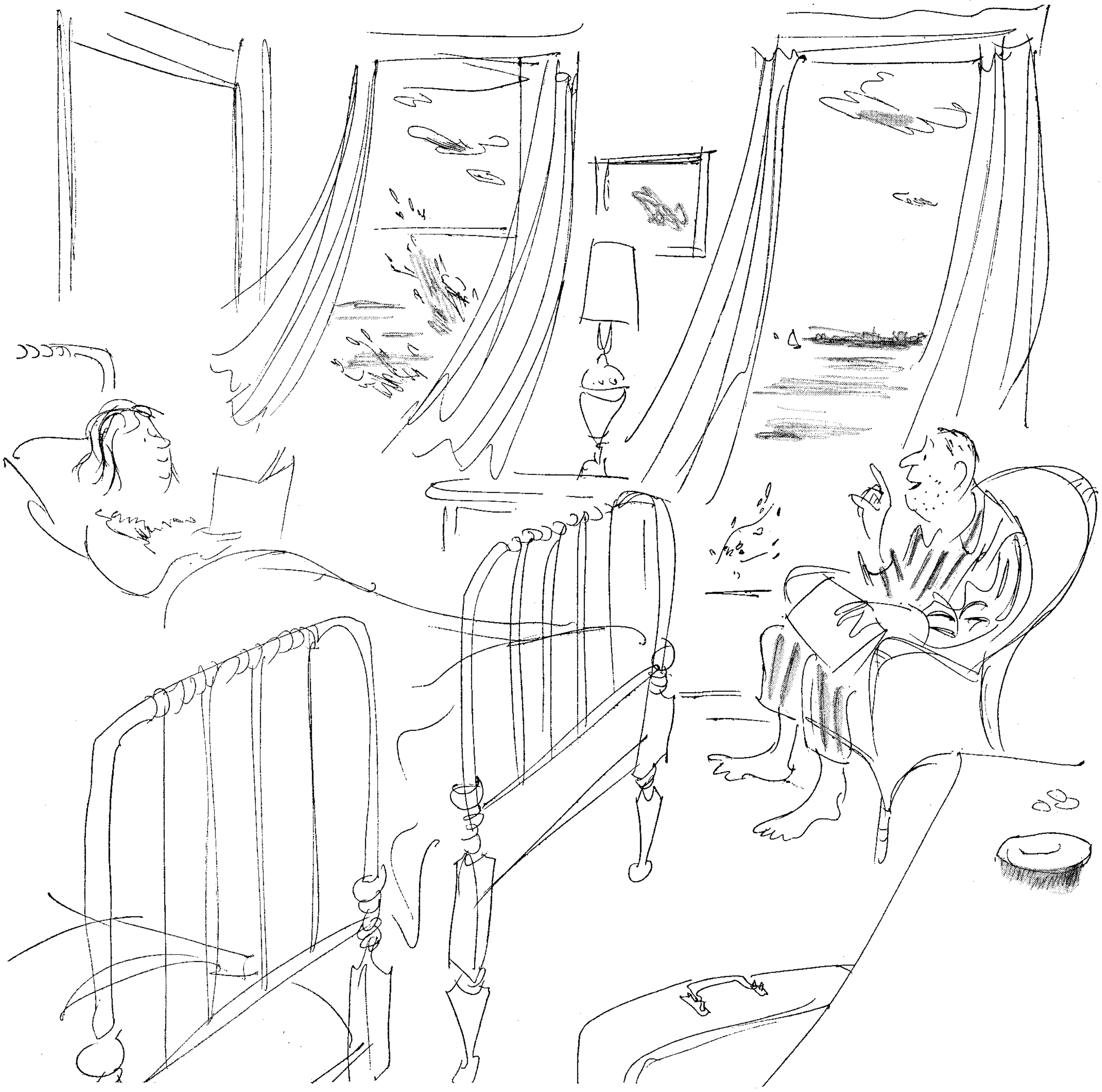
"Guess who doesn't eat seafood."



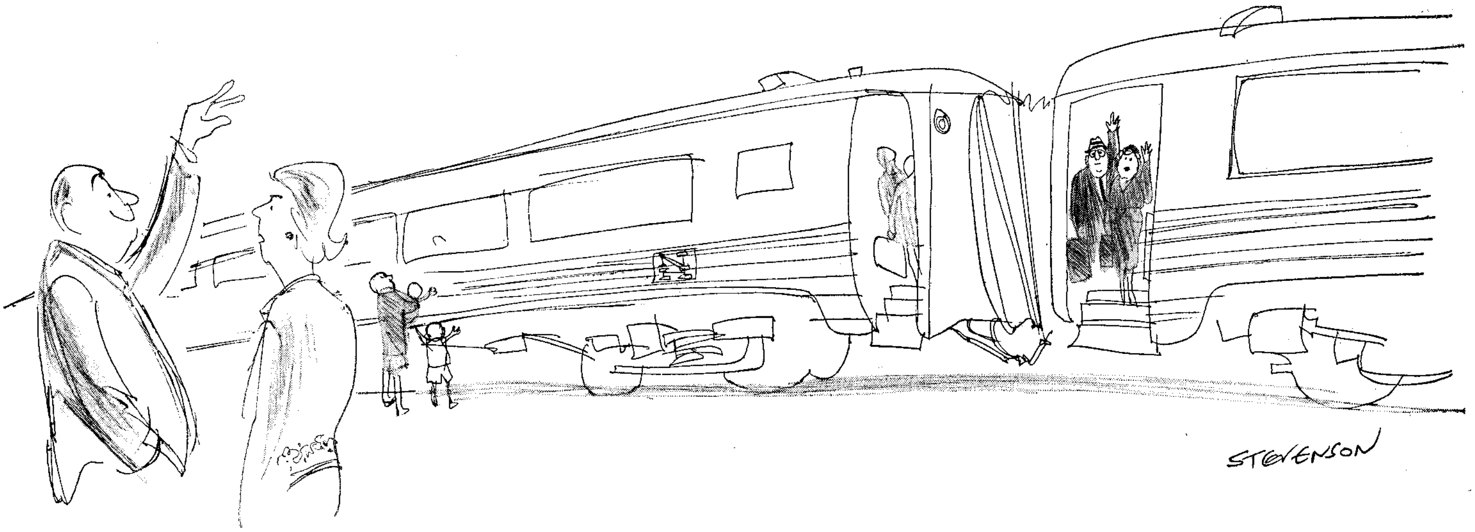
"Hey, Mary, come on out and see the sunset."



"I hope you're good, Charlie. I've only played a couple of times."



"*Sh-h-h! If they know we're awake, we'll have to go and* do *something.*"



"*Stop grinning.*"

NEWS

It was still early in the afternoon, but the day was clear and warm, so the benches behind the Metropolitan Museum of Art were crowded. Mrs. Michaels found a place that had just been vacated by a man who had been smoking a cigar. She sat down and gently waved a hand over her head to dispel the remnants of the bitter smoke. She folded her white-gloved hands over the unopened news magazine in her lap. With a long sigh and a show of effort, she crossed her feet, one time-thickened ankle over the other, and glanced at the other occupant of the bench, a nursemaid. The nursemaid had on a white starched, long-sleeved uniform. She was white-haired, and her hair was severely shingled in the back. She wore heavy, white plastic harlequin-shaped sunglasses with a gold-and-red floral decoration. Her face was deeply tanned and lined. With one hand, the nursemaid was clutching the back of the bench for support, and with the other hand she was rocking a wicker doll carriage in which lay a little dog, face up, front paws placed neatly over a white piqué coverlet. The dog wore—or what showed of the dog wore—a blue checked cotton shirt with tiny white buttons down the front. A calico toy elephant lay in a corner of the carriage. The dog's eyes were closed in sleep.

"Cigars!" the nursemaid said. "Neither do I like the cigars." She had a hard German accent. She sped up the rocking of the wicker doll carriage, as though taking her disapproval out on it.

"Cigars, cigarettes, dope—what's the difference?" Mrs. Michaels said. "Everybody I know needs something."

"You said the truth," the nursemaid said, quickly backtracking, as if out of habit. "You got to take it whether you like it or not, with the cigars." She gave the carriage an abrupt shake. The little dog opened its eyes and coughed. "Shut up, now, Bibi! I said '*Quiet!*,' I said." The little dog retreated back into sleep, and the nursemaid looked at Mrs. Michaels in triumph. "You got to let them know who is the boss."

Mrs. Michaels smiled at the carriage. "What kind is he? Is he a he?"

"You got it right the first time," the nursemaid said.

"He's not one of those miniature poodles, is he?" Mrs. Michaels said.

"Because he doesn't look like a poodle."

"Bibi is a pedigreed schnauzer—very rare, very special, very expensive. My Mister and Missis, they got him from Munich. They made the trip special just to get Bibi. Bibi got sick on the ship coming over, because the ship don't permit the dogs to go out of the kennel on the ship, and he would not eat, he would not move. And the same when they brung him home. The Mister and Missis fixed up a room for Bibi, a gorgeous little room with all kinds of dogs colored on the walls and everything. I was engaged to take care of him, he was so sick."

"The main thing is to get them to eat a little something at least," Mrs. Michaels said.

"I was the only one he would eat from," the nursemaid said. "I am now still the only one he will eat from."

"As long as he eats something," Mrs. Michaels said. "That's what counts."

"I am the only one Bibi minds," the nursemaid said. "The Mister and Missis, they are afraid of him. Bibi tells *them* what to do." She gave a short, harsh laugh.

"It's one of the few pleasures," Mrs. Michaels said. "To keep something you like. Go ahead and indulge them. So what?"

"Sure! Sure!" the nursemaid said. "Let them have their fun."

"You only live once," Mrs. Michaels said. "Before you know it, it's over. Take each day as it comes. Make the most of everything."

"Like the Mister and Missis," the nursemaid said. "They are spending the weekend in Southampton with some friends. So for the first time in six months they got to leave Bibi behind. But they are missing him something awful. So tomorrow morning we got to go there, too, in the Carey limousine. Because they are missing him something awful. The Mister and Missis, they got a married daughter, but there was bad fights with the daughter, so now they got only Bibi."

"It's not good when you don't get along with your children," Mrs. Michaels said. "I'm smart. I never say a negative thought to my daughter-in-law. Mum's the word."

"I never knew their daughter," the nursemaid said. "I come for Bibi, and the Mister and Missis, they insist I must stay on for his sake."

"Any time I think they're selfish or thoughtless, I exercise the utmost self-control. It's my byword."

"Bibi and me, we get along fine, when they leave us alone," the nursemaid said. "He knows who is the boss. My room is right next door to his. He don't wake me up no more in the middle of the night."

"Coöperation and understanding," Mrs. Michaels said. "Those are my bywords."

"Sure, you got to coöperate," the nursemaid said.

In the doll carriage, Bibi gave another cough, and then yawned.

"Sleep, Bibi!" the nursemaid said. "*Schlaf' ein!*"

"I always wondered about those whiskers on those little dogs like that," Mrs. Michaels said. "On their little faces, I mean. Those whiskers make them look like funny little old men."

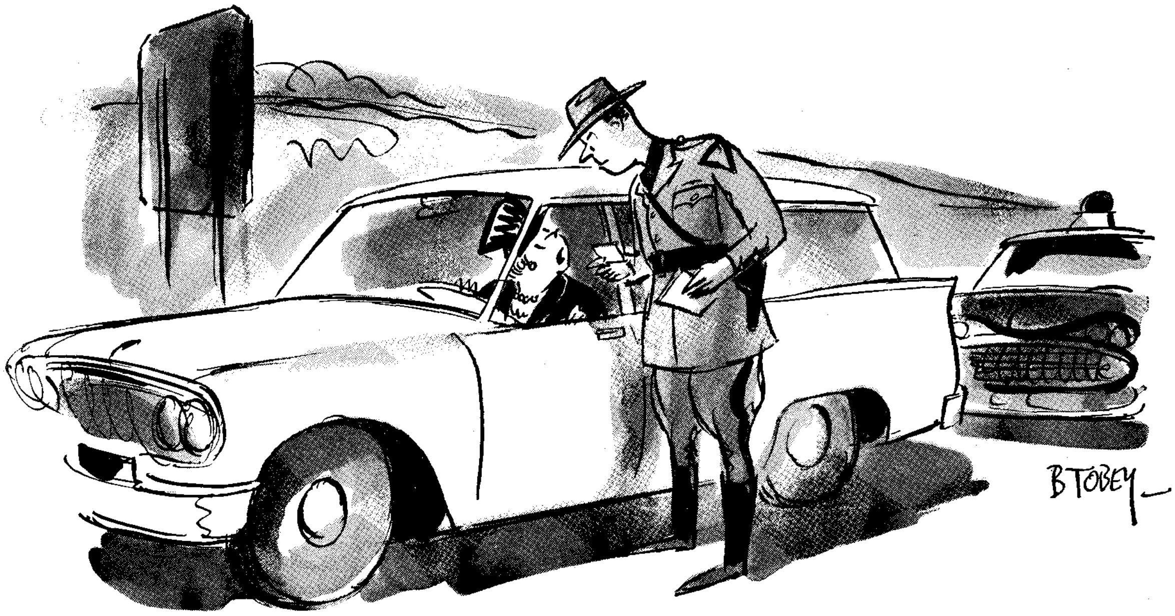
"I take Bibi every other week special to the beauty parlor to get the hair trimmed. He gets everything the best. Even his clothes. He's got his own tailor. Custom-made, his little shirts. The Mister and Missis pick out the colors, the materials. The best. For winter, Bibi's got a real fur coat. I got *no* fur coat. Bibi's coat is beaver. He's got his own closet—a little closet built into the regular big closet of his room."

"My son wanted to give me a fur coat for my last birthday," Mrs. Michaels said, and switched the under foot to top position. "I told him, 'I don't need a new fur coat. For as many years as I have left, the old fur coat is still good enough.' "

"The Mister and Missis, at first they ordered little pants made to go with Bibi's shirts. But Bibi, he refused to stand for it. He wriggles out of them every time. He wants to be free."

Mrs. Michaels nodded. "So what did he get me instead?" she said. "A new television set. The kind with the gadget, you push a button from wherever you're sitting and you change on the screen to the next station. With this button, you can watch four movies at the same time. You go fast from one to the other. When they show the movies. Which is getting to be more and more. Once I saw, all at one time in the afternoon, 'Henry Aldrich Plays Cupid,' 'Vampire Bat,' 'Captain Horatio Hornblower,' and 'Each Dawn I Die.' Then at night, also all together, I saw 'I Was a Communist for the F.B.I.,' 'Screaming Eagles,' 'Jolson Sings Again,' and 'Life Begins at 8:30.' "

"I don't watch much the television. The Mister and Missis got a set. But we got no set. Bibi don't like it. It makes him cry. Sometimes I watch on the Mis-



"Why, you're just a baby!"

ter and Missis's set when they go out someplace and after Bibi goes to sleep."

"I don't look only at television," Mrs. Michaels said. "I read all the time, too." She picked up the news magazine from her lap and shook it at the nursemaid.

"Smart," the nursemaid said. "To read a magazine instead of the newspapers. The way the newspapers make you black, especially on white gloves."

"I'm always washing my white gloves, no matter what I do," Mrs. Michaels said. "There's always more work to do. I keep myself busy."

"All the words from the *Mirror* come off black, so I can never touch nothing till I scrub my hands up good," the nursemaid said. She smoothed the white coverlet over Bibi with a forefinger.

"The children are always talking about what's in the newspapers, and I keep up with the latest," Mrs. Michaels said. "My daughter-in-law swears by the *Herald Tribune*. She says that somebody has fixed everything up in that newspaper. All I notice is that it's got a strange smell. Like medicine."

"Terrible," the nursemaid said.

"My daughter-in-law says it's just mechanical, the smell," Mrs. Michaels said. "Well, you have to take the good with the bad."

Bibi gave a sudden yelp and woke up, as though from a nightmare. He struggled to his feet.

"Come on, Bibi! *Leg' Dich nieder! Leg' Dich nieder!*" the nursemaid said. She pushed him down again, saying, "Sh-h-h, Bibi! Sh-h-h, Bibi!" She held him down until he subsided.

"Magazines aren't any better," Mrs. Michaels said. "They smell, too. That's why I like to read them in the open air." She moved a bit closer and held the news magazine up to the nursemaid's chin.

"Terrible," the nursemaid said. "Stinks."

"I think maybe it's some kind of disinfectant they put in," Mrs. Michaels said. "To destroy the germs."

There was a murmur from the doll carriage. Bibi stirred, yawned, and slept, as the nursemaid accentuated the rocking and said a few more words of hard comfort. A couple of small children carrying pinwheels on sticks came over and looked respectfully and silently into the carriage at Bibi.

"No," the nursemaid said to them. "Let Bibi sleep."

Mrs. Michaels gave them a smile. "You mustn't touch the little doggy, children," she said, and they went on their way. "The *Times* is the best," she said to the nursemaid. "But there's too much. Too much."

"My Mister and Missis get the *Times*," the nursemaid said. "They read it."

"I try to get the news on television," Mrs. Michaels said. "The news is my favorite, next to the movies. All the reports."

"That's the best," the nursemaid said. "The easiest. No trouble. And you don't have to touch nothing. The cleanest."

"But they make it so hard for you," Mrs. Michaels said. "Walter Cronkite and all the good ones go on at seven or seven-fifteen, when I want to have my supper."

"Terrible," the nursemaid said. "My Mister and Missis insist on complete quiet while Bibi eats. Complete silence. No talking."

"I don't mind conversation when I'm eating, unless I go out to dinner with the children and there's arguments and sarcasm and I get indigestion," Mrs. Michaels said. "But I eat alone most of the time, and I get so interested in the programs I forget to eat. I don't like to let everything get cold. That's what happens when they all come on at the same time."

"We make Bibi concentrate when he eats," the nursemaid said.

"Once in a while, I stay up for the eleven-o'clock ones, especially for my favorites, but most of the time I'm so tired by the end of the day that I fall asleep."

"I like the radio," the nursemaid said. "Sometimes I bring the radio to the Park with Bibi. We listen to the stories. Bibi likes the stories. They don't make him cry."

Mrs. Michaels smiled. "You don't mind trying to keep awake for the ones you care about," she said. "I noticed that Walter Cronkite seems to enjoy being moved up to seven-fifteen. He looks in the best of health lately. Such self-confidence. He tells you about atom-bomb explosions, they don't sound so bad."

"He must be smart, Mr. Cronkite," the nursemaid said.

"He's getting fat, though," Mrs. Michaels said. "I noticed it recently. You can't stay young in that business. Even Douglas Edwards is getting lines in his forehead, and he's so handsome, with a nice, chubby face. I get him once in a while on a rainy afternoon when I feel bad. At three-fifty-five on Channel 2. He deserves a Morse-code introduction, the way they do for Walter Cronkite. He's got such a nice face. Such a nice, considerate man."

"That television, it's no place for the young fellows," the nursemaid said.

"Ron Cochran, his hair is thinning, and he's got bags under his eyes," Mrs. Michaels said. "Sometimes I worry about him. You can see the whites of Chet Huntley's eyes. Channel 4. Chet

Huntley comes on at ten-thirty, right after Dinah Shore. He's alone. Without Brinkley. He's got Ken-L-Ration, and he's got Rambler, and he's got Listerine behind him. I suppose that's why he looks so independent. With all that support behind him."

"My Mister and Missis wouldn't let me buy the packaged food for Bibi," the nursemaid said. "I go straight to the butcher, for good chopped meat."

"A good butcher is like a good dentist," Mrs. Michaels said. "Hard to find."

"Our butcher, he knows, if Bibi gets sick from bad meat, we're through with him," the nursemaid said.

"Chet Huntley gives you confidence in him," Mrs. Michaels said. "He holds a pipe, but he doesn't smoke it. I used to feel confidence in Ed Murrow, on Channel 2. He smoked a cigarette."

"I like to see a man smoke something," the nursemaid said. "But cigars I don't like, the way they smell."

"Chet Huntley makes you feel sympathy," Mrs. Michaels said. "When he gave a report on unemployment in Chicago, he apologized. He said it was an unhappy subject. He's got bags under *his* eyes, too."

"Terrible, the way they get to look on the television," the nursemaid said.

"Ron Cochran has a friendly look," Mrs. Michaels said. "Like he tells you about a man who claimed a cat as a dependent on his income tax and you know he feels very sympathetic."

"The money it costs these days to keep a cat or a dog!" the nursemaid said.

"John K. M. McCaffery is nice, but you don't know how he feels. He never lets on. He's got a handkerchief sticking out of his coat pocket. He has the First National City Bank behind him."

"My Mister is with stocks, with bonds, with all that stuff," the nursemaid said, rocking Bibi.

"Scott Vincent has Bromo-Seltzer behind him," Mrs. Michaels said. "Do you ever watch Prescott Robinson? Channel 2?"

"The name sounds familiar," the nursemaid said. She reached under the white coverlet in the doll carriage and seemed satisfied by what she felt, and her hand reappeared again.

"They put him away somewhere else on Channel 2, and now I can't locate him," Mrs. Michaels said. "Such a friendly man."

"As soon as you get attached, somebody takes it away," the nursemaid said.

"Oxydol used to have him," Mrs. Michaels said.

"We use Spic and Span for Bibi's room," the nursemaid said.

"That little fellow Gabe Pressman, who is on Channel 4," Mrs. Michaels said, "he's such an energetic little fellow. He goes all over town, wherever something is taking place. Then at six-thirty the same night, there he is, on Channel 4. He's the kind of little fellow who wouldn't turn away if you wanted to confide in him or tell him about some trouble. Although he looks as though he takes everything to heart—you know, too hard. He's got the Santa Fe Railway behind him. Imagine! New York to Los Angeles round trip for only twenty dollars and ninety-five cents down."

"We wouldn't ever travel by train," the nursemaid said. "The Missis says she don't want to keep Bibi boxed up."

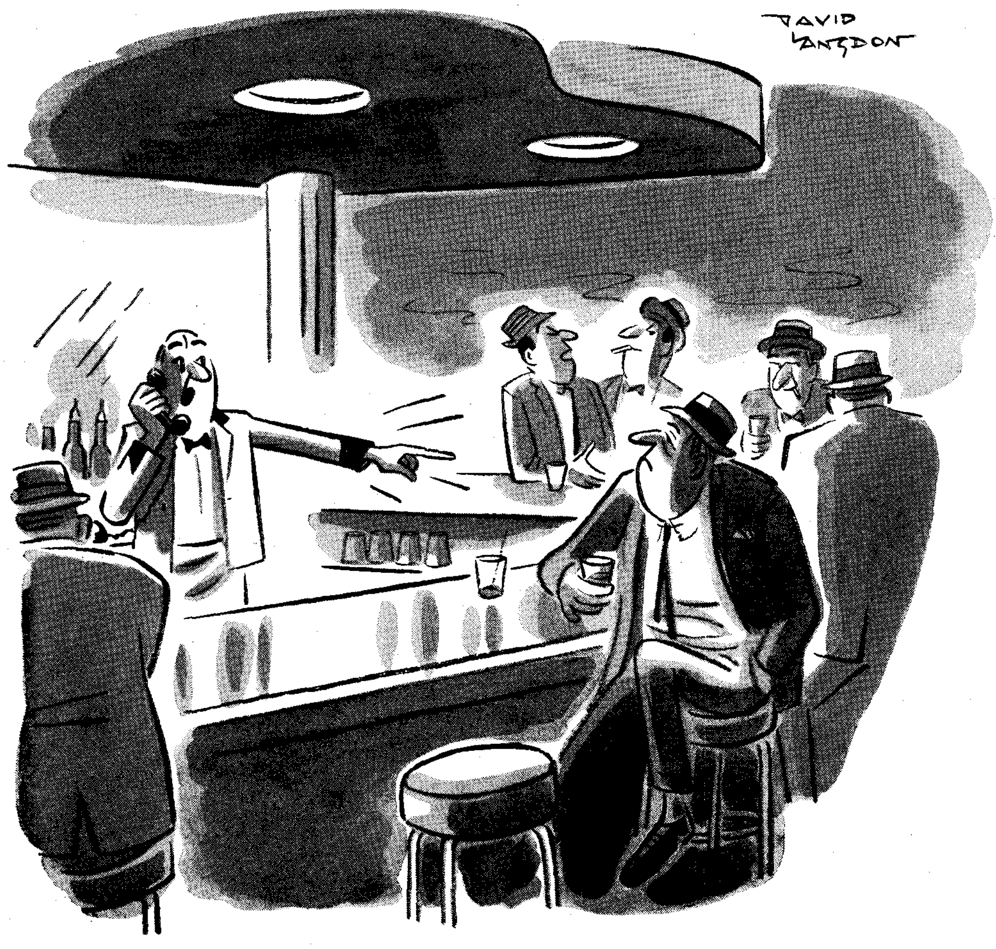
"Dr. Frank Field tells you about the weather," Mrs. Michaels said. "I'd never recognize Dr. Frank Field off the screen. Not the way I would Charles Collingwood. That nice face of his. So good-hearted. But I like to watch Dr. Frank Field's Buitoni-spaghetti commercial. The spaghetti always looks good enough to eat. Eric Sevareid is a handsome man. He has a good sense of humor."

Mrs. Michaels had lost the nursemaid, who was staring out across the Park lawn. Mrs. Michaels was quiet for a moment. Then she said slowly, "I've been trying to remember all day the one with the dimple in his chin, and it just this minute came to me—Harry Reasoner. I like him even better than David Brinkley. When Brinkley is on without Huntley, he's in color. I feel awful when they say something is in color, because I only get black-and-white."

In the carriage, Bibi gave a little squeal and struggled violently to his feet. "*Setz' Dich! Setz' Dich*, Bibi! Mind!" the nursemaid said, pushing the schnauzer into a sitting position. She folded the white coverlet back neatly at the foot of the carriage. "The Missis don't like Bibi to run around," she said. "Only on our terrace, where he don't get his feet muddy."

"He's not missing much," Mrs. Michaels said, and got up to go.

—LILLIAN ROSS



"He has been in, lady, but he left for home just a little while ago."

•

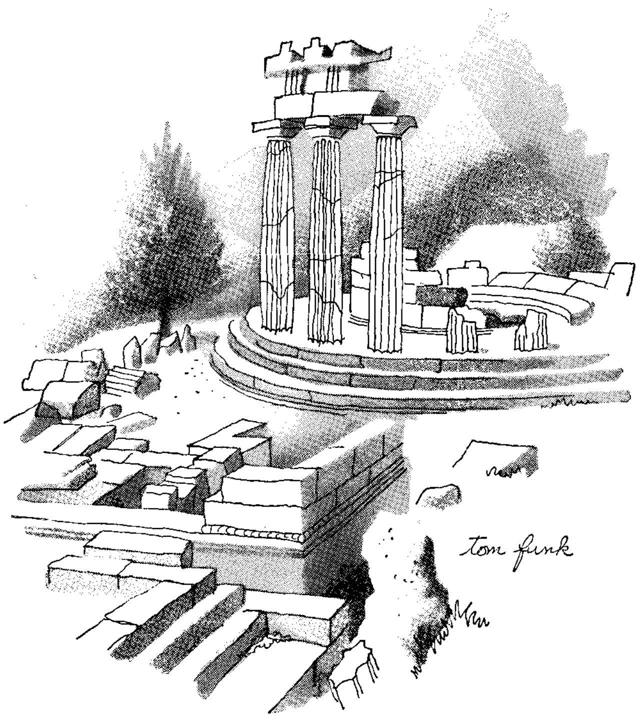
At the close of the two-hour conference at the Beverly Hilton Hotel, GOP attorney general nominee Tom Coakley said the candidates were solidly behind each other.—*Santa Ana* (*Calif.*) *Register*.

And in constant motion?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GRECIAN CALENDAR

II—GUIDED TOUR

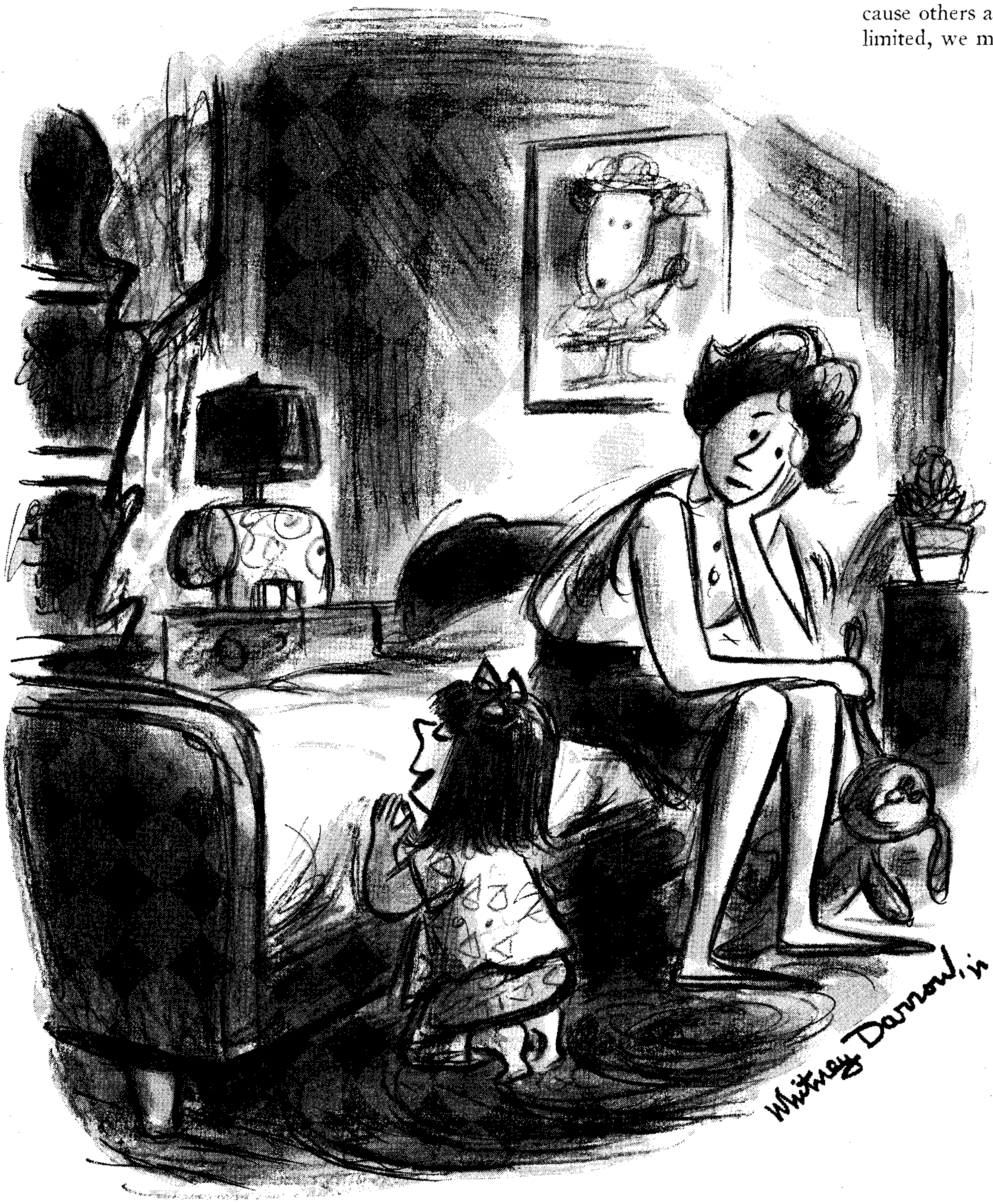


ON the Greek mainland, the ruins that are most popular with tourists, aside from what Athens itself has to offer, are those of Delphi, Olympia, and the section of the northeastern Peloponnesus that includes Corinth and Mycenae. These places are so situated that all of them can easily be visited in a four-day bus trip from Athens, and each summer many thousands of tourists are thus driven over the course. During a recent year-long stay in Greece, I joined their ranks, in the company of two young American college men—a son of mine and his travelling companion—who were paying me a visit. I should say right off that (with certain reservations, of which more later) I am partial to guided tours. Some of my friends disdain them, and many travellers before them, at least as far back as Cicero's time, have felt the same way, but I have found this kind of tour the most satisfactory method of acquainting myself with antiquities, short of becoming a dedicated scholar. I don't like finding my way around ruins with a guidebook, because this diverts much of my attention from what I have come to see, whereas acquiring the same information from live guides occupies only the ears, leaving one's vision undistracted. It is true that tourist guides have been known to substitute old wives' tales for sound information, and that in some countries the guides are little more than a pack of whining beggars, but in Greece, where nearly everybody appears to be alert and intelligent, the guides are especially so. The best ones are likely to be women, because, for one thing, guiding is among the few worthwhile careers in Greece that are really open to their sex. They bring to it a great fluency in languages, a knowledge of archeology derived from a considerable study of the subject that is required of Greek guides before they can be licensed to practice, and the lovely manners and instinctive tact that seem to characterize Greek women. All this, plus, in most cases, a good deal of professional experience, eminently qualifies them for the job of handling tourists—a job that calls for a combined teacher, nurse, mother, diplomat, and geisha girl. Not only are they informative but they make fine company, and they liven up the old stones a lot.

Obviously, the most convenient and instructive kind of guided tour is one in which you make the rounds in a private car—either rented or your own, if that's the way you've been travelling—escorted by a guide hired all for yourself, but obviously, too, this runs into money compared to the cost of a bus tour; for instance, fifty-five dollars covers everything on the four-day bus swing around Greece's popular ruin circuit. Ideally, the whole trip should be made aboard the same bus, and the same guide should stay with it from start to finish, giving the passengers a chance to get acquainted with him or her, and vice versa. That, I am told, is the way things have usually been done by the bus companies operating on the circuit, but, as it happened, the company I signed up with was trying out a new and much inferior system—a fact that my companions and I were unaware of, alas, until we had bought our tickets and were on our way. The new system was symptomatic, I suspect, of what happens when people engaged in the travel business start thinking abstractly, in terms of "tourism," instead of concretely, in terms of satisfying their clients as individuals. While the four-day tour remains the standard attraction, for visitors in a hurry the companies have taken to running, in addition, abbreviated tours to Delphi and to the Corinth-Mycenae complex, at either end of the conventional circuit. These lesser tours come in two sizes—one-day round-trip quickies and more leisurely, two-day excursions, which cover no additional ground but allow for an overnight stay. Our tourism-slanted bus company had decided to combine its one- and two-day tours with the first and last laps of its four-day tour, the result being that while "efficiency" was no doubt served, few of the customers—or, at least, few of the four-day customers—were really pleased. People kept getting on and off almost like subway passengers, and we members of the four-day contingent found ourselves being alternately rushed and kept waiting in order to make connections.

SINCE, as I have said, we learned of this new system only after our tour had got under way, our anticipation of what lay ahead was unclouded as we drove off from Constitution Square, the tourist center of Athens, at a quarter past eight on a warm Monday morning—fifteen minutes behind schedule, because of difficulties in rounding up all the passengers and shepherding them aboard. Our bus was the sort known in Europe as a "pullman"—air-conditioned and equipped with adjustable seats, a radio, a public-address system, blue-tinted windows curving up over our heads, and a dashboard that looked to me as complicated as the instrument panel of an airliner. Our guide—a man, on this first leg of the trip—sat up forward beside the driver. A microphone rested in a socket just in front of him, wired so that he could snake it in and out, and at appropriate moments he would pick it up, say "f-f-f, f-f-f" into it—or, rather, "*ϕ-ϕ-ϕ, ϕ-ϕ-ϕ*"—and get on with his spiel. This turned out to be not particularly good, as such things go, for though the guide was a capable man, he seemed to be jaded about tourists. And, indeed, tourists by the busload can be disheartening. Some tire easily. Others have odd whims. Many care little for the sights they see, and just want to be able to say they've seen them. Also, they ask extraordinary questions. ("What are sponges used for?" I once heard an old lady ask a guide.) Under such circumstances, guides—and male guides especially, it seems—tend to grow frivolous. Now, as we spun along, leaving Athens for the country, this guide called our attention to the many olive trees around us—green against the light-brown grass of the dry Greek summer. "The olive was Athena's divine gift to Athens," he said. "We use it for everything. We eat it, we cook with it, and its wood keeps us warm in winter. In Greece, we eat ripe olives as a rule, but in dry Martinis people use green ones." Then he did a bit of joking about how little vermouth a dry Martini should have. Later, as we passed a bauxite mine, he seized on the words "aluminum" and "aluminium" as a pretext for making some remarks about various differences between the English and the American languages. "The word 'dame' means quite different things in English and American," he said. "I found that out in London a few years ago. It was very embarrassing." These quips, it is only fair to state, were interlarded with more serious comments.

A few miles northwest of Athens, we stopped at the Byzantine monastery of Dafni, which contains some famous mosaics. The guide summoned us from the bus and into the courtyard of the church, saying, "This way, please. You are better off in the shade." Once we were all gathered there, he gave a little speech about the history of the place, and while he was in the midst of it, a middle-aged woman slipped away from our group and started for the church itself. "Excuse me, Madame!" the guide called out. "Can we all wait here? Because others are inside, and the space is limited, we must all wait and go in together." The woman came back obediently, and the guide resumed where he had left off. The "others" inside proved to be two busloads of tourists like us. As soon as one of these groups came out, the guide cut his speech short. "Well, ladies and gentlemen, here we go," he said, and darted inside, with all of us following. As we gazed at the mosaics, on the upper walls and the ceiling, the guide began talking again, explaining the schism between the Orthodox and the Roman Catholic Churches in the eleventh century. He did this lucidly, speaking alternately in French and English, as he had done throughout his earlier spiel. After outlining the history of the church we were in, he began discussing the mosaics individually. One was of the Resurrection, and he gave a lively explanation of how it differed from most Western versions of the subject. In the Western Resurrections, he explained, Christ is ascending, but here he is *de*scending—to set free such sinners as Adam and Eve, who are locked in the underworld. Soon it appeared that our time was up, and the



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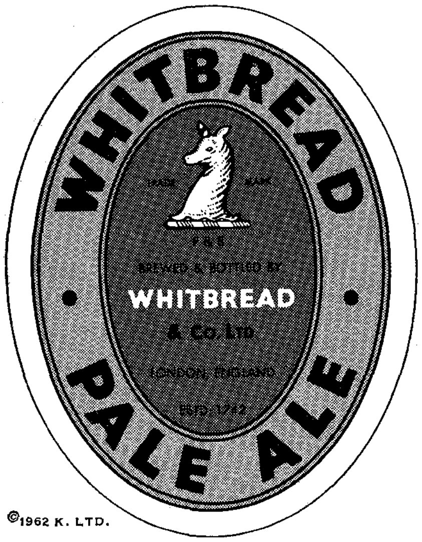

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guide started urging us back to the bus. Several of his charges lingered en route, however, to buy postcards or soft drinks, and it was quite a while before he succeeded in getting us all aboard and on our way again.

We were now heading for Delphi, which is seventy-five miles northwest of Athens as the crow flies, but which takes most of a morning to reach, because the route leads over twisty mountain roads. We halted only once more, at a way station specializing in *souvlákia*—spitted chunks of meat flavored with oregano. The bus was cool, and coolly decorated, in blue and gray—an agreeable contrast to the harsh landscape outside, which consisted of little but rocky hills barely supporting a sparse and sunburned vegetation. During the early part of the journey, sweet music issued softly from the radio, but then this was turned off, in deference to one of the passengers, a man, who complained bitterly, in French, that the music contrasted disagreeably with the *paysage*. After that, we pushed on silently into the burning country, for even the guide had subsided; he did identify some of the mountains we passed—Cithaeron, where Oedipus was exposed as a baby, and Helicon, the home of the Muses—but otherwise he left us pretty much alone.

Toward noon, we came in sight of Parnassus. Soon we were running along the south side of that massive mountain, and at length we reached Delphi, which hangs above a lovely gorge just southwest of it. The bus dropped us at the Hotel Delphi for lunch, immediately after which we were scooped up again and taken to see the ruins. This marked our first realization of the flaws in the planning of the tour, for it developed that the guide and the one-day tourists among us had to leave at half past three, in order to get back to Athens on schedule. The guide did a brave job in the little time allotted him—diligently explaining things, however rapidly, in both languages—but naturally he could hit only the high spots. It was a poor time of day to be touring ruins anyway—hot and dazzling, with everything looking its deadest—and the boys and I did little more than tag along, for I had resolved to hire a local guide to take the three of us around again later that afternoon.

Of all the classical sites on the Greek mainland, Delphi, I think, is the one that visitors should see if they are able to see nothing else—except, of course, Athens itself, which they are bound to see anyway. To begin with, Delphi's relation to the life of ancient

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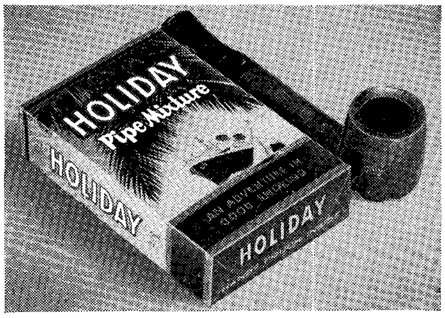

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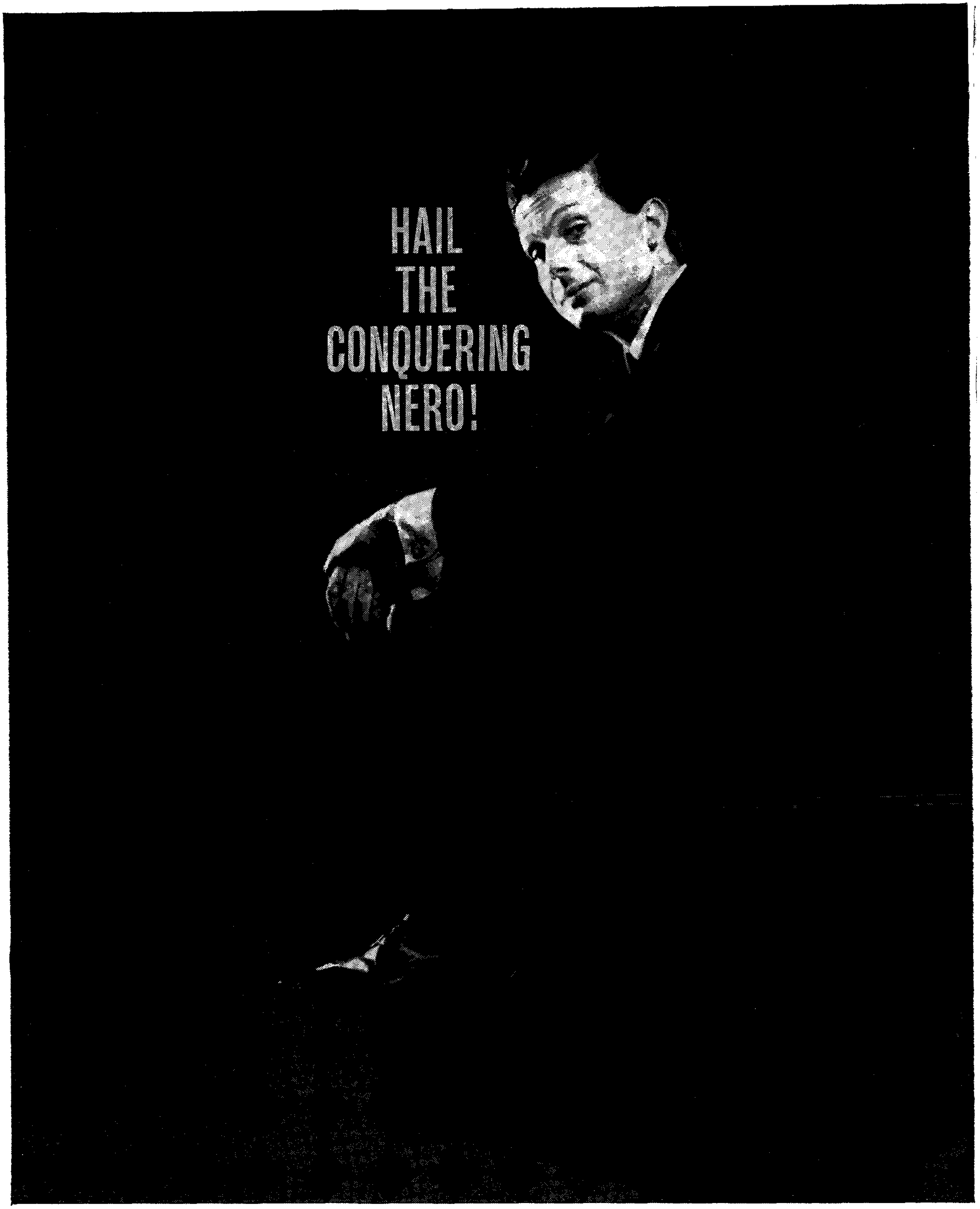
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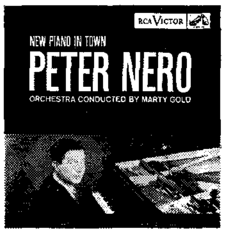
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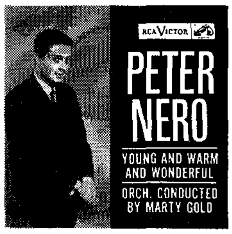
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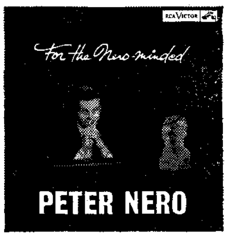
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Greece is easier to grasp than that of the other old shrines. These, it appears, were for the most part important only as centers of formal worship, and it is hard to tell now just how much they meant to the pilgrims who made their way to them, whereas Delphi, besides having been such a center of worship, housed the oracle, which answered questions propounded from far and wide, and whose answers—in the great period of Greece, at least—were generally heeded. The oracle started wars, composed disputes, ordained where colonies should be founded, and ruled on many smaller issues as well. Those wishing to consult it posed their questions to a female medium in a trance, whose pronouncements were interpreted by priests. Although the latter could sometimes be bribed to issue ambiguous, and even crooked, interpretations, the pronouncements had almost as much influence in the world as Marxist or Catholic dogma has today. They were the unpredictable voice of the god Apollo—of the wind blowing where it listeth. Much can be learned about them through study (Herodotus, for instance, has a lot on them), and prior knowledge of the subject helps make Delphi come alive.

Then there is the beauty of the Delphi scene. Parnassus towers overhead, and the deep gorge below the town is carpeted with myriads of olive trees—over a million of them, it is said. Gazing out across the gorge, one sees at a considerable distance a footpath zigging and zagging—at a constant pitch, and with sharp-angled switchbacks—up the facing heights, and, far away though it is, its details are so clearly revealed in the crystal air that it looks almost like a specimen of mechanical drawing. The crags that rise behind Delphi are wild and lovely, too, and everywhere there is a sense of space. To the south, around one end of a rugged bluff, an arm of the Corinthian Gulf is visible, and this glimpse of open water does much to intensify the effect of the setting.

And, finally, the ruins at Delphi—a stadium, a theatre, parts of two temples, and some other buildings—are fully as well worth seeing as any other ruins in Greece. This opinion is based on our return visit to them that day, an excursion that began at five, when the boys and I met our auxiliary guide—who had been hunted up, at my request, by our first guide just before he started back to Athens—at the Hotel Delphi, and, for five dollars, he agreed to take us in hand for a couple of hours. He was a portly man, middle-aged and middle-sized, and he wore

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Then Rio de Janeiro, the pleasure city, with its matchless night life. Here, too, are some beaches to be reckoned with, including pictured Copacabana Beach justly called the most magnificent of all. You will only stay in Rio for 6 days—any longer and you might be tempted to stay forever. After two days in bustling Sao Paulo comes the flight home on another luxurious Braniff plane. (With interesting, friendly people, as usual. Some of these people say the flight over this dramatic section of the Andes is the most magnificent part of the trip. We reserve the word "magnificent" for the entire tour.)

Now for a little general theory: You'll notice that our description is hasty, but our Friday Sky Tours are not. Travel should be leisurely, in our view. Not a "drop in, see the government buildings, mail a postcard and scoot" affair. We haven't had time to list all the side trips available—to Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, La Paz, Montevideo, Iguassu Falls, etc. But be assured, they abound.

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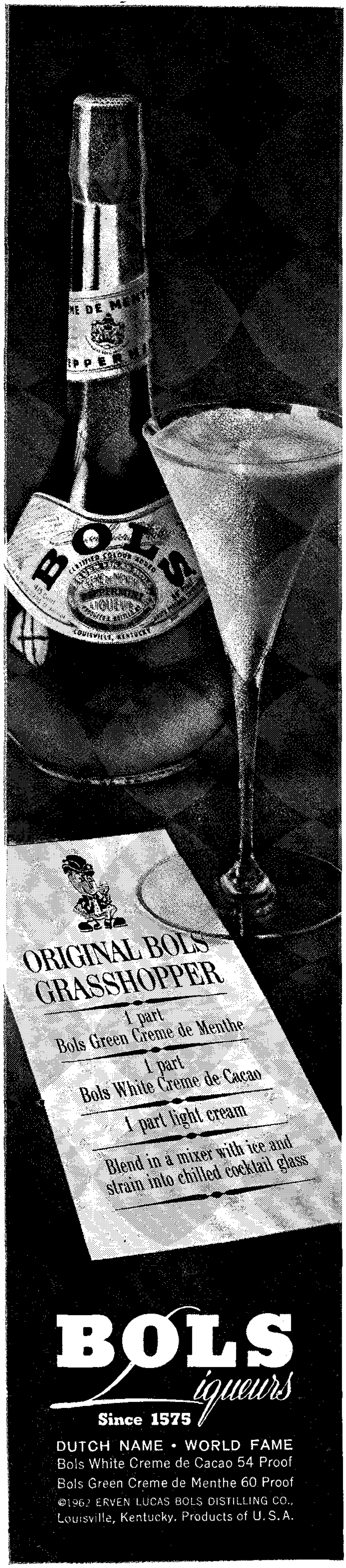
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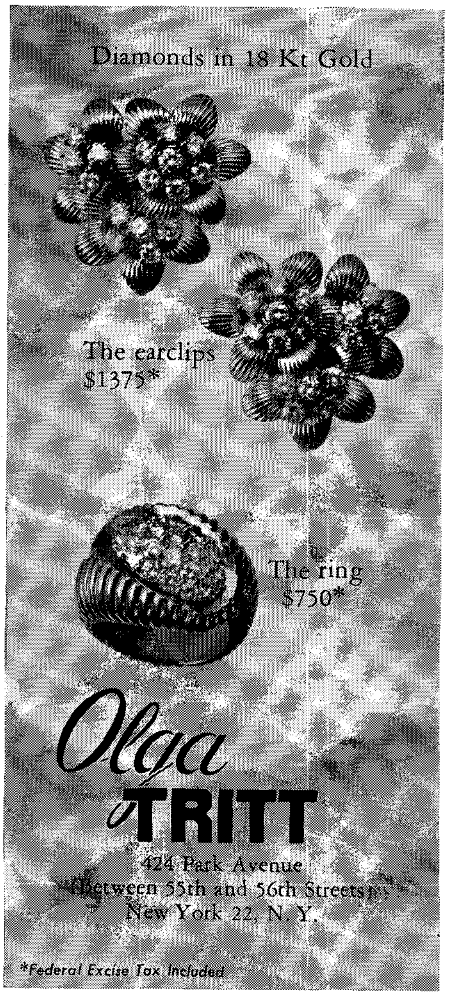
dark glasses and a straw hat. His card bore the legend "PANAGHIOS GEROUSIS, Speaker on Delphi," and the description was apt, for he was a compulsive talker. After leading us to the entrance of the sanctuary of the oracle, where he seated us on some old chunks of marble, he began his speech at once, with wild surmise. "The primitive people who lived here in the beginning started to worship the infer-r-rnal beings," he said, with a rolling burr—acquired, I later learned, while he was studying at a British school in Jerusalem. "They worshipped the earth-goddess. They worshipped Gaea, who was the same as Isis. They worshipped Rhea, who was Gaea's daughter and the mother of the gods. And Poseidon, the god of springs. He represented humidity. They worshipped the dark, and moisture, and the full-of-sickness powers of the earth. The microbes!" He spoke of a python that had supposedly inhabited Delphi in those early days. Then he pointed to the sky. "But in time Apollo, the god of light, came and killed the python," he said. "That was the triumph of light over darkness. Apollo with his bright rays destroyed the dark! The victory symbolized the downfall, too, of the matriarchal system, which had prevailed in Greece up to then." Now he tackled the oracle. "In the historical period, the oracle lasted exactly one thousand year-r-rs," he said. Speaking in splendid periods and waving his arms as he did so, he pictured the medium of the oracle sitting on a tripod over a cleft in the earth while she made her cryptic utterances. At first, young virgins were invariably chosen for the role, he said, but then "something happened with a priest" and thereafter only women over fifty were eligible. "The medium's utterances were interpreted by a priestly corps—twenty-four of them, all philosophers—and they had a policy of peace," he said. "They favored the unity of Greece. They developed the Amphictyonic League in Delphi, which was the forerunner of the United Nations." He quoted some of the oracle's famous pronouncements, like the one to the effect that "wooden walls" would save Athens, which ultimately led the Greek leaders to rely on the fleet to defend themselves against the Persians—successfully, as matters turned out. The guide recited the pronouncements ringingly and in the ancient words of the priests who had passed them along. He furrowed his brow, he peered at us, he waved a finger, he leaned forward. He was a natural raconteur. He told us that Apollo had regularly yielded his reign at Delphi to Dionysus during the win-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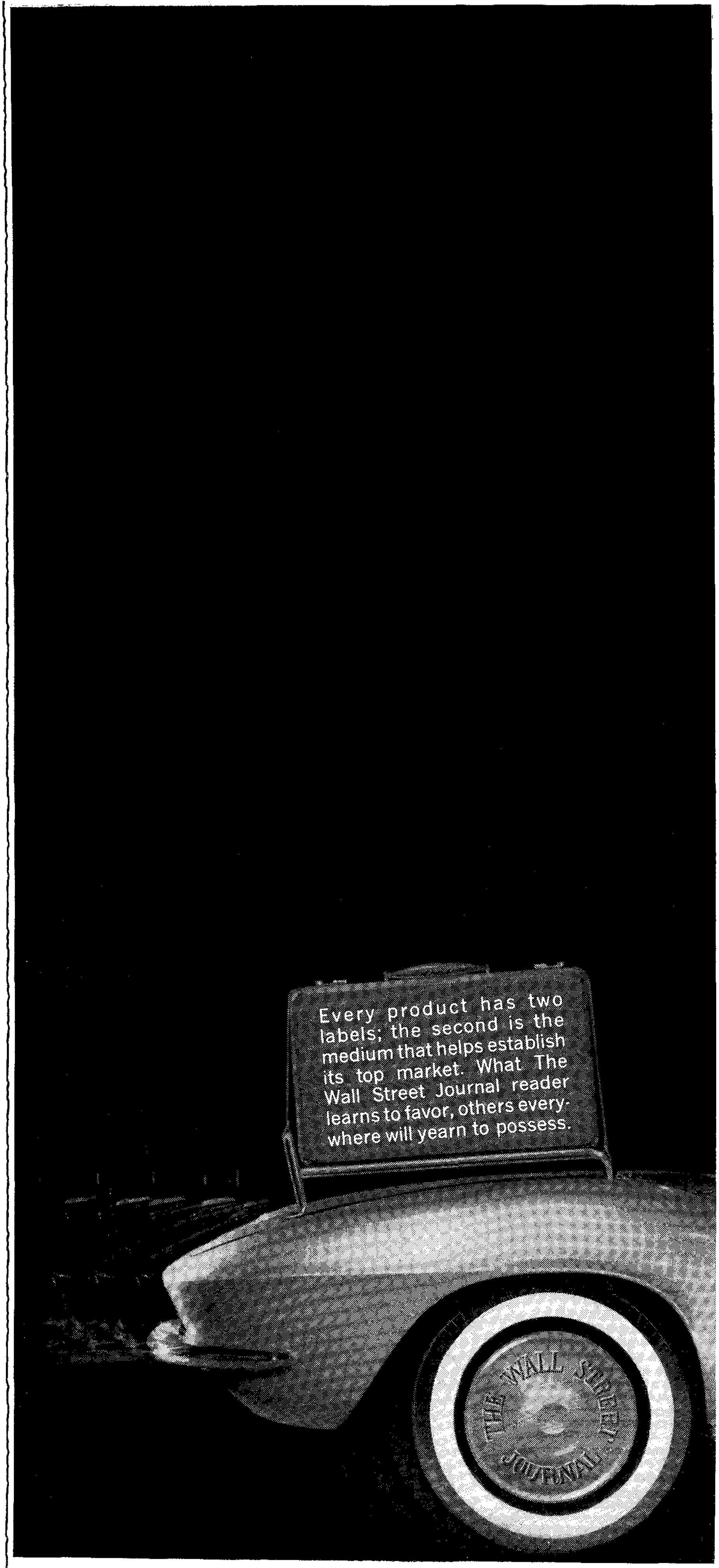
ter. "Dionysus is the god of wine, and in the winter the people here drank," he said. "We still do. It is cold in Delphi then, and we cannot work. So we stay home with our wine and worship Dionysus." And he laughed.

Now we rose and entered the sanctuary, proceeding up a slope by way of some steps. Delphi was long ago stripped of its treasures, by the Byzantines and those who came after them, but in its heyday it was full of statues and other votive offerings, given by people who wished to thank or to please Apollo. "From the sixth century B.C., when this place started to flourish, it *gleamed* with votive offerings," our guide informed us. "With gold, brass, bronze, and shining marble!" All that was left for us to see was a background of weathered stone, but he did a good job of conjuring up the ancient splendor. It was not irresponsible showmanship, as far as I could tell, but an outpouring of pretty solid knowledge. He told us that although he was a Cretan by birth, he not only had studied in Jerusalem but had been brought up there—as the ward of a relative associated with the Greek Patriarchate—and that he had subsequently knocked around a good deal before coming to rest in Delphi. He now owned some of the olive trees in the gorge, but, I gathered, he cared for them in only a desultory way, for he regarded speaking on Delphi as his real job. He was well versed in Pausanias, the travel writer who toured Delphi and other great classical sites in the second century A.D., and he called our attention to certain speculative matters, such as the question of whether or not Delphi's name is derived from "*delphis*," the Greek word for "dolphin"—a possibility based on the assumption that Apollo either was brought to the site by a dolphin or arrived there in the guise of one himself. The guide was not dogmatic about such things. "We do not know anything," he said at one point. "What do we know? We know nothing." And in this mood he showed us over the sanctuary, including the cleft from which the oracle had spoken, while the heights across the gorge turned red in the sunset.

The two- and four-day tourists spent the night in the Hotel Delphi, and, at least as far as I was concerned, it was a pleasure. Many new tourist hotels are being built in Greece now, some of them trite in design and some good, and among the good ones the Hotel Delphi is outstanding. Whoever designed it seems to have been influenced by Japanese ideas of architecture. The balconies and the layout of the rooms and corri-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LOU RICHARDSON, Room Service Order Taker, The Statler Hilton, Dallas, Texas

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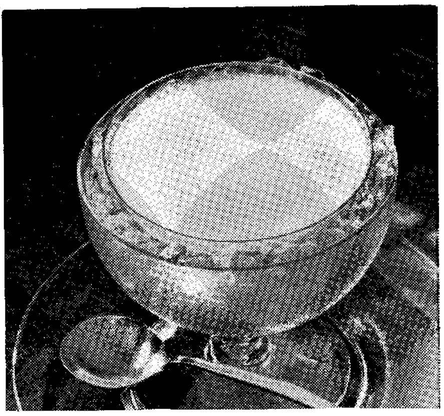
dors are reminiscent of Japan, and so, above all, is the close connection that the architect achieved between indoors and out. Thanks to the artful placing of terraces, balconies, and windows, a person staying at the hotel does not feel cut off from the surrounding landscape, as he does in many Western buildings, and this is a particular boon at Delphi, because its landscape is so magnificent. One can eat, sleep, and wake in the hotel and never lose the sense of remaining in touch with the rocky heights, the deep gorge, and the gorge's nap of olive trees. I would like to say that I found the hotel's food as good as its design, but unfortunately it was just as commonplace as it is in practically all the other first-class tourist hotels I know of in Greece, whether in Athens or along the routes of the bus tours. If one is on a package tour, as we were, one gets the routine table-d'hôte fare in the hotels that the tour stops at, and this nearly always consists of bland and listless imitations of Western cuisine—dull-beige soups, beef stews, overdone roasts, and anemic fish fillets—served up on the theory, no doubt, that such dishes represent the lowest common denominator in Western tastes and therefore no guest will object to them very much. One could do a lot of bus-tour sightseeing in Greece, and come away quite knowledgeable about ruins, without ever suspecting that twentieth-century Greeks eat palatable food.

At the Hotel Delphi, though, the pleasantness of the environment more than balanced the culinary nonsense, and besides we could liven up the food with any number of acceptable domestic wines, as one can anywhere in Greece. At some tourist hotels, one can get a house wine, served in carafes, and all of them have labelled wines at prices starting at around fifty cents a bottle. Greek wines may not make connoisseurs rave, but they are generally recognized as good stuff in an unpretentious way; among them are a great variety of Burgundy, Bordeaux, and Rhine-wine types, and no visitor, whatever his tastes, need go thirsty. Greece, in fact, offers the serious drinker a wide gamut. Besides all these native wines—and imported liquors, of course, but they are expensive—there are a tasty local beer, a number of local brandies, and many kinds of *oúzo*, the liquor of the local cafés. The beer is called Φίξ, or Fix—after a brewmaster named Fuchs, who was brought to Greece by the Bavarian royal house that ruled the nation for a time in the nineteenth century—and it is one of the best lagers made in the Mediterranean region. The brandies,



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called *koniák*, are rather special; they taste good to those who like them but both sweet and harsh, somehow, to those who don't. *Oúzo* is a member of the family that includes anisette, absinthe, Pernod, and raki. Distilled from the leavings in the nation's wine presses, it is a colorless liquid that turns white in water, and it has an anise taste. A glass of it costs the equivalent of five or ten cents in the average Greek café, but the big hotels, to give their imported gins and whiskeys a chance, charge closer to twenty-five. Rivers of *oúzo* are drunk in Greece, though it is subject to some calumny, possibly based on snobbishness.

"I disapprove of *oúzo*," a Greek said to me one evening in an Athens bar.

"Why?" I asked.

"It goes to the head," he answered sternly, and thereupon poured himself a huge mahogany-colored Scotch-and-soda. Where that was going I did not ask.

WE four-day tourists rose early after our night at Delphi to catch a ferry across the Gulf of Corinth on our way to Olympia. Since the size of our party was further diminished that morning by the defection of the two-day tourists, who were to return to Athens, we were loaded this time not into a pullman but into a half-size bus. We were now fourteen; besides the boys and me, there were a Dutch professor and his wife, a French businessman and his wife, two French-speaking single women (of whom at least one was Swiss), an elderly Greek-American from Maryland, and a family group from Chicago consisting of an elderly man, his daughter, and her two sons, both of them in their early teens and apparently too young to enjoy the trip much, for they kept speaking of baseball and sighing, plainly wishing it were all over. The two single women seemed unhappy, too; one was old and not quite up to the rigors of the trip, and the other, who the day before had irritably accused the guide of revealing more in English than in French, appeared persistently morose. As for the rest of us, with one exception we were just a lot of ordinarily well-educated, keenly curious Westerners who were at last getting to see some of the things we had heard praised in school. The exception was the Greek-American. He had emigrated to the States as a poor boy many years before, and had lived a hard life there, like most Greek-Americans of his vintage. Working his way up in the restaurant business, he had finally come to have a place of his own, but not until now—and he was well on in his sixties—had he had the time or the

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money to return to his native land. He was soft-spoken and patient, and he kept mainly to himself. The Greece of us others, around which the tour had been built—the Greece of Homer and the schoolroom busts—was surely not his Greece, yet he seemed always interested in it, and happy to be along. I know that he took pride, too, in the respect we showed for Greece as a center of culture—doubtless a contrast to the attitude toward things Greek that he had encountered as an immigrant.

We had no guide that morning; as part of the system regulating this "guided" bus tour, we would not have one until we reached Olympia, where we would be met by a guide who was permanently stationed there, and we would not be joined by another travelling guide until the final day, when we visited Corinth and Mycenae. We did have a "hostess," though, in our little bus—a young girl, who was pleasant but who lacked the composure, knowledge, and linguistic ability of a real guide—and, of course, we had a driver, a good, tough professional, well able to cope with the mountain roads and with the spirit of Greek driving in general, which, at least out in the country, still tends to be untamed and scofflaw. Upon leaving the hotel, we drove down the steeps, through olive groves, to the Bay of Itea, and boarded the ferry, which was, I think, an American landing craft from the Second World War. It crossed the Gulf on an oblique course, proceeding many miles west as well as south, and after a trip of nearly three hours it put us ashore on the Peloponnesus, which was designed by nature as the lower part of the Greek peninsula but is now artificially severed from it by the Corinth Canal. From the point where we landed we still had some distance to go before reaching Olympia, over what proved to be one of the duller routes in Greece. Our hostess did not enliven it. At each of the half-dozen streams we crossed, she inquired its name from the driver and relayed it to us, and at each of the towns we passed she told us what it exported, and invariably this was wine and olives. Otherwise, she let us doze, and, fatigued as we were from travelling, that was easy in the heat and brightness. We dozed and waked, and in our waking moments we saw patches of blue sea beyond the brown-green land. We saw magpies flying, black-and-white, and olive trees floating in the tawny glare. Then, as the noon hour passed, in the towns we rode through we saw houses shuttered for the siesta, and people sleeping on verandas, awaiting a breeze. At

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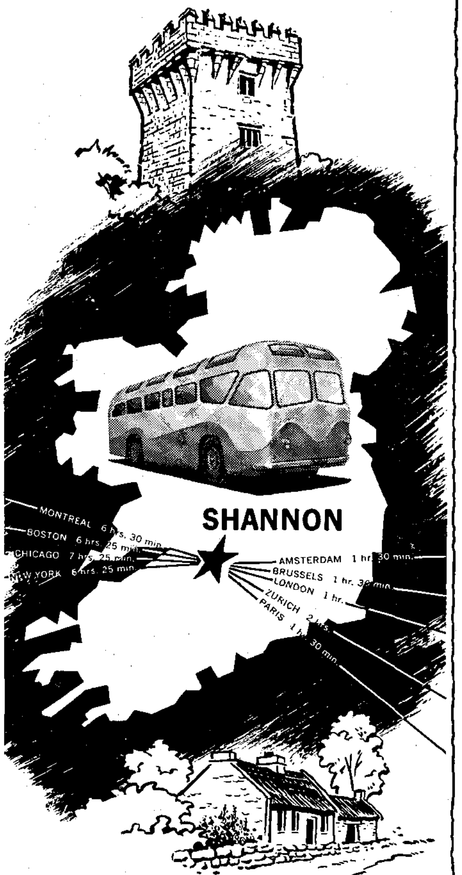
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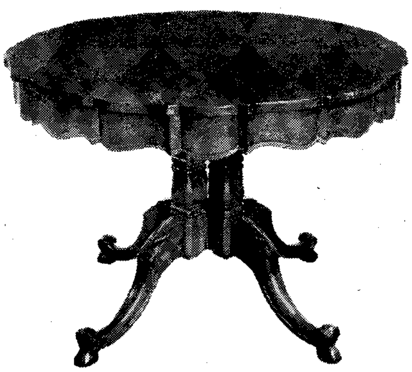
about one, we made Olympia, where we were fed, told that our guide would come at half past three, and allowed to rest some more.

THE guide was a woman this time—a brown-haired woman with bright-blue eyes, made brighter still by a figured blue dress she wore. She was brisk and full of vitality, as successful guides must be, for if the guide wilts, the tourists do, too. She was also mettlesome—almost hostile at first—since she apparently anticipated complaints from us. She seemed to be the anchor man, so to speak, of this tour—the one who at the halfway point took on the whole heavy load singlehanded—and I gathered that she was used to dealing with customers who felt that they had been slighted earlier. "I tell you that you'll have a visit here that you won't be able to say was done in a hurry," she said, with challenge in her eye, and she gathered us up and swept us off.

She took us first to a museum, which contained some outstanding things, including the Hermes of Praxiteles—surrounded by a bed of sand, to cushion its fall if it should be toppled by an earthquake—and the pediment groups from both ends of the temple of Zeus, to whom Olympia was preeminently sacred. It is hard to get excited over the Hermes after all the photographs one has seen of it, but still the quality of the stone—a translucent, almost glowing white marble—is an agreeable surprise, and so is the three-dimensional view of the statue. The pediment sculptures are among the least publicized of good Greek statues, and they are all the more striking for that. One group sets forth the legend of Pelops, for whom the Peloponnesus is named, and the other the attempted abduction of the Lapith bride and her handmaidens by the centaurs at the wedding feast of King Pirithoüs. The centaurs are full of life, ruggedness, and primitive purpose, and they are attacking the Lapith women and the women's protectors with direct and practical holds and blows. In the center of the pediment—at the apex of the broad, squat triangle—stands Apollo, with one arm outstretched, and the struggle progresses along the sloping sections on either side of him. The guide called our attention to the fact that the higher up in the composition the contestants are—the nearer to Apollo, that is—the more the struggle seems to be going in favor of the Lapith women, and from this she drew the symbolic meaning that the Lapiths represent the good forces in humanity and the cen-

BON APPÈTIT



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taurs the bad, and that people should always strive to control the centaur within them. Then she turned to a consideration of the figures in the Pelops pediment. These stand in a row, waiting for the start of the chariot race in which Pelops, according to the legend, won his bride by besting her father, who was king of the region around Olympia. Pelops had to resort to foul play to do it; having learned that he would be killed if he lost the race, he secretly bribed a groom to remove the linchpins from the axletree of the king's chariot, which, consequently, was wrecked. The guide ascribed various thoughts and emotions to the figures; Pelops seems full of confidence, she told us, and so does the girl, who is in on the trick. "Look at her," she said. "See how calm she is. She can afford to be, because she knows that Pelops is coming back to her." The guide gave us her version of what the girl was saying as she stood there, and what Pelops was saying, too. It was rather like putting balloons in the mouths of the figures, as if the pediment were a cartoon, yet it was stimulating, and I think it made most of the tourists take more interest in what *she* was saying, if only to object to it. The guide, in fact, rather lent herself to controversy. One room of the museum contained many statues from the Roman period, and she ran these down unmercifully. "The Romans were excellent at draperies, copies, and portraits," she said. "They were great at mass production. They mass-produced the bodies of the figures in their statues and then put portrait heads on them. Sometimes the heads were out of proportion to the rest, but the Romans didn't seem to mind that." One member of our party took issue with her on this point, but the guide was able to single out statues to support her thesis. She was quick at repartee and not averse to it. "How often have I been called a nationalist in this same room!" she said with spirit as she led us away from the Roman statues.

By the time we left the museum, it was reasonably cool outside, and the guide took us to see the remains of the temple of Zeus (brought down by earthquakes and landslides some fourteen centuries ago), of the temple of Hera, and of many other buildings, among them the old Olympic stadium. She got us around these handily enough, giving full explanations and answering all our questions, whether they were in French or in English. She was a heroine of sorts. She drew us along from object to object, always hurrying—sometimes even running—to get to the next one ahead of

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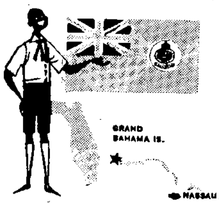

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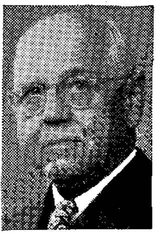

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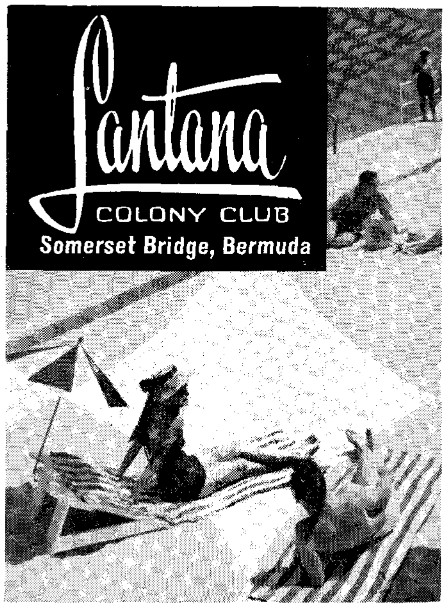
us, and she kept us on our toes. She said that she had guided eleven hundred tourists around the place in the three months she had been there, and that she was under contract to the bus-tour company to stay there until mid-October, when the season ended. It seemed to me that her employers had made an excellent choice, for if a tourist was dissatisfied with other aspects of the trip, he would always remember that she, at least, had done well what she was supposed to do.

That evening, the boys and I took a dip in the nearby River Alpheus—cool, swift, and muddy—and then we had drinks and dinner and went to bed in Olympia's tourist hotel, a nice, old-fashioned one in a quiet setting of gardens and pines. The next day, we were not scheduled to leave until afternoon, and I spent most of the morning revisiting the sanctuary. Covering an area of perhaps three or four city blocks, it was laid out originally on orderly rectangular lines, and these are still perceptible, though blurred by a confusion of fallen masonry and by silt left there when the Alpheus and a sister stream changed their courses or overflowed their banks. German archeologists who uncovered much of the site in the nineteenth century had to dig down some twenty feet in most places. A grove of pine trees was later planted, and they have done so well that they now tower above the whole site. A strong wind was by this time roaring through the branches overhead, but even so the sun was hot, and the pines afforded a welcome, dappled shade. The ground was covered with brown grass, in which wild pink hollyhocks and Queen Anne's lace were nodding in the wind. Outstanding among the ruins were those of the temple of Zeus, the great father god of the Greeks, who was associated by them with power, as Apollo was with light. They consisted of the big base of the structure and, along one side of it, a row of fallen columns broken into their drum-shaped component segments, like tipped-over stacks of checkers. The drums, six feet or so in diameter, were of gray stone, porous and rough, with sea shells imbedded in it. They lay there in their grayness, amid the pink hollyhocks and the toast-colored grass. Even now, well on toward noon, it was cool and pleasant there. Once, as I looked up at the pines, I saw a little owl flying among them—no doubt a very young and inexperienced one, or it would not have been out at all at that time of day. It stayed around for several minutes, flying softly through the shadows from one



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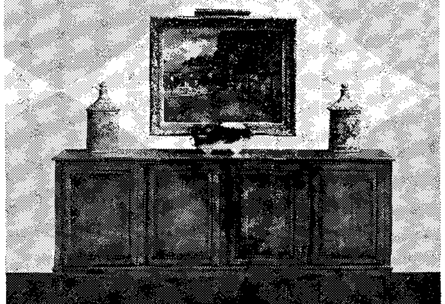

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tree to another, then resting, then flying on again, until at last it disappeared.

THAT afternoon, we got back into the little bus—and now we didn't have even a hostess—and drove for several hours eastward across the Peloponnesus, mainly through Arcadia, its central region, which is wild and mountainous country, for the most part. The bus crawled up and down a steep road that now and then gave us a spacious view of wide valleys below. Toward dusk, we reached Nauplia, a port on the east coast of the Peloponnesus, where we were to spend the night. It seemed an attractive town, with good swimming, an array of medieval fortifications, and many handsome neoclassic houses that had been built in the early nineteenth century, when, after Greece won its independence from the Turks, Nauplia briefly served as the capital. It is not for Nauplia itself, however, that the tour buses stop there but for the nearby ruins of Mycenae, and the next day we were taken to view them. There was a bit of confusion, because our activities again had to be meshed in with those of one- and two-day tourists, who were being brought out direct from Athens in a guide-accompanied pullman bus. We made a midmorning start, according to schedule, and were driven in our little bus to Mycenae, where the Athens bus was due to meet us, but it had not arrived when we got there, at around noon, and we had to wait an hour for it to show up. The trouble, it developed later, was that, in addition to its usual complement of one- and two-day tourists, the pullman was carrying some four-day ones, who were about to reverse our course around the big circuit. They had been promised a look at Corinth, midway between Athens and Nauplia, and since, on the route they were following, it was a matter of now or never, the pullman had had to make an unscheduled stop there. The people in charge at Nauplia hadn't been told of this, and had therefore started us off toward Mycenae at the customary time.

The hour we spent immobilized at Mycenae was not a comfortable one, for the day was very hot. The driver of our bus, who had had sole charge of us since Olympia, allowed us to get out and sit under some pines by the roadside, but asked us not to stray away. We waited there for a while, but presently a few members of the party grew restive and began wandering around to see what they could see, and this greatly alarmed the driver, who dreaded losing us, as those entrusted with tourists always

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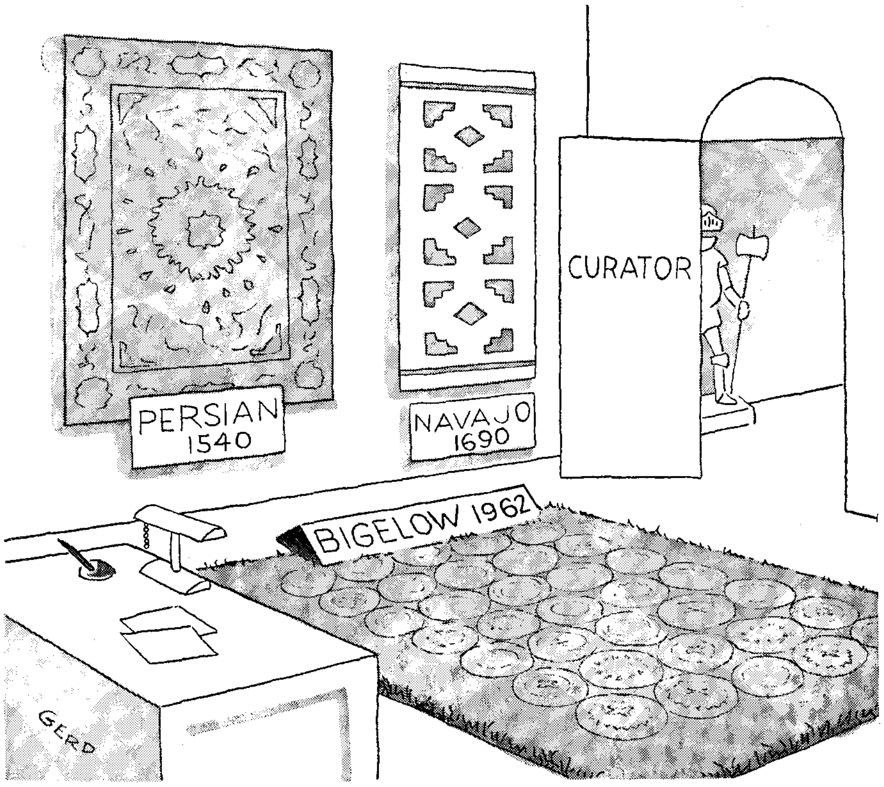

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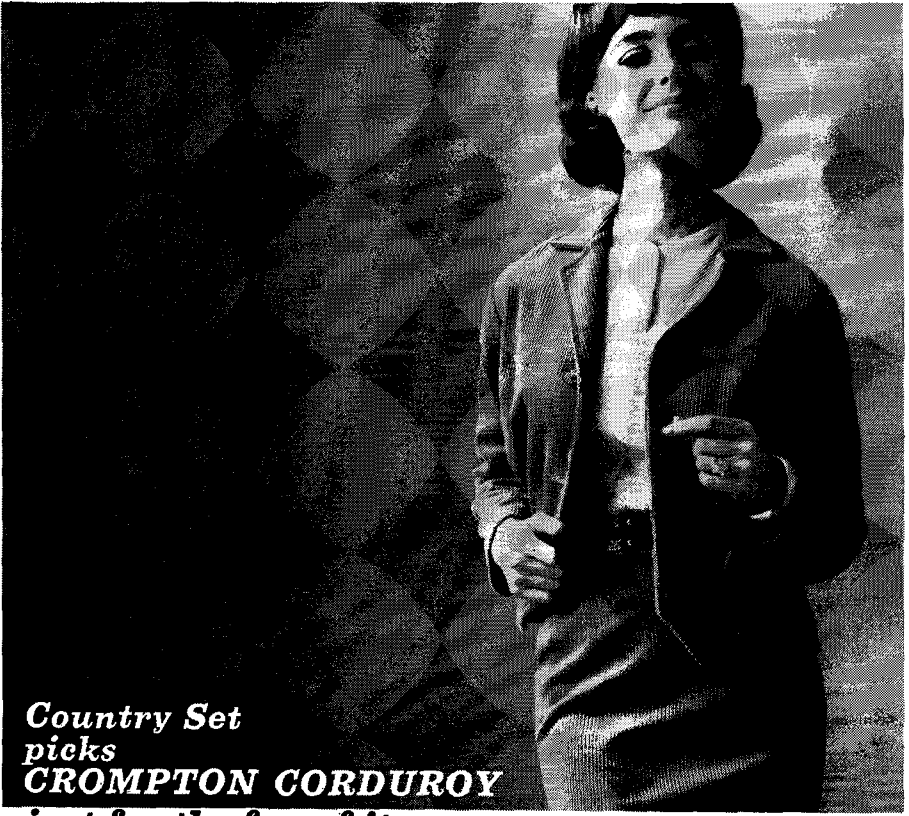

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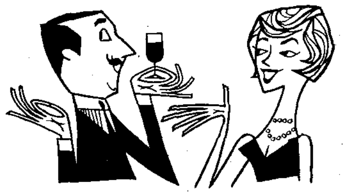

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do. He enlisted the support of the Greek-American passenger, who begged everybody to stay put, but the restive ones were in no mood for this, and asserted, in effect, that they were not cattle and would do as they pleased. The Greek-American, caught in the middle of the dispute, seemed unhappy—feeling, I suspect, that the rebels were unappreciative of his mother country, or perhaps that his countrymen, as represented by the bus company, weren't cutting a very good figure. In either case, I think he needn't have worried, for it strikes me that the Greeks—to their vast credit, on the whole—have not yet allowed themselves to become mere organization men, and that our experience with this attempt to convert simple sightseeing into a big-scale tourist-shuffling enterprise only suggests that they make a mistake when they try to be something they aren't. (I suppose our company saved money by doing things the way it did, and this might be counted a gain of sorts, yet real economic necessity cannot be pleaded, for at least one other outfit in Athens was then running four-day tours at the same price but in the old, well-timed, well-guided way.)

The pullman finally arrived, with a big throng of tourists and a spunky little female guide, who briskly took us to a Mycenaean "beehive" tomb and to several other remains. She told us about them, in French and English, but she didn't have time to tell us much, or to show us thoroughly over the whole site, and I did not regret it, for the midday heat was fearful. I prefer to remember Mycenae from a trip I made later in the year, when I walked around it toward dusk and went back in the evening to see it by moonlight. By then, too, I had a better understanding of the place, having spent some time studying its background. It is now known that from 1400 to 1050 B.C., or thereabouts, long before the so-called classical period, an advanced civilization existed in Greece—the one Homer wrote of, though for centuries he was not much believed. Mycenae has been the richest source of finds bearing on that civilization, and, in fact, appears to have been its main center, so the city's name has been given to the period, although many other Greek towns flourished then, too. The Mycenaean civilization was derived in part from the Minoan, on Crete, and archeologists have been able to date Mycenaean objects by comparing them with Minoan ones, much as they had earlier dated Minoan objects by comparing them with objects found in Egypt.

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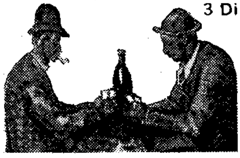

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cenae is its acropolis, a strong, brooding citadel, with a massive wall around it, that overlooks the Plain of Argolis. The whole plain is probably no more than nine miles by seven, but that made it big enough by the standards of the Mycenaean Age to have two other citadels—Tiryns and Argos—on its perimeter, and although the three are within easy walking distance of each other, in their day they often warred. Many tourists are particularly stirred by the presumed associations of the accursed family of Agamemnon with Mycenae. According to the ancient legend, Agamemnon returned home from leading the Greeks at Troy only to be murdered by his wife, Clytemnestra, and her lover, Aegisthus, who, in turn, were murdered by Clytemnestra's vengeful children, Electra and Orestes. These deeds, so often and movingly dramatized by playwrights through the ages, are said to have been committed within Mycenae's citadel—some guides even show tourists what they claim to be the bathroom floor on which Agamemnon breathed his last—and this gives a lot of sightseers an eerie feeling about the place. Yet the deeds, if they happened at all, filled just a moment or two in the whole great history of the citadel, and I found myself more impressed with its calmness and its air of impregnability.

After our perspiring quick look at Mycenae under the tutelage of the guide from Athens, we veterans boarded the pullman with the other tourists, to be driven to Nauplia for lunch. We had reserved seats—or so the tickets we had bought in Athens indicated—but now we discovered that many of these had also been assigned to one-day tourists among the newcomers. This mixup, however, was straightened out in an amicable, hit-or-miss fashion, which landed me in a seat next to a red-haired Canadian girl, a secretary, who was in Greece for only a few days, as part of a European tour. She was confused about where she was and where the bus was going—she had signed up for the trip, evidently, only because somebody had told her that it was a good way to pass a day—yet she was intelligent and sprightly, and was, I think, having a good time. We parted at Nauplia, where the boys and I managed to sneak in a swim before lunch.

The scheduled attraction that afternoon was a trip to the sanctuary of Epidaurus, perhaps an hour's ride to the east. I was already somewhat familiar with the place, having gone there from Athens to attend a performance of Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex" that was put on in its ancient theatre, but since

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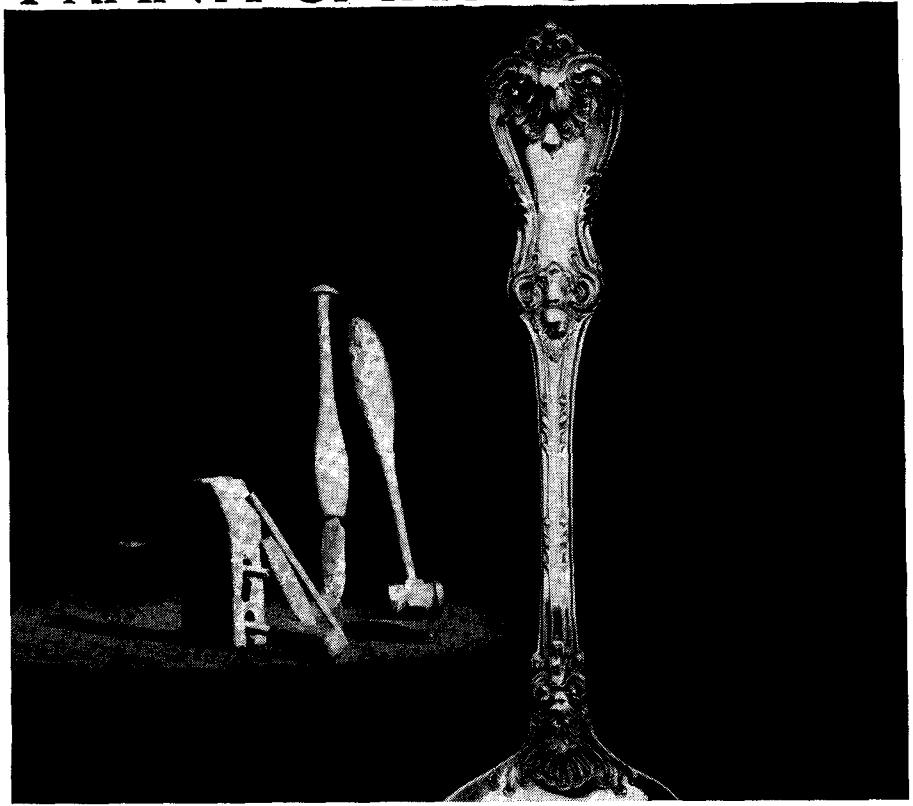

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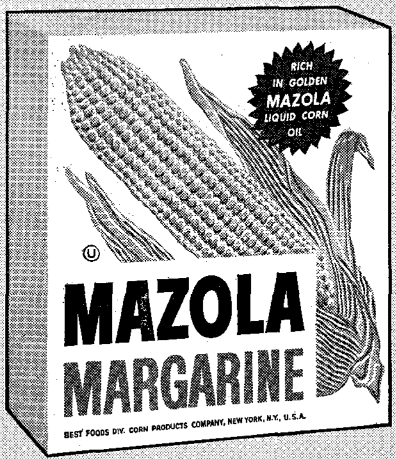
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that visit had been just for one evening, I had seen little of my surroundings, and now I decided to tag along with the others and see some more. Among the many shrines in Greece that were dedicated to Aesculapius, the god of healing, Epidaurus was the most important. Physically afflicted persons went there from all parts of Greece, hoping to be cured, much as similar sufferers go to Lourdes today. The sanctuary of the shrine is large and contains numerous structures, one of the most prominent of which is the theatre, and as soon as we had debouched from the pullman, our guide took us there to demonstrate the acoustics. After settling us in a couple of the semicircular tiers of seats, about halfway up, she went down and stood in the center of the circular well, just in front of the stage, that is occupied by the chorus in Greek dramas, and when all was quiet she dropped a coin, whose jingle we heard clearly. Next, she spoke effortlessly, and we had no trouble hearing her, but then, still speaking, she began walking toward us, and her voice faded out, as if she were walking away from us instead. Acoustically, the whole theatre seemed designed to focus on the center of the well.

From the theatre, the guide showed us along to the local museum, where we examined, among other things, several stone replicas of diseased or injured parts of the human body that had been left at the shrine as votive offerings by thankful patients. Just what methods of therapy were employed at Epidaurus is uncertain, but they seem to have gone beyond simple faith healing. It is believed, for instance, that as time passed, the temple priests acquired some rudiments of medicinal healing—involving herbalism, say—in collaboration with priests at other Aesculapius shrines, especially the one on the island of Kos, which was the home of Hippocrates. It is also thought that patients, on their arrival, were instructed to spend their first night in a special building in the sanctuary and to report next morning whatever dreams they had had, and that these were used in diagnosis. One of the sights at Epidaurus is the foundation of what was once an elegant *thólos*, or round building, of polished marble. In it is a series of concentric circular walls pierced at irregular intervals by small doors, in such a way as to make a maze out of the whole cellar area. A friend of mine who visited Epidaurus was told by *his* guide that the priestly healers at the shrine may have locked patients in the maze as a form of shock treatment. I don't know whether this reveals more

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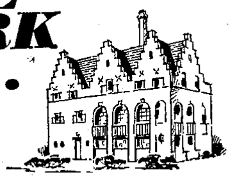

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about ancient therapy or about guides, but at least it shows that there is room for speculation.

WE left Epidaurus in the late afternoon and drove northward to Corinth—a trip of something more than an hour. We were all rather tired and sticky when we got there, and besides both the guide and the one-day tourists had already been over the place on their way down that morning, so no one felt inclined to spend much time on it. A temple of Venus stood on the heights above the Corinth of antiquity, and I understand that some guides make much of the prostitutes who plied their trade there, but this one dwelt on less bizarre matters. "Corinth had the most emancipated society in Greece," she said. "It was a center for merchants and philosophers. Its people didn't like to fight. They were pacifists. They much preferred to pray to Venus." This old Corinth was wiped out by the Romans in 146 B.C., and about a century later another city—much of whose forum has been excavated—was built on the site by order of Julius Caesar. The later city seems to have carried on in the spirit of its predecessor, stressing commerce, cosmopolitanism, and license, but the guide was in too great a hurry to go deeply into this, and we were too apathetic to ask about it. She merely led us swiftly through the forum in the sunset hour, showing us a few notable points of interest, which included a Doric temple of Apollo that the Romans had somehow spared, and then brought us back to present-day Greece—to modern Corinth, where a festive evening had begun. (It was the feast day of Saints Peter and Paul or of the Twelve Apostles—I can't remember which.) Crowds were thickening on the streets and in the cafés adjacent to the ruins; here and there whole pigs were being roasted on spits over charcoal. Slipping into a café, the boys and I each had two quick *oúzos* to renew our strength, and then we found the bus and boarded it. Soon we were in motion through the late dusk of summer, which gradually turned to darkness, and by the time we reached Athens the city's night was under way. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

◆

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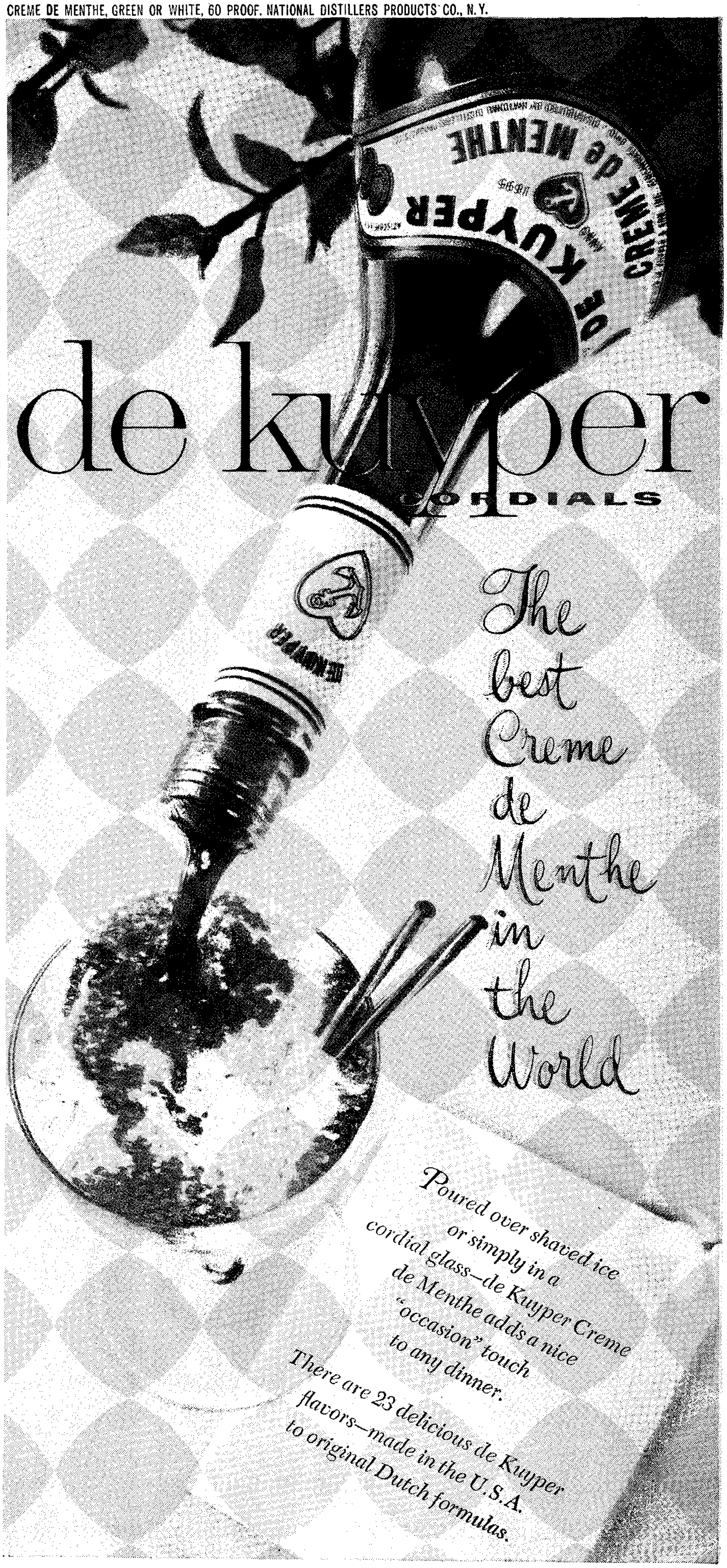
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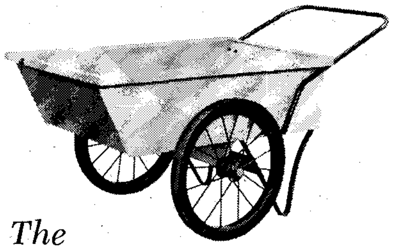

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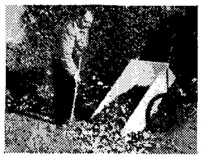

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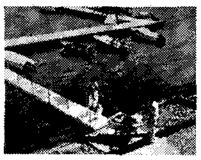

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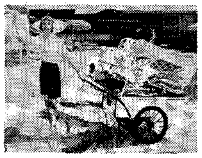

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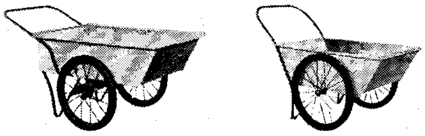

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Three Nays

Gerard Manley Hopkins, whose name rarely gets into movie columns, wrote that "Better late than never" was the sorriest proverb he knew, but in my opinion "Be grateful for small favors" outsorries it, and you'll guess how I feel about a French import called "End of Desire" when I tell you that I'm exceedingly grateful for the small favor of its being set in and about a beautiful old Norman farmhouse—just the sort of place any right-thinking American has it in mind to own in France, with prodigiously thick stone walls, bull's-eye dormers lighting its low attics, a fire blazing in every room, and, across a neighboring field of poppies and black-eyed Susans, a wind-swept jumble of cliffs and sea. Rejoice with me in the house and its mossy environs, for I fear that everything else about the picture will prove an irritation to you. It's taken from a story by de Maupassant, and the calculatedly cold brevity of the original has gone fatally soft and languid. An innocent country girl of good family falls madly in love with a young rakehell, who, to straighten out his financial affairs, is prompted to marry her. Soon it's the girl's maid who is in the rakehell's bed. The maid has a child and, after some years, the wife also has a child. The quiet misery of these lives is interrupted at last by an affair between the husband and the aggressive bride of one of his hunting companions—an affair that ends with the sudden, bloody death of the guilty couple, and more misery for the widow, the maid, and their two children. Maria Schell is the wife, Pascale Petit is the maid, and Antonella Lualdi is the wicked other woman; they're all delectable-looking but have been encouraged to do very little acting. As for Christian Marquand, who plays the rakehell, he has made film history of some kind by quite visibly breathing after death. His mistress, also supposedly dead, lies athwart his chest, and it's eerie indeed to watch her head steadily rising and falling.

"The Devil's Wanton" is said to be the first movie that Ingmar Bergman wrote and directed. It has arrived here at the age of thirteen and is

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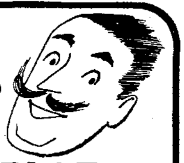

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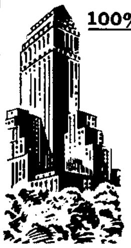

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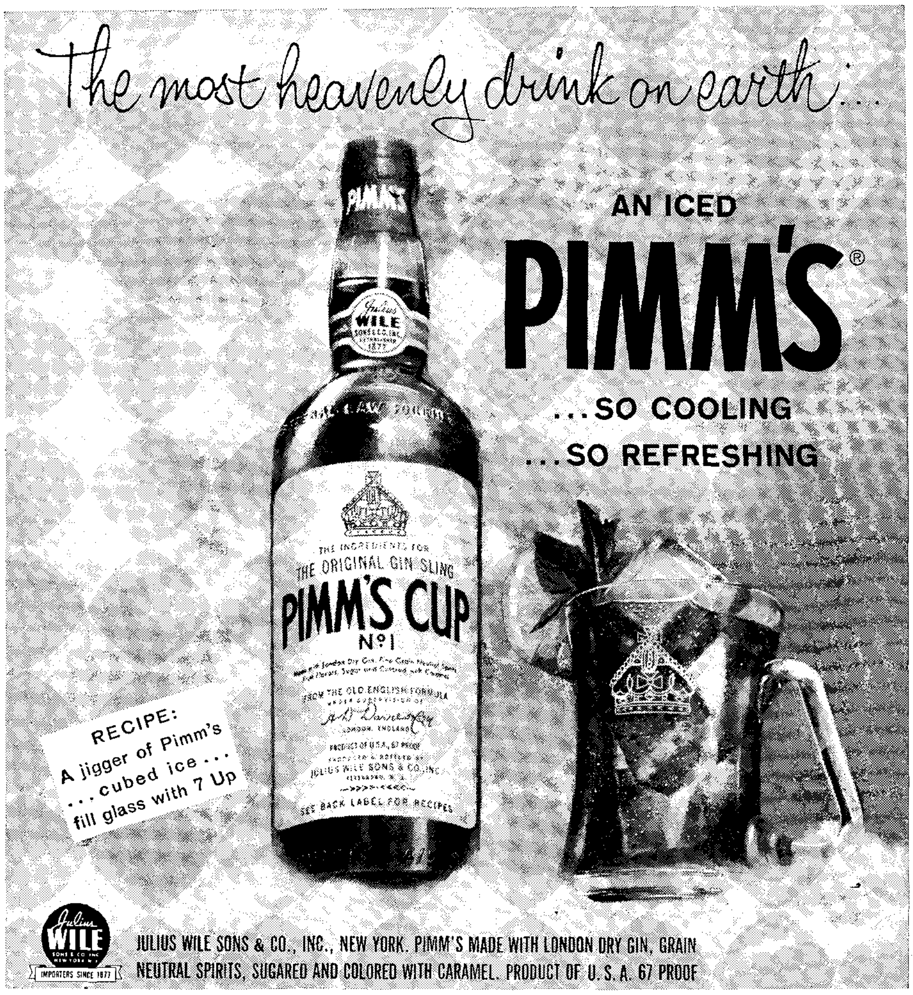
required viewing only for students of the Master. There are plenty of good things in the picture, but it fails nearly as often as it succeeds, Mr. Bergman having been obliged, like almost any artist at the beginning of his career, to state his preoccupations rather than embody them in dramatic analogues. It's fascinating to measure the distance travelled between "The Devil's Wanton" and "Through a Glass Darkly"—such a long way in terms of mastery of craft, such a short way in terms of theme and subject. Mr. Bergman is a religious enthusiast; though he distrusts and even dislikes the Christian God, he finds Him indispensable as (among other things) a scapegoat on whose back the evils of the world may be conveniently piled. Here this rather old-fashioned notion is conveyed by an arbitrary juggling of the lives of several characters who are really only types: a movie director, whom we may take for Bergman himself; a slightly dotty schoolteacher, who wishes the director to make a movie about Hell; a young journalist turning in spiritual despair to drink; his attractive wife, who is unable to help him; a teen-aged prostitute, whom the journalist seeks to rescue; the prostitute's lover and pimp; and the pimp's sister, who kills a baby as she would an unwanted animal. Their lives are a web of sterile but continuing relations, and Mr. Bergman insists that only the grave will put a stop to their wretchedness, but we cynics in the audience, out of the exuberance of our disillusion, will be apt to cry, "Nonsense! Plenty of fun to be had along the way!"

"Lonely Are the Brave" pretends to be a Western and has actually been hailed in some quarters as a "good" Western ("good" Westerns are like "good" detective stories, which is to say that the falser they are to life the better a certain sort of intellectual likes them), but its screenplay, by Dalton Trumbo, struck me as a shoddy and remarkably simple-minded song of hatred for twentieth-century American society. What power the picture has springs from the irony of its starring the All-American Kirk Douglas as a natural man going down in defeat under the continual brutal assaults of the industrial-capitalistic-governmental juggernaut. The vulgarity of Mr. Trumbo's perceptions is such that he has his hero, a cowboy on horseback, run down by an enormous trailer-truck filled with toilets. There may be a lot wrong with this country, but Mr. Trumbo is plainly not the man to point it out. —Brendan Gill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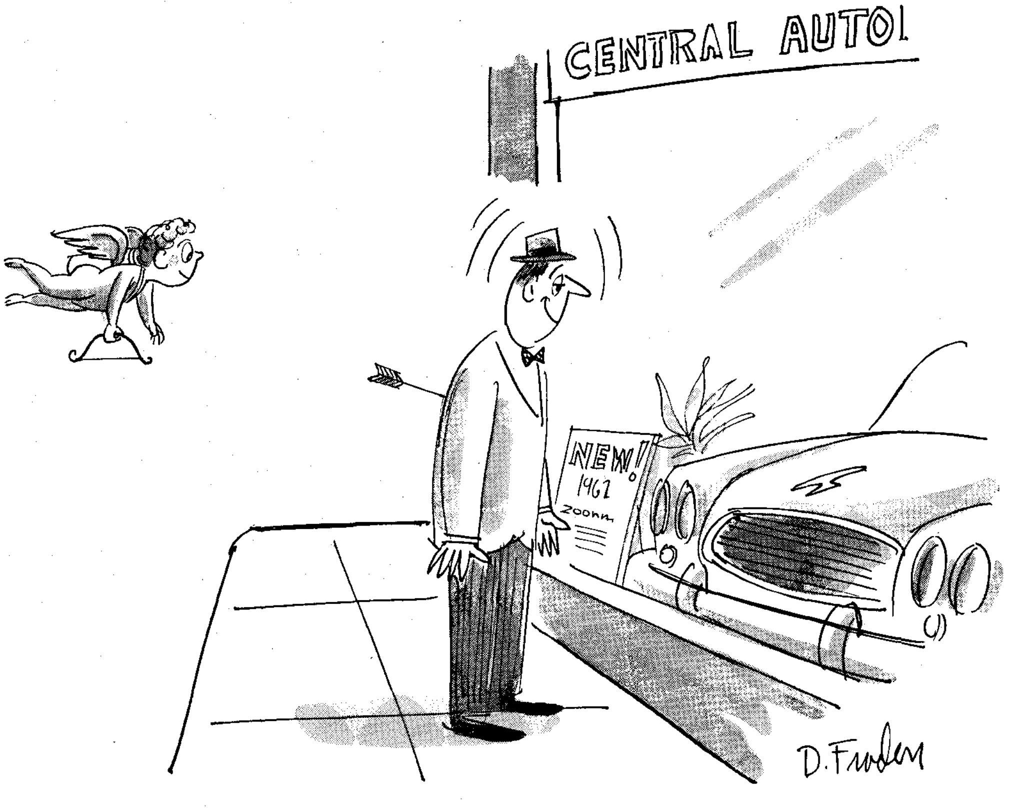
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

NOW that it's summertime, and the living is easy, and the pavement is melting underfoot, you'd hardly expect to see a fresh batch of summer clothes in the stores. But then some stores have already got around to putting Christmas cards out on the counters, so maybe these clothes are intended for Caribbean holidays next year. To get down to cases, Robert Leader, who tends shop at both 146 East 54th Street and 782 Lexington Avenue (61st), has soignée, uncluttered summer dresses for city and/or country, and—lo and behold!—some of them have sleeves, an appurtenance that we thought had gone off and hidden somewhere. There are long, slender sleeves on some black-and-white checked gingham frocks, lined with white cotton, that have round, collarless necks, and skirts gathered at the sides; $40. Short-sleeved dresses of Moygashel linen, with bateau necks and wide oval yokes, arrive in solid black or in parrot colors, which is to say green with a red insert peeping out through an inverted pleat that descends from the waist to the hem in front; $75. For evening, the same notion is applied to long, slinky silk linen versions without any sleeves, and combining Shocking pink with a canary-yellow insert; $135. And there are also sleeveless shifts, in azalea-pink or laurel-green silk linen, that cover the throat in front but plunge in a narrow oval almost to the waist in back. Silk linen sheaths with wide keyhole necks, accompanied by rather brief pullovers of the same stuff and with the same décolletage, can be had in yellow, for warm days and nights, or in black, for all the year round. Filmy scoop-necked shifts in mottled pink chiffon so pale that it's almost white are lavishly printed with Shocking-pink and yellow-and-orange apples—great big ones growing on leafy green stems. For the cabaña and thereabouts, Leader shows voluminous down-to-the-knees pullovers that are slit way up the sides. These are of green cotton overrun with immense wagon wheels of orange, fuchsia, and royal blue. Are the Surrealists loose again? It would seem so, for some roomy beach jackets of bright-orange cotton are further enlivened with green butterflies, strawberry-pink watches, and strawberry-pink baskets heaped with turquoise-blue strawberries.

THE Country and Casual Shop at Bergdorf Goodman has a passel of serene, easy-to-slip-into dresses of dark rayon linen, priced at $40, that would make excellent backdrops for your rubies and pearls. Tailored black sheaths (with medium round necks) are belted with a sliver of brown rayon linen tied in two bows at either side of the waist and in another bow at the center back. Slightly bloused, scoop-necked sheaths in brown rayon linen are adorned with four button-down crescent pockets—two at the chest and two well down on the skirt. Afternoon dresses in the same brown are appliquéd with thread-thin black rayon linen swags, terminating in bows, that slope from the tip of the right shoulder to just above the left breast, and from low on the right thigh to a fraction above the left knee. For late in the day, and on to dinner, there are décolleté black dresses, princesse in back and seamed part way across the front of the waist, that have tiny sleeves and slit hip pockets. On the same time schedule and also in rayon linen are sleeveless black sheaths with diamond-shaped cutouts surrounding the round necks.

JAX, which has moved across Fifth Avenue and into a Victorian town house at 7 West 57th Street, has above-the-knee beach sheaths of Pima cotton that a pint-size girl could wear right out on the street. They are sleeveless, have bateau necks, and come in heavenly colors like pistachio green, pale blue, pink, Shocking pink, yellow, and red. The tab is $17.95, which includes a matching sash. Dresses for the seaside or the dance floor (scoop necks, narrow shoulder straps, bouffant skirts) in the same goods and hues are $49.95, and in white polished cotton printed with a profusion of splashy flowers in orange, gold, pistachio, and pink they are $69.95. Tapered trousers in the above-mentioned posy print can be accompanied by man-tailored Pima cotton shirts in solid orange, gold, pistachio, or pink. Sleek and sleeveless wool pullovers knit in a pattern of eight big blocks combine, say, orange and yellow, pale pink and strawberry pink, or sky blue, gray blue, and olive green. The sizes here are for slim reeds 8 to 12.



SÉCHOIR, way down at 22 Greenwich Avenue (10th), is doing dresses (sizes 8 to 14) in attractive fabrics from many parts of the world. This merry crop includes semifitted, short-sleeved sheaths of hand-loomed cotton from Somaliland, combining black, green, red, and gold in stripes of varying widths. Sleeveless, scoop-necked shifts may be had in cotton homespun from Iran, in adaptations of tenth-century Persian prints—broad green and red stripes overlaid with red, yellow, and blue flowers (papyrus, probably)—or in

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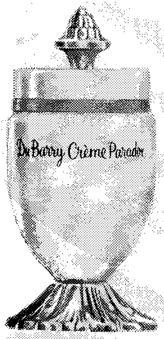

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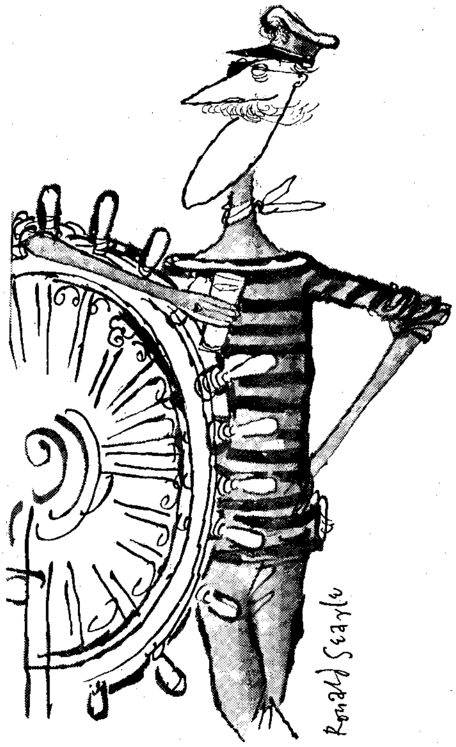

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brown-and-white cotton from India, alive with green-and-red trees, red-and-yellow butterflies, peacocks, parrots, red roses, and blue berries. Sheaths with high, round necks and three-quarter sleeves appear in Indonesian cotton, mostly brown strewn with murky blue-and-brown birds of paradise and a blossom or two. The dresses I've mentioned begin at $25 and go up to $45.

PENTHOUSE GALLERY's newly established branch called Polynesia, U.S.A., at 1167 Madison Avenue (86th), has inexpensive raiment from Hong Kong, Japan, Indonesia, and Puerto Rico, and from Hawaii and less Polynesian parts of the U.S.A. Double-breasted, sleeveless coat-shift dresses whose round, collarless necks may open into wide, pointed lapels are of white sailcloth outlined with tan stitching and sporting natural bone buttons or of navy denim with white stitching and military-type brass buttons. Sets made up of shorts and perky waist-length jackets (they have mandarin collars, and close with frogs down the left side) appear in one-of-a-kind cotton prints, among which brown, black, and a touch of white seem to predominate. Short or long skirts of cotton patchwork (flowers, checks, stripes, birds, fish, boots, butterflies—you name it) on black cotton waistbands are topped with black scoop-necked bodices that button in back.

PHOENIX PAN-AMERICAN IMPORTS, at 793 Lexington Avenue (61st), offers a plenitude of clothes from Mexico that are of hand-loomed cotton but are refreshingly untainted by the arts-and-crafts blight. Many of them are embroidered with adaptations of pre-Columbian designs; for example, yellow cotton shirts with elongated pockets running down almost to the hem on either side have birds, llamas, and sunbursts embroidered over the front and on the yoke in orange and Shocking pink, and, for another example, pale-blue cotton shirts are embroidered with white sunbursts and bat-size butterflies; $15. Tapered cotton slacks in harmonizing tones are $12.50. Boxy short-sleeved pullovers of Shocking-pink cotton are appliquéd down the front with a leviathan of a fish; he's olive green, with scales, backbone (it's visible, for some reason), and eyes of Shocking-pink embroidery. Jamaica-length shorts in olive-green cotton go beneath these. Wraparound robes, which extend to the mid-calf and can be worn (a) as kimonos, (b) over bathing suits, or (c) as evening wraps, are of yellow cotton on

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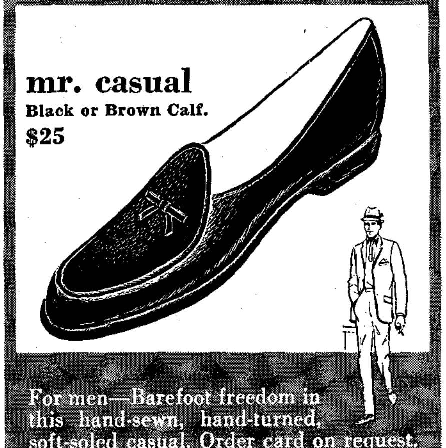

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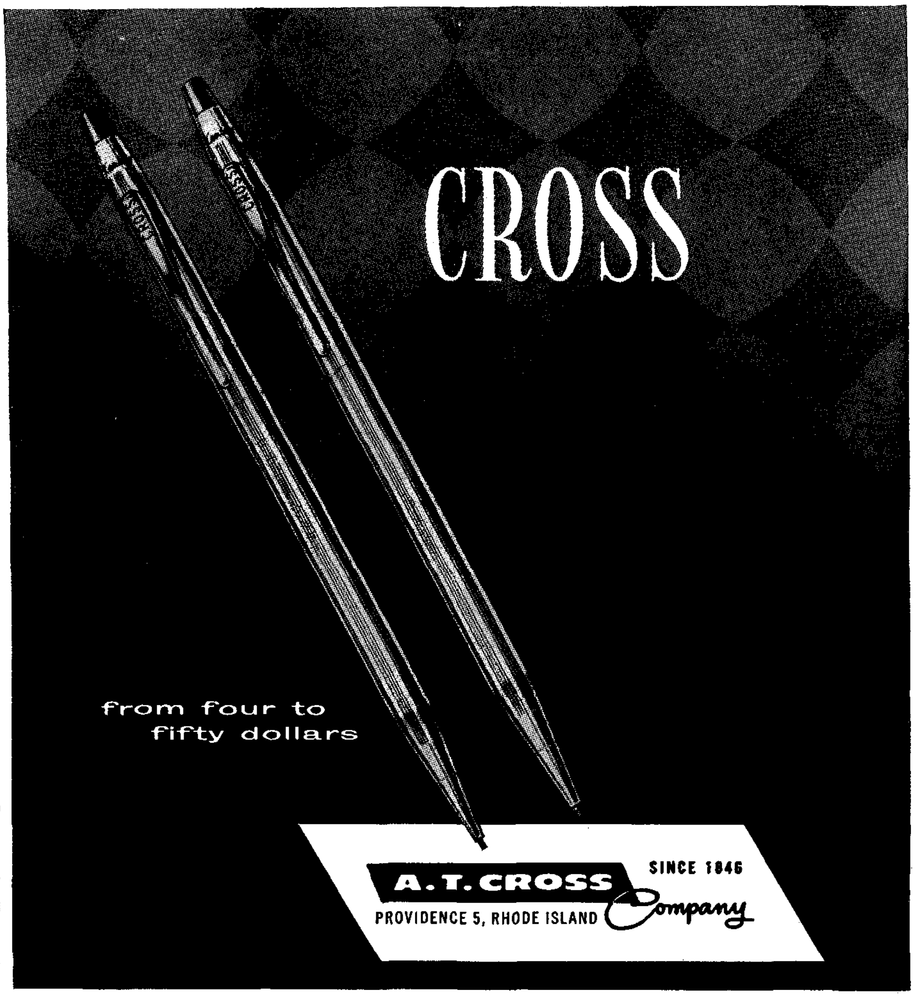
which fat leaves and trailing vines are outlined in Shocking-pink and orange embroidery. Some of the nicest blouses I saw here are of cotton in narrow black-and-white stripes; they have V necks, dropped shoulders, and tapered, pushup sleeves, and are enriched down the front and back with multicolored embroidery in an Otomi Indian pattern that looks as if it had been copied off a totem pole. There's no embroidery at all on some good-looking morning-to-night cotton dresses (Shocking pink, lime, natural, or black) that are nipped in by broad, stiffened belts to match, but why should there be, since clusters of tucks spill from the bateau neck to the top of the bosom and part way down the wing sleeves? These are $22.50. Just the thing to top them off: authentic sombreros, with narrow crowns and downturned brims, that are made of heavy natural water-repellent straw; they cost $8.50 and look as if they'd stepped straight out of a custom milliner's bandbox.

FRED LEIGHTON, a Village specialist in Mexicana, at 15 East 8th Street, has handsome two-piece dresses in pale-blue hand-loomed cotton. The tops are short-sleeved, scoop-necked pullovers with a puma and a bird embroidered at one side of the chest—adaptations of pre-Columbian designs, done in pink and coral by Tarascan Indian women. The skirts are of the circular, button-down variety, and there are pumas but no birds on the two patch pockets; $37.50. Mr. Leighton has equally handsome two-piece sets made up of slender two-tone trousers, gold cotton fore and white cotton aft, with embroidered green fish athwart them, and sleeveless gold cotton tops with bateau necks and white yokes, and embroidered green fish swimming from the white field into the gold, and vice versa; $40.

DEEPER in the Village—at 149 Bleecker Street, near West Broadway—Elaine Starkman is offering slender skirts and tank tops, both of strawberry-pink hand-loomed Mexican cotton, for $18.95, and this outfit becomes a four-part serial by the addition of horizontally striped tank tops of Mexican cotton in strawberry pink and orange, at $6.95, and long-sleeved, collarless blouses of orange shantung teeming with outsize roses in two shades of pink, at $17.95. Here you'll also find lightweight carryalls (seventeen inches deep and twenty inches wide), with spacious outside pockets (nine inches deep and eleven inches wide), that come in



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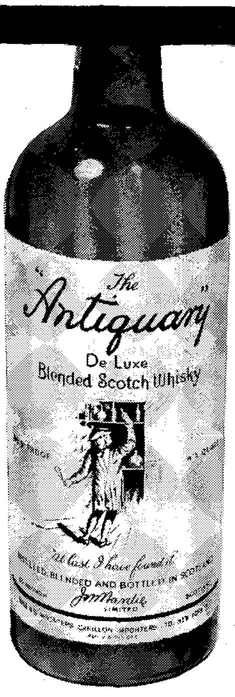

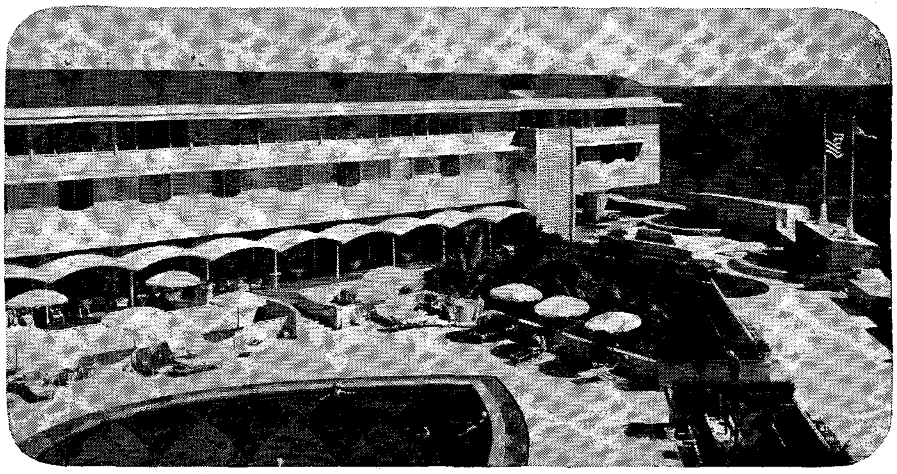

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INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

natural, olive-green, or black canvas and are equipped with double black leather handles; $14.85, including the federal tax.

THE GREEN FROG, which has moved next door into airier quarters, at 15 Christopher Street, has acquired from Mexico a number of dresses for little girls in sizes toddler 2 to girls' 10. Some are of a mustard-and-white striped cotton with two angular pockets near the bottom of the skirt. On a long green stem wandering down the front is an appliquéd sunflower, whose petals are nasturtium-red cotton and whose center is mustard cotton embroidered with black eyes and a mouth. There are three buttons down the back, each button forming a sunflower center and each buttonhole framed with sunflower petals. By the way, what do you hear from Alf Landon? Other dresses, adaptations of a Mexican fisherman's shirt, are of black-and-white striped cotton that resembles mattress ticking and are embroidered at the yoke with red birds and with red flowers planted in heart-shaped pots that are outlined in red featherstitching. Both sets of charmers are accompanied by matching bloomers with ruffles above the knees—period Mexico. Reversible one-piece play suits (domestic), ending in bloomers, are of white cotton striped with rows of miniature red hearts and flowers on one side and of red cotton spattered with white hearts but no flowers on the other. The sash is reversible and ties around the hips, if there are hips.

MACY'S Little Shop has a beguiling array of Italian luggage made of hemp—red or royal-blue hemp bound with black leather, or cinnamon-brown hemp bound with tobacco-brown leather. The array starts off with a satchel, ten inches deep and seventeen inches wide, and a carryall, sixteen inches deep and twenty-one inches wide, both of which fold up flat, so that they can be packed away in other luggage until they're needed, and proceeds upward through a twenty-inch, a twenty-three-inch, and a twenty-five-inch suitcase. The satchel costs $10.99 and the big-daddy suitcase $32.99, including the federal tax. —M. M.

•

Miss Helen Nugent, director of community relations for WKRC, is leaving the station to be married July 3 to George Nortmann, tired executive of Fifth Third Union Trust Co.—*Cincinnati Post & Times-Star.*

Marriage is no solution.

LETTER FROM LONDON

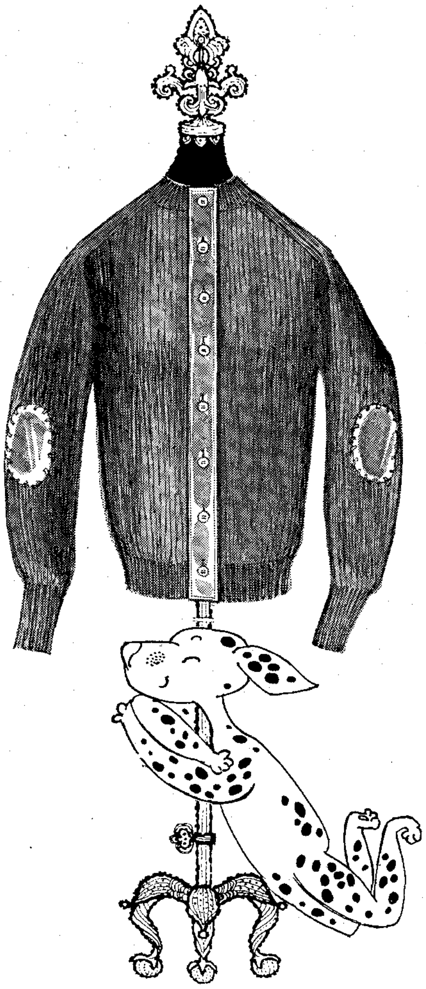
JULY 5

IT is exactly two years to the month since the Pilkington Committee—a team of nine men and two women unconnected with broadcasting interests and led by Sir Harry Pilkington, the head of the large Lancashire family glassmaking business of that name—was appointed by the Government to mull over all the evidence, including that of their own sharp eyes and ears, as to the quality of the television and radio services provided by the non-profitmaking B.B.C. and the commercial Independent Television Authority, and to cast their guiding vote accordingly on the question of future policy for both. Now the committee members have at last emerged—thankfully, no doubt, after all these months of giving time from their various professions to the job—and their eagerly awaited report was published last week. It turned out to be somewhat shorter than the Bible, but not much. The gist of the voluminous proposals produced a storm of angry comment from interested parties, a few quieter cheers, and the first rumbles of a big political row to come. The enraged commercial-television chiefs consider, apparently, that the report attacks not only them but the Conservative Government's own Television Act of 1954, which set up the I.T.A. after a bitter Parliamentary battle. In spite of the all but unanimous recommendations of an earlier investigating committee (Lord Beveridge was the man at the head of that one) that all broadcasting should remain a public service controlled by the B.B.C., the pressure groups finally won. Well, this time the Pilkington investigators have spoken as one, but nobody seems to feel that the Government will accept their more radical suggestions. Their unanimous verdict is loud, practically unqualified praise for the B.B.C. and trenchant criticism of the independent television companies as being more interested in gathering the golden eggs of advertising time on their programs than in providing good, nourishing, stimulating fare for the consumers. In its two years of watching, listening, and taking notes from the evidence of various public bodies, the committee was disturbed, it says, by the I.T.A.'s seeming tolerance of violence and poor, shoddy stuff. Its strong recommendation that a proposed third television service here should be run by the B.B.C. was expected. So was its uncontroversial urging of British television to hurry into color as quickly as possible (that being not for a year or two yet, apparently) and to switch from its present four-hundred-and-five-line picture to the six-hundred-and-twenty-five international standard now used throughout Western Europe (as against the five hundred and twenty-five lines in use in the United States)—one more step, many Britons doubtless reflected, toward their possible dive into the European melting pot. The Government has already given its blessing to these sections of the report, and television manufacturers, who had been in the doldrums while the customers held off from buying new sets until the Pilkington decisions were known, are pleased. But what put up backs in the Conservative Party, as well as among the bristling commercial-television interests, was the high moral tone of the wigging that the Pilkington team administered to the Independent Television Authority. It said that the I.T.A. did not deserve at present to have another television channel to control, but that when it had thoroughly mended its ways—in the prim, not to say governessy, phrase "has proved its capacity to realize the purposes of broadcasting"—it might be given one. As a start, it suggested that in the future the I.T.A. should plan its programs and sell the advertising itself; at present, it appoints contracting companies to do so, retaining over them a control that the report dismisses briskly as "illusory and negligible." It being difficult to serve Mammon and the public, in the Pilkington analysis, the suggestion is that the I.T.A. should pay the program companies to confine themselves to producing good television, unfettered by the need to compete for commercials by tailoring most of their programs to the lowest common denominator of popularity.

To judge by the present chorus of vituperation, the commercial-television operators have reacted testily to the prospect of being freed from the shackles of all that beautiful advertising revenue and enabled to give their minds to promoting a really high standard of public entertainment and information. The

"Well, 'Dr. Freud' is off and running again!"

CASUAL CORNER



CUDDLY cardigan by Villager has suede elbow-patches and a streak of suede down the front: will be loved on sight by all the gals! In Lovat Green, Burgundy, Taupe, sizes 34 to 40, $25.00. Please add 35¢ for mail order from Casual Corner, 566 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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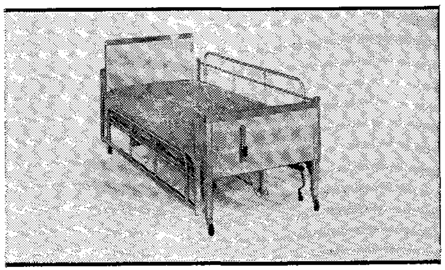

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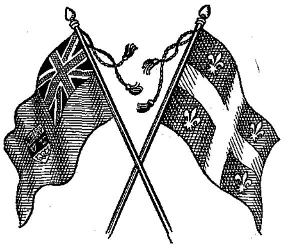
I.T.A.'s short and crusty answer is that the majority of the viewing public switches firmly on to the I.T.A. programs anyway, and that to give people the freedom to look at what they want, whether first-rate or trash, is an important part of democracy. Most people feel that the Pilkington Report sees the old firm at Broadcasting House through too rosy glasses, and the commercial newcomers—whose standards, as in some of their excellent current-affairs documentaries, can be as high as anything put out by the B.B.C.—through too dark ones. Lots of serious people who would agree, by and large, with the committee's findings but instinctively dislike its Miss Prism-like accents think that Sir Harry's committee may have antagonized a lot of support, in Parliament and out, by pitching its praise and blame so steeply.

The Pilkington Report is clearly an embarrassment to the Government. At a moment when the graph of the Conservatives' popularity in the country is running wild and unpredictable, it would be no help if they were made to appear as upholders of a small group chiefly interested in walloping profits, or to seem complacent over the social consequences on which so many organizations gave their worried evidence before the committee. Both the Labour and the Liberal Parties have already applauded the Pilkington conclusions—somewhat comically in the case of Labour, since the majority of its supporters are certainly prominent among those who look at the private-enterprise programs more frequently than they do at the B.B.C. Much of the press reception of the report was critical or plain hostile. Among the dailies, the *Times* and the *Guardian* welcomed it with certain reservations. Several of the commentators criticized the makeup of the committee, which the *Daily Mirror* (like some of the other newspapers, it has a stout holding in commercial television) rudely described as the scrapings at the bottom of the barrel. Less violent opinions were that the committee was somewhat short on the light side (though it included Miss Joyce Grenfell), too strong on the middle-aged academic side, and entirely bare of anybody who could be said to represent the views of the ordinary undistinguished citizen twirling a telly knob. Many of those who regard the combustible document angrily as a typical egghead production claim to see in it the guiding hand of one of the Pilkingtonians, Mr. Richard Hoggart, professor of English at Leicester University, author of a brilliant book, "The Uses of Literacy,"



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and expert on D. H. Lawrence. Professor Hoggart has before now expounded the Lawrentian gospel, as preached by Dr. F. R. Leavis and invoked by him in his famous attack on Sir Charles Snow's "Two Cultures" last spring, in which the mass media of television, the movies, advertising, and the rest equate with deep, mindless death. The Pilkington Report, which has started up so many controversies, is to be debated by the House of Commons shortly. It is already being heatedly debated by everybody.

THE cold snap we are experiencing is said to be summer, but it does not feel like it. The chilly winds that shake the darling buds of English ladies' indomitable floral hats are, according to dismal tales from the country, further petrifying the farmers' fields, which are already cement-dry through long lack of rain. Strawberries and peas, June's special delights, were poor, shrunken apologies for their normal succulent selves. To assure us that it is really summer, however, operagoers attired in evening dress and carrying baskets from which the necks of wine bottles protrude can be seen any afternoon in Victoria Station, about to catch the special train down to Sussex and the Glyndebourne Festival, which is always another seasonal pleasure. The evening that I was there, the weather seemed to make it a peculiarly English celebration, with the touch of brave dottiness that local hearts cherish—the young women, clasping scores to their bosoms instead of blankets, fleeing in their chiffons across the lawns; the hock-bottle corks popping among the delphiniums, where the al-fresco parties sat on their campstools in the dinner interval, tucking gallantly into lobster salad beneath leaden skies that turned the thoughts longingly to searing curries. Those who had elected to dine within the four walls of Glyndebourne's excellent restaurant were wearing expressions of self-congratulation.

The music, however, was greatly warming to the spirit. Glyndebourne's usual presentation of a rare work was on this occasion Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," never before professionally given in England. The opera, written in 1642, to be produced in one of the charming little opera houses (very much the size of Glyndebourne) that had become the fashionable rage in Venice, was the astonishing last burst of creation of a composer of seventy-five, whose genius, like that of Verdi or Picasso, went on gaily experimenting in old age. The present

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version has been brilliantly reconstructed by Raymond Leppard from the only existing manuscript of the work, which is in Venice—a skeleton of a rehearsal copy, consisting only of single bass and vocal lines, but with directions and comments fortunately jotted down in Monteverdi's hand. On these sparse bones Mr. Leppard's scholarship has hung the flesh and blood of a surprisingly fresh and lively score that uses the harpsichord, the organ, and various plucked stringed instruments of Monteverdi's day, but in larger combinations than he probably used, in order to make the texture more colorful for our coarsened modern ears. The story is not an old man's story, either, since it takes the usual moral values, tosses them up in the air like a basket of bright ribbons, and asks us to be ravished by the resulting shock to our neat expectations. All the bad people in the opera cheerfully triumph, and the good ones come to uncomfortable ends. Nero throws away his wife, Octavia, so that he can marry Poppea, the lovely and ambitious courtesan. Seneca, who has offered a few philosophical warnings, retires to open his veins at his angry emperor's suggestion; one or two other tiresome impediments to the union are exiled; and the sinful couple, as happy a pair of respectable turtledoves as you could hope to see, sing their final ecstatic duet at Poppea's coronation, to an anachronistic fanfare of non-Monteverdi trumpets, added by Mr. Leppard. The English Richard Lewis and the Hungarian Magda Laszlo sang Nero and Poppea, supported by a large international cast. Sir Hugh Casson's setting for this amazingly modern portrait gallery of Romans leading their recognizable *dolce vita* provided a chilling wall of masonry that suggested a particularly sinister passageway in the Colosseum.

Now, saddening to every music lover, comes the news of the death of Mr. John Christie, the owner and founder of Glyndebourne, at the age of seventy-nine. He was the extremely individual, perpetually demanding perfectionist who, with his wife, the delightful singer Audrey Mildmay (she died in 1953), created the opera festival in 1934, and he leaves it securely functioning today under his son, George Christie. He died, with a perfectionist touch indeed, in his home close to his beloved little opera house, where the unknowing audience was happily enjoying a performance of "Così Fan Tutte."

THE Tate Gallery has just had a huge retrospective exhibition of the work of the contemporary painter

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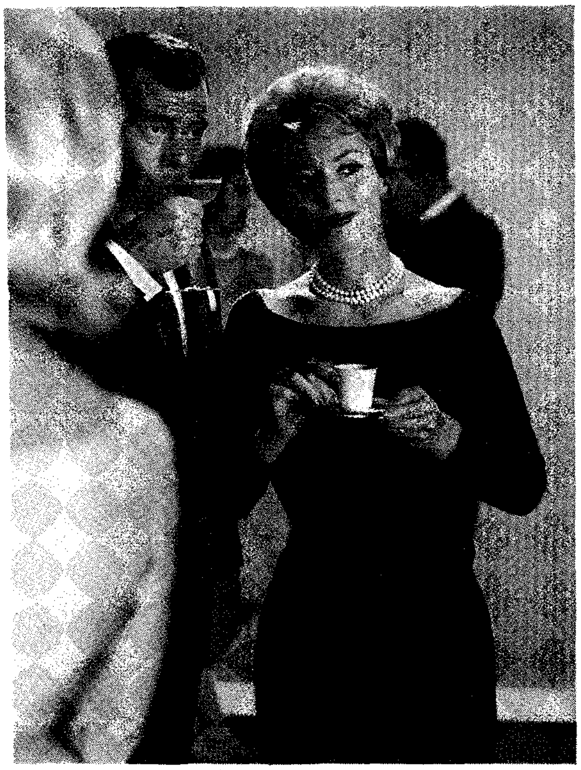


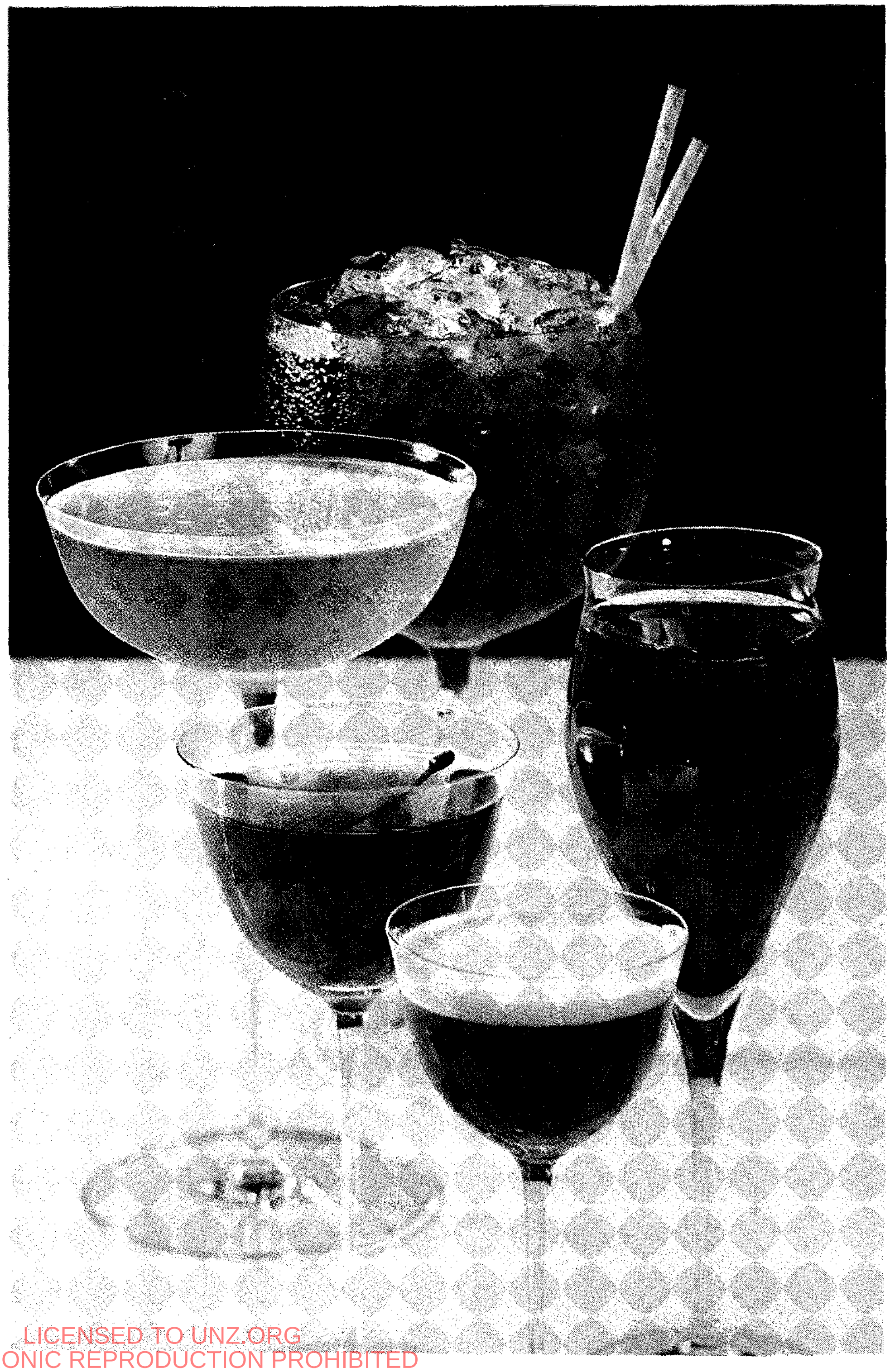
MINT FRAPPE Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass. Pour enough Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe over ice to fill glass, serve with two small colored straws.

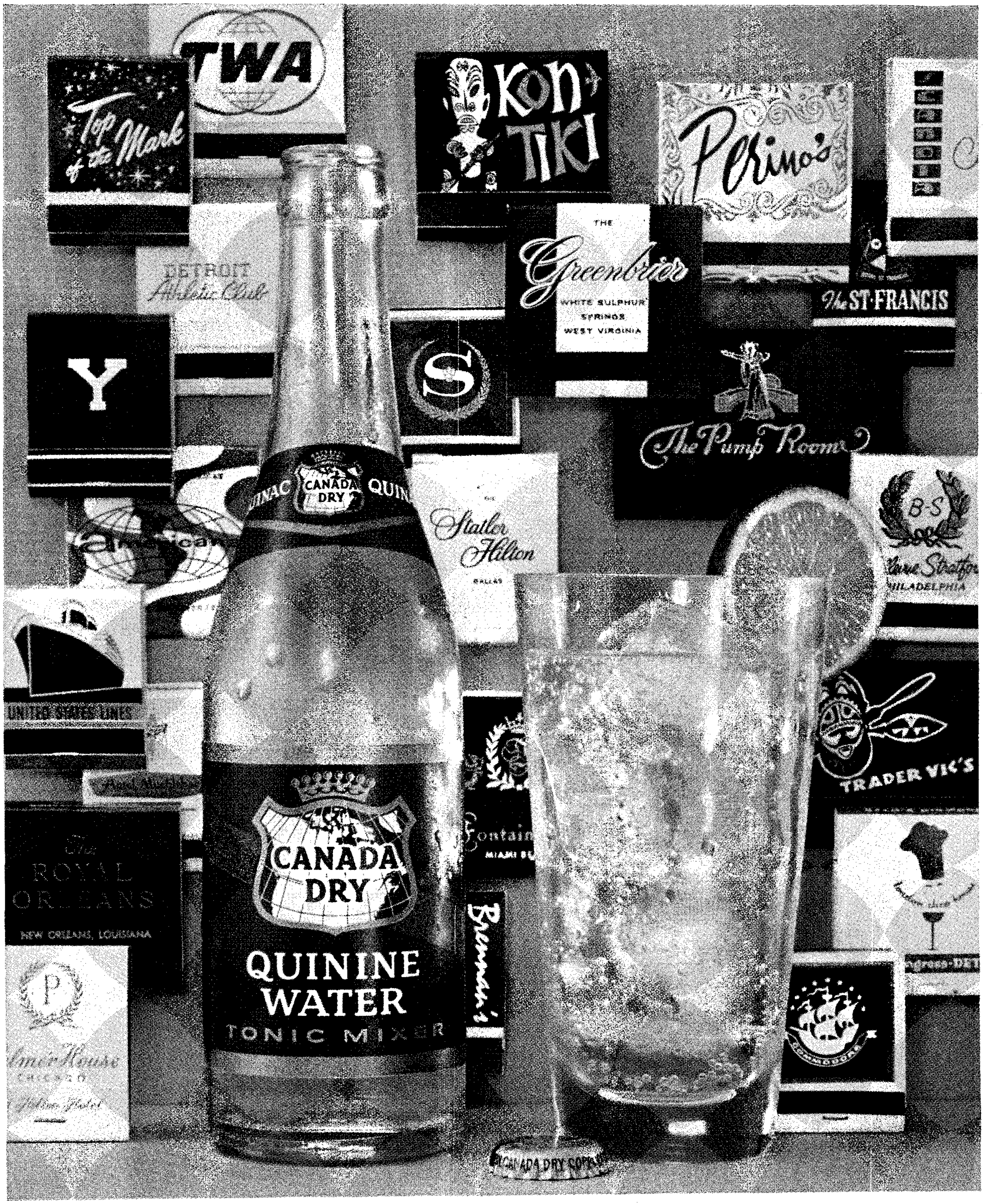
STINGER ¾ oz. Hiram Walker's White Creme de Menthe. 1¼ oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy. Shake forcefully with cracked ice and strain into 3 oz. cocktail glass.

TWO-STRIPER ¾ oz. Hiram Walker's Brown Creme de Cacao, ¾ oz. Hiram Walker's Green Creme de Menthe. Pour Creme de Cacao first. Then add Creme de Menthe, pouring it gently down the inside of glass. The specific gravities will separate the two layers.

MERRY WIDOW 1½ oz. Hiram Walker's Cherry Flavored Brandy. ½ oz. Maraschino. Shake lightly with ice. Strain into small glass and serve with a cocktail cherry.

ANGEL'S TIP Fill a liqueur glass ⅔ full of Hiram Walker's Brown Creme de Cacao. Then add fresh cream slowly, pouring over the back of a teaspoon so that cream will float on top of liqueur.

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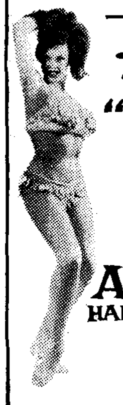

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Francis Bacon, paying it the biggest honor it has received and giving Londoners their first extensive chance to expose their nervous systems to the assault of this extraordinary artist. Bacon was born in 1910, one of five children of a Dublin horse breeder; was an interior decorator in the twenties; and taught himself to paint. The four galleries at the Tate were like a tour through both his painting life and his personal limbo—filled with his fractured faces floating like ectoplasm across dark canvases, his blue-visaged businessmen in their decorous City suits, with their pickled-cabbage-pink lips splitting over big teeth in frozen screams, his well-known series of distortions of the Velázquez portrait of Pope Innocent (which he had never seen but said that he used because he wanted an excuse to paint someone in papal purple). His latest work shows a change to harsh, brilliant colors and an obsession with van Gogh, one of whose pictures he takes apart, rearranges, and puts together again and again. Sometimes his sad heads remind one of Rouault in their power and melancholy. Sir John Rothenstein, in his foreword to the catalogue, quotes Bacon's remark that he could not recall a day when he did not think of his own death, and this intimation of mortality seems to run right through the exhibition in the lonely, often repulsive human beings and animals marooned in their predicament and in his marvellously applied paint.

ALL week, of course, everybody's thoughts have been turning to the Middlesex Hospital and to the national possession there, in a wave of affection and of pleasure in the reports of the invalid's V-signs, his cigars, and his snifters of brandy. The fun is still undiminished, even in misfortune, and everyone is relishing it.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

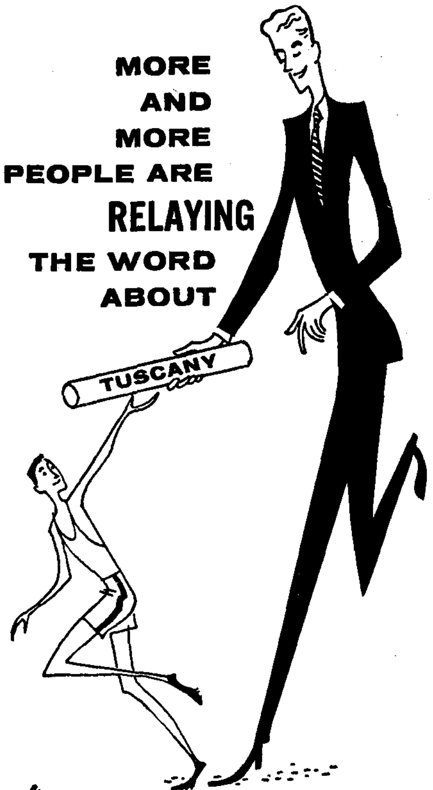
The powers of democracy and communism are in a fight for survival. You, and especially your children, must know what you're fighting for and against to preserve freedom. The new issue of *Better Homes & Gardens* gives you this information.
—*Adv. in the Washington Post.*

Good! Anything new on crab grass?

•

PREMIERE PLAYHOUSE (8)—"Hamlet" Stars Laurence Olivier, Jean Simmons. (No rating or story available).—*Portland Oregonian.*

Well, it's about this Danish fellow who was an introvert and worried all the time.



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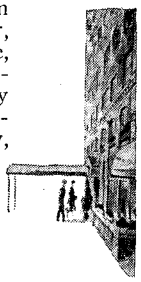

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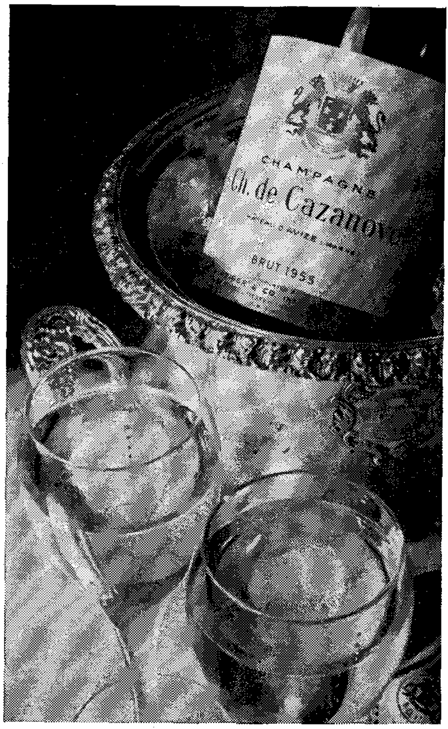

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ITEM

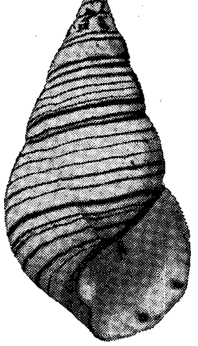
THERE is a private garage in the East Sixties, once a stable, that hasn't changed since I started calling on it for reassurance before the Second World War. I don't stop to admire it; I merely walk along the flagged sidewalk, so clean it seems holystoned. I do this slowly enough—and I hope without the appearance of idling—to take in the granite front, with the handsome pair of black doors set in an arched opening capped by a keystone with the family crest. And, until my last visit, each time I have come away refreshed.

The frequency of my calls depends on the distribution of crises, personal and international. I try to walk by on a sunny afternoon, when the doors may be swung back to help dry the white-tiled walls and fine-cut brick floor of the coach room after they have been hosed down. A dignified, elderly chauffeur stands under the arch, just behind the polished brass doorsill. Of slight build, he wears a variation of what used to be called undress livery—well-shined high shoes, puttees, black breeches, striped apron, and collarless shirt with gold button, the sleeves held in place by garters. His gray hair is plastered tight to his skull, and his cheeks shine in a way that suggests the straight razor. He looks up at the sky, motionless, unaware of the street and, I had thought, of me.

The coach room is as clean as a surgery, and is a place of peace. It contains only a brass hose reel and sponge rack, a copper sink, and a wringer for squeezing water from chamois. The back room, from which the horse stalls have been removed, has a skylight and varnished panelling. It is divided from the coach room by a wall with sliding doors that, rolled back, show a 1929 Lincoln town car, its radiator gleaming like a mirror.

The car hasn't had a front license plate in my time, being intended for polishing, not driving. At a guess, the coachwork is Le Baron, the oil is Wolf's Head, with a spare tin in the recessed tool compartment over the left running board, and the tires, their sidewalls painted with black enamel, are Martin Cord. The two spare wheels, each with a sideview mirror fastened to the tire by a little chain, are carried in fender wells. The tread looks like Fisk gum-dipped. A Vuitton trunk should be fastened to the unseen rear luggage rack by heavy leather straps, and would contain fitted luggage. The smell of the open front, well-saddle-soaped leather,

Instant ocean..



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"
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(*Advertisement*)

and that of the tonneau, broadcloth and mothballs. The condition overall, mint. My pleasure, extreme.

On my last visit, the chauffeur was wearing trousers instead of puttees and breeches. Shocked, I stopped to stare. They were black and of conservative cut, pressed with knife-edge creases, but they were trousers. He looked down from the sky to them, then at me, and, with a slight wink, slowly shook his head. Everything else was as it has always been, but it will be a while before I can return. —JEFFREY POTTER

•

WALDEN IN JULY

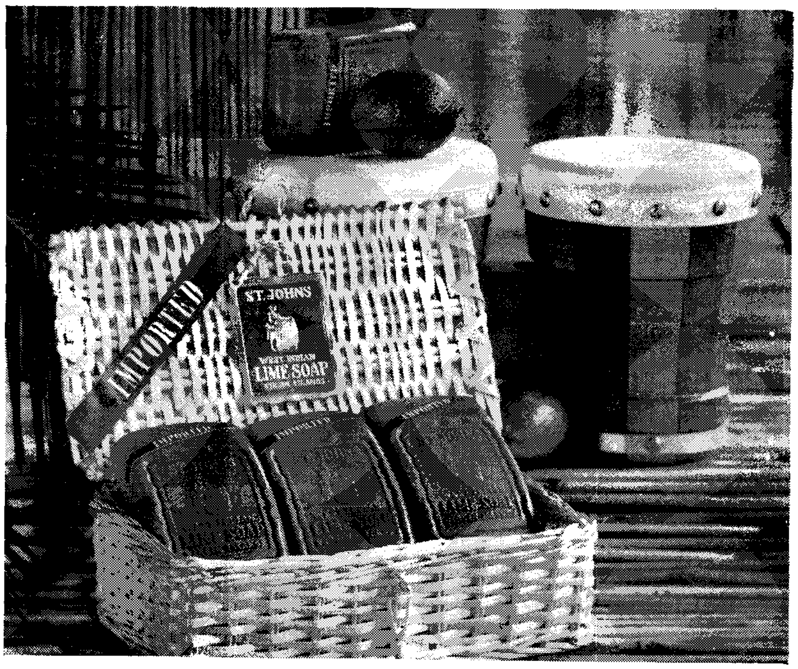
The clouds were fishbone
high. Downwind,
From the pond,
water color rose toward the sun
like heat, and voices
carried from a boat.
Four feet from shore,
two executive bass
meandered by,
bored by bait
and waiting.

Armed,
a crawfish backed
from underneath a rock;
a boy amused his girl
by skipping stones
across the cove;
a lone Canada goose
dove under; some cloven crows
flapped out of a pine
like a frayed black bow
untying.

Summer had closed
in. At dusk,
the waterfront began
to clear; tiptoeing
bathers crossed the gravel
to their cars. Kibbies
cupped their noses
up for flies and
popped the watertop. A band
of Negroes with a banjo
settled in.

The smell
of warm fresh water
wafted toward the shore;
across the cove, where
Thoreau built his
hut, seventy frogs
were bulling
"chug-a-rum,
chug-a-rum."
The night was opening
like a cotyledon.

—DONALD JUNKINS



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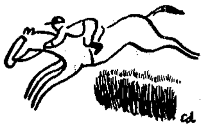
New Star



ALTHOUGH this season's two-year-old colts haven't been much to speak of, several of them put on a lively show in the Tremont Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday. Bonjour won the famous old fixture by a short nose from Near Man, who was barely half a length ahead of Delta Judge. The victory ended a series of disappointments for the winner, who had finished second in the Christiana and the Dover Stakes at Delaware Park recently, and had been third in the Juvenile and fourth in the Youthful at the Aqueduct spring meeting. This time, after getting into and out of close quarters on the turn for home, he wore Near Man down in the last few strides. Bonjour is owned by Patrice Jacobs, whose Hail to Reason won the Tremont two years ago, and she'd be the first to agree that Bonjour is far from the runner Hail to Reason was.

Of course, the Suburban, which is the second of New York's three big handicaps, should have been the event of the week, but it wasn't. For as far back as aficionados can remember, the Surburban has been one of the most enthralling races of the year. The renewal on the Fourth of July was merely a procession. Beau Purple was first out of the gate, followed by Garwol, Kelso, and Carry Back, the only other starters, and they continued in that order, with daylight between them, until Kelso passed Garwol after they'd gone six furlongs. From there on to the finish line it was Beau Purple two lengths ahead of Kelso, and Garwol third, a further three lengths behind and about a length in front of Carry Back. Though it was a rather tame affair, it had interesting points, not the least of which was the evenness of the pace. The first quarter mile was run in $0{:}24\frac{3}{5}$, the second in $0{:}24\frac{1}{5}$, the third in 0:24, the fourth—and here Kelso made his bid—in $0{:}23\frac{4}{5}$, and the final quarter in 0:24. You'll look through many past-performance charts before you'll find the last two furlongs of a mile and a quarter being done in twenty-four seconds flat. When Noor set a world record of $1{:}58\frac{1}{5}$ for the distance at Golden Gate Fields in 1950, his last quarter was run in $0{:}24\frac{1}{5}$.

Boland, I thought, rode Beau Pur-

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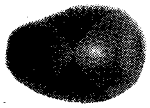

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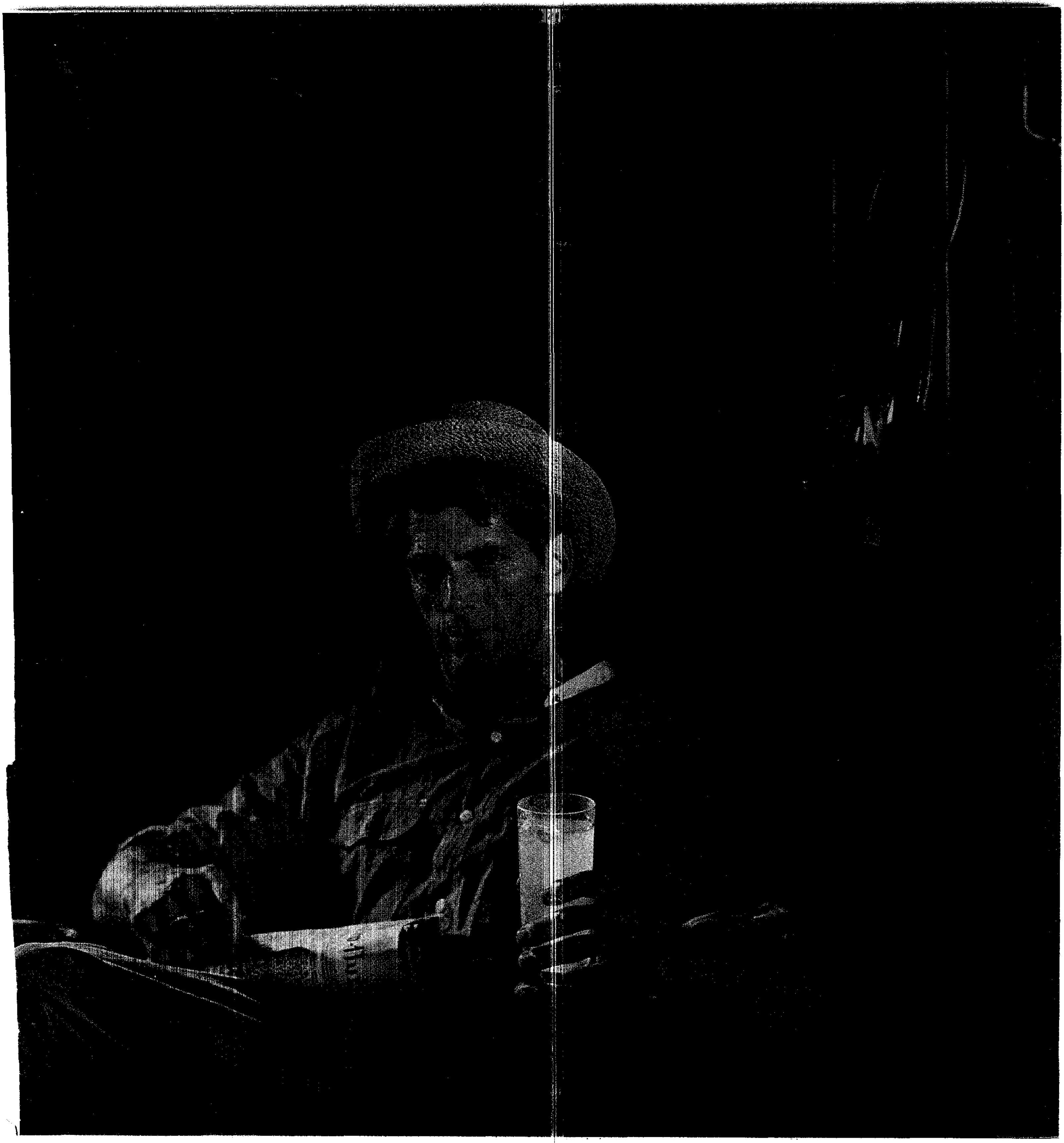

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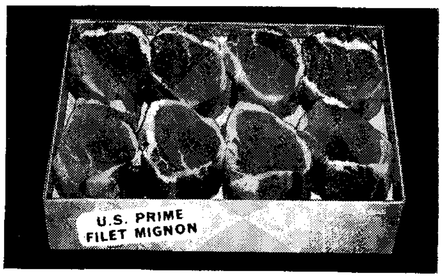

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What's an Umlaut?

(Advertisement)

ple with confidence and good judgment. Shoemaker, on Kelso, seemed to have no notion of the pace. And, by the way, here's the latest tale about Shoemaker, who is a young man of few words. Shortly before he came East for the Suburban, a fire broke out in his car, a late-model Cadillac, at Hollywood Park. He was playing pool in the jockeys' quarters, and when someone came running in to tell him about it, he said "So what?" and, turning to Moreno, his opponent, added, "It's your shot, Hank."

When a popular horse like Kelso is beaten, it's always a great temptation to make excuses for him, beginning with "The high weight he carried anchored him." (It's also a temptation to cry out that the beast ought to be in claiming races.) In my opinion—and I say this regretfully—Kelso isn't as good as he was. He seems to have aged, though he's only five. As for Carry Back, he never looked better or ran worse. The pick of the lot was Beau Purple, who has grown and developed since he came up from Florida in April. Unraced at two, and with abbreviated campaigns at three and four because of a leg injury, he's making up for lost time. At Hialeah last winter, he set a track mark for seven furlongs and at Aqueduct on Memorial Day he equalled the mile record, so the experts expected him to run out of speed long before the end of the Suburban's mile and a quarter. Instead, his time of 2:00⅗ clipped three-fifths of a second off Sword Dancer's record when he won the fixture two years ago.

PRIMONETTA just keeps rolling along. She made short work of the five fillies she met in the Molly Pitcher Handicap at Monmouth on the Fourth, leading from beginning to end of the mile and a sixteenth. It was her third victory in three tries this season. Her next appearance will be in the New Castle Stakes at Delaware Park on the twenty-first. As you know, the minimum payoff in the mutuels at the Jersey tracks is $2.20, as against $2.10 in New York. Well, another of those sharpshooters who bet heavily on sure-thing horses to show has turned up at Monmouth. (One year it was the Lady in Red. I've forgotten the fancy names of the others.) This fellow, known as the Plunger, is reported to have sent in $40,000 on Primonetta to show. If he did, he won $4,000. But then plungers never last long.

IF wishes were horses, the race I'd really like to have seen was the Irish Derby at the Curragh of Kildare a fortnight ago. Tambourine II, a colt who

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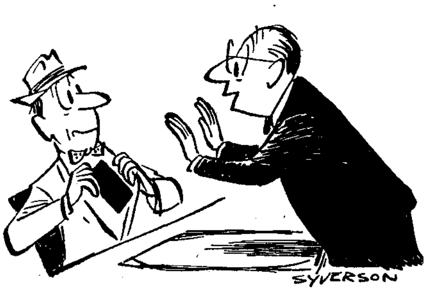

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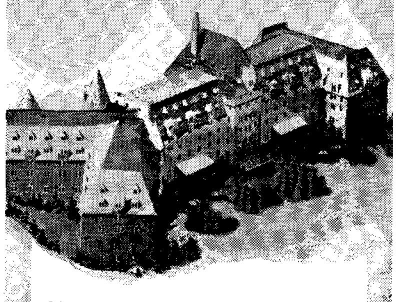

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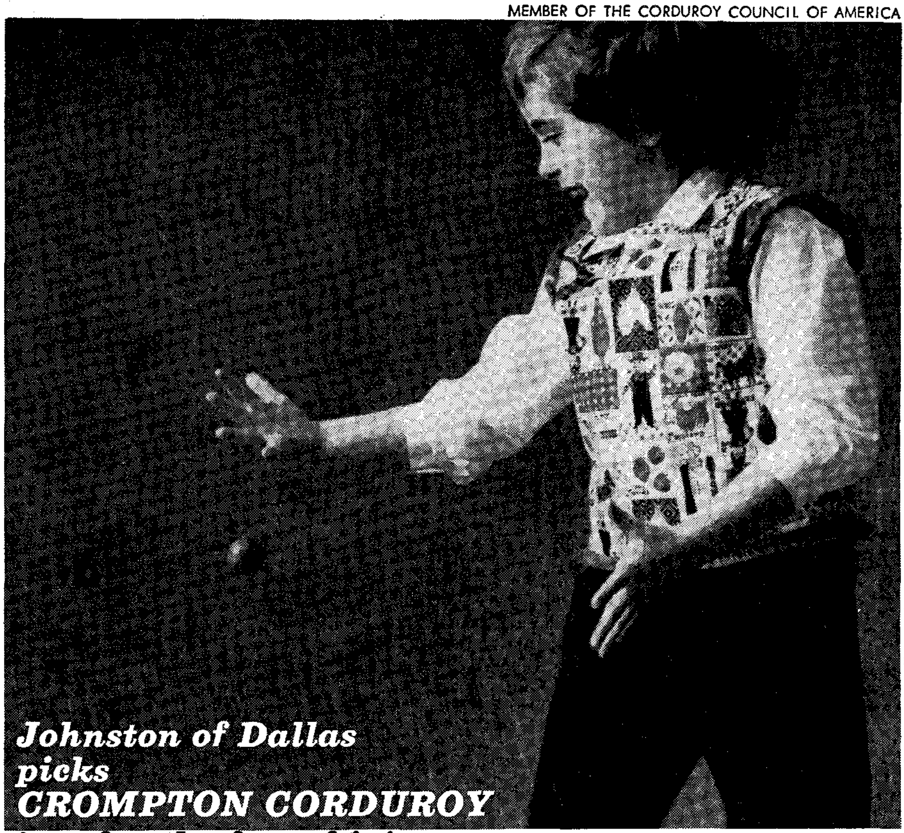
was born and bred in America, won it by a short head from Arctic Storm, one of Ireland's hopefuls, with Sebring third and Larkspur, winner of the English Derby, fourth. Three of the first four were American-owned—the winner by Mrs. Howell Jackson, of Middleburg, Virginia, and Sebring and Larkspur by Townsend Martin and Raymond Guest, respectively, both of whom are familiar to New York racegoers. Twenty-four three-year-olds ran for the Derby, which this year had a gross value of $190,400, the richest turf prize ever put up abroad, and, needless to say, they went all out from the start. Tambourine II, well handled by Poincelet, France's top jockey, took the lead on the turn into the straight and held it to the winning post, though at the end he barely withstood the challenge of Arctic Storm. Sebring appeared to have a great chance till the last furlong. I caught the race on television, and it was the best show I've seen in a twelvemonth. My thanks to WABC-TV. I'm especially enthusiastic over the announcing job done by Michael O'Hehir, of Radio Eire, who is no stranger to racing over here. A tape of his reporting should be required listening for all the merry men behind the microphones at our tracks. Returning travellers tell me that Tambourine II is a good-looking dark-bay colt, and I can add that he's bred to be a runner, being by Princequillo out of La Mirambule, a first-class race mare the Jacksons bought from Maurice Hennessy five years ago. Tambourine II isn't Mrs. Jackson's first classic winner; two years ago, her filly Never Too Late won England's One Thousand Guineas and Epsom Oaks. It would be fine if Tambourine II should come over to Laurel for the Washington, D.C., International in November. Arctic Storm will.

I MUST confess that the Big A has never looked more attractive than it did last week. The turf and the steeplechase courses are a brilliant green, and the Racing Association's superintendent of properties, Ned Lord, and his helpers have laid out fancy paths of very white crushed stone to point up the landscaping in the infield. But my heart still belongs to Belmont.—AUDAX MINOR

•

Once voted to the hall of fame pinnacle of chic, a woman is "above annual comparison," ha
said the institute.—*Long Island Daily Press.*

Quiet, please!



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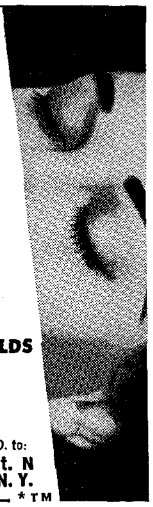

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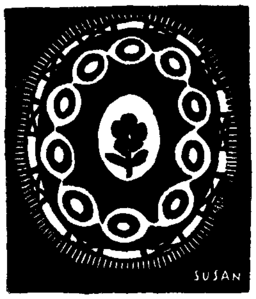
LETTER FROM LENINGRAD

JUNE 27

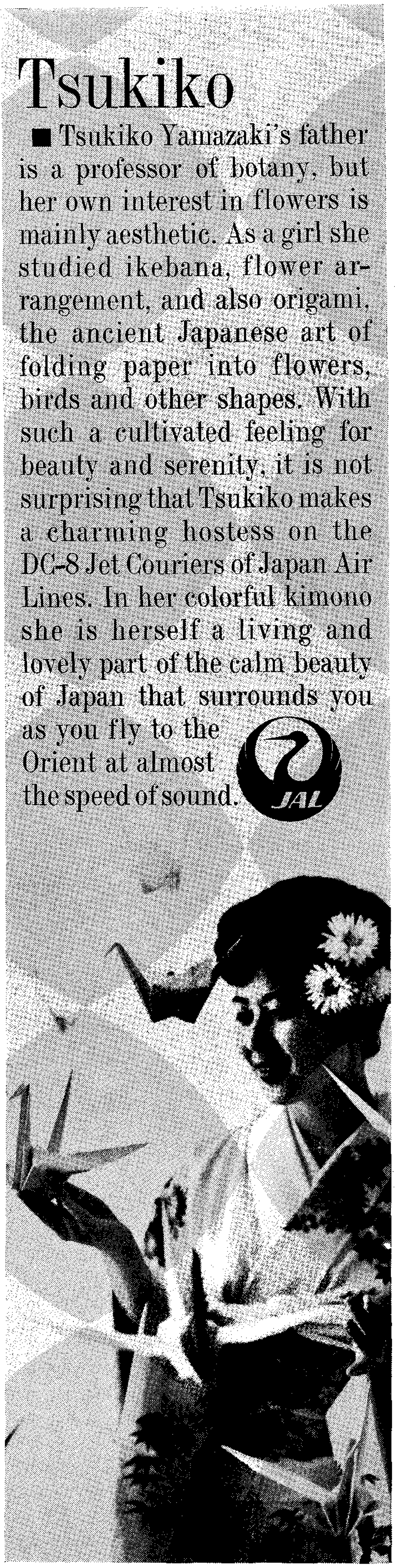
THE White Nights here are just past their brightest, and if it were not for the clouds and rain, you could indeed read a newspaper at midnight. (The Leningradtsi tell you not to count on more than forty fair days a year.) The parks and public gardens have their full summer foliage; gardeners with scythes trim the grass along the rows of oaks and poplars; the fountains of Peterhof Palace are flowing; and outdoor beer drinking has started along the Nevski Prospekt. The repainting of the Winter Palace, begun in early April, is well along; previously, the entire Palace was painted a dull brick red, but now the walls are a warm lime green, the columns and moldings are white, and the statues of heroes and goddesses on the rooftops stand black as Wedgwood against the sky. The main occupation of the young Leningradtsi these evenings is strolling with guitars and accordions to "meet the White Nights." Snatches of song continue until dawn, and even the militia seem benevolent. Anyone who can spends his weekend at a *dacha*. Last Sunday evening, the railway station was pervaded with the scent of lilacs carried in large bunches by people returning to the city on the hard-seated local trains.



Culturally, it has been a big, noisy week in Leningrad. The biggest noise—a 1938 sound, predominantly—was made by Benny Goodman and his orchestra. Few musical events have been more eagerly awaited in this city. By the end of the week, more than thirty thousand people had heard the Goodman band, and a new *znachok*, or souvenir pin, was to be seen throughout the city: in the center, hands fondle a clarinet; above this device appears the name "Benni Gydman," in Russian, and below it "USA 1962," and alongside the instrument are the words "Selmer Clarinet." The Selmer firm, one of whose owners is Mr. Goodman, donated the pins, but it will probably be a while yet before it is swamped by Soviet orders for wind instruments—particularly saxophones. The saxophone is perhaps the most maligned instrument in the U.S.S.R., being officially classified as a symbol of decadence ("The saxophone is the fruit of capitalism") and crime ("From the saxophone to the Finnish knife is only one step").

It was not until its first concert in Leningrad—five in all were given here—that the Goodman band found the audiences it had been hoping for. "It's as though they were buying their own tickets at last," one musician said. And they were. Tickets were priced at from four to six rubles (the best seats at the Bolshoi never exceed three rubles fifty kopecks), and for the first time in the year I have spent here I became aware of scalpers; one of my friends paid twenty rubles for a seat. In private, you can hear a lot of contemporary jazz in Leningrad—Monk and Mingus, Parker and Russell and such—but almost always on tape, rather than on records. Distributing the music has become a big unofficial business. A jazz record finds its way to the city, and the owner will rent it out for taping at from six to eight rubles a tape. The record itself, if he decides to sell it, may bring as much as fifty rubles. As a consequence of all this, the Goodman band here played to the most sophisticated jazz audiences of its tour. The last really big year for jazz in the Soviet Union was 1924, when Sam Wooding and his all-Negro band came to Russia. The first half of their program included a team of tap-dancers, Baby and Bobby Goins; then a basso sang "Ol' Man River," and the band finished off with "Yes Sir, That's My Baby." But what made 1924 a vintage year, according to a Leningrad jazz musician I know, was the Russian tour of Sidney Bechet. The joke about jazz coming up the river from Odessa is not far off. Bechet (accompanied, so my acquaintance recalls, by a drummer named Bayton Peyton) played the southern circuit—Odessa, Dnepropetrovsk, Kiev. It is in Kiev that the Goodman band will also complete its tour.

The posters that appeared around Leningrad a few days before Goodman's arrival did not mention the fact that the second concert would include a special event—the first performance by Americans in the Soviet Union of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," with Byron Janis as soloist. Even though Janis, who has been on a six-week concert tour of Russia, had offered to appear without fee, the government gave its consent to the program only forty-eight hours before the concert. This is the second time Janis has toured Russia, and in a land where Van Cliburn is the official American darling, his soaring



Tsukiko

■ Tsukiko Yamazaki's father is a professor of botany, but her own interest in flowers is mainly aesthetic. As a girl she studied ikebana, flower arrangement, and also origami, the ancient Japanese art of folding paper into flowers, birds and other shapes. With such a cultivated feeling for beauty and serenity, it is not surprising that Tsukiko makes a charming hostess on the DC-8 Jet Couriers of Japan Air Lines. In her colorful kimono she is herself a living and lovely part of the calm beauty of Japan that surrounds you as you fly to the Orient at almost the speed of sound.

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popularity has been impressive; he has been described by one Russian conductor as "this real pianist, this American Richter." Just before he left Moscow for Leningrad, he made the first recordings that an American pianist has made in Russia for an American recording company; playing with the Moscow Philharmonic, under Kiril Kondrashin, he recorded Prokofieff's Third Concerto and Rachmaninoff's First for Mercury Records.

The concert hall in Leningrad is the Winter Stadium, a vast indoor arena with a glass roof, which allows the music very little definition. The building, originally the manège, or riding school, of the Imperial Family, dates from the time of Paul I. Since 1905, it has been used for wrestling and boxing matches. It was here, on the morning before the band's first concert, that Goodman and Janis held their one rehearsal together. The arrangement of the "Rhapsody" that they used resembled the original one, played by Paul Whiteman's band thirty-eight years ago. "I played the 'Rhapsody' twenty years ago with Toscanini," Goodman told an interviewer. "All those strings—who needs them?" Goodman, in flannels and a blue cardigan, wandered up onto the stage, and the morning's work started with a rehearsal of "A Smooth One," an enlargement of a 1941 arrangement for the Goodman Sextet. Two hours later, while a battery of photographers (Western) snapped closeups, Goodman and Janis ran through the "Rhapsody." The rehearsal was not reassuring, but that evening the band's opening concert was a great hit. "It was the first time we paced things that high," the trumpeter Joe Wilder said later. "There was continuity all the way through. That's how it should be."

The "Rhapsody" concert the next night opened with "Let's Dance," followed by an arrangement of "Bugle Call Rag," with solos from Zoot Sims on tenor and Joe Newman on trumpet, plus a very long solo by Goodman himself. Joe Wilder played a fine solo in Duke Ellington's "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good," which in Russian translation came out "The Tortures of Love." Sims and Phil Woods, on alto, blended subtly in Tommy Newson's "Titter Pipes." The sextet played, and by the time Goodman announced the Gershwin, the audience had several times started up the unison clapping that signifies high pleasure in Soviet theatres. When Janis was settled at the piano, Goodman took his position in front of the band. But it turned out that he and Janis could not see each

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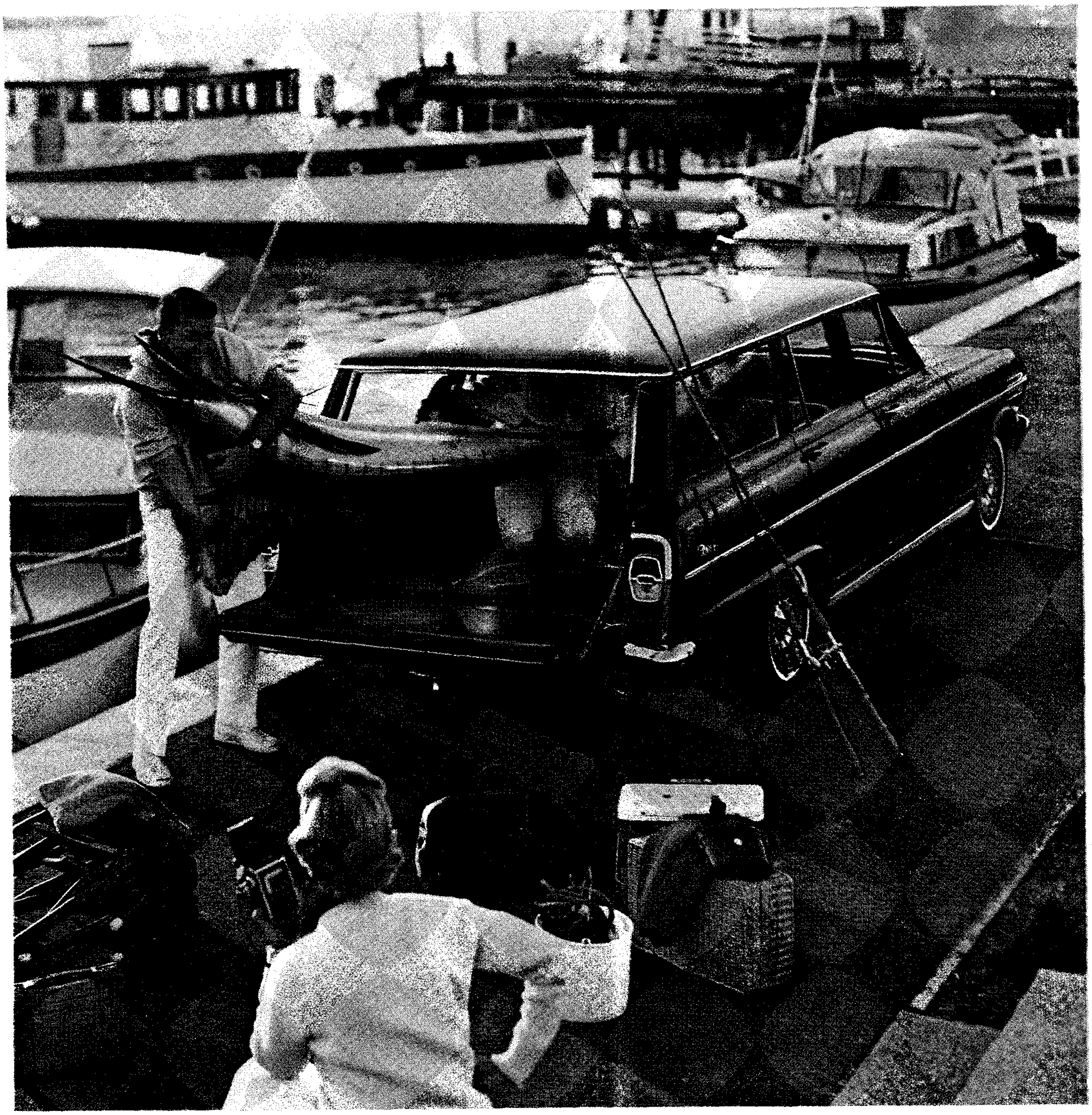

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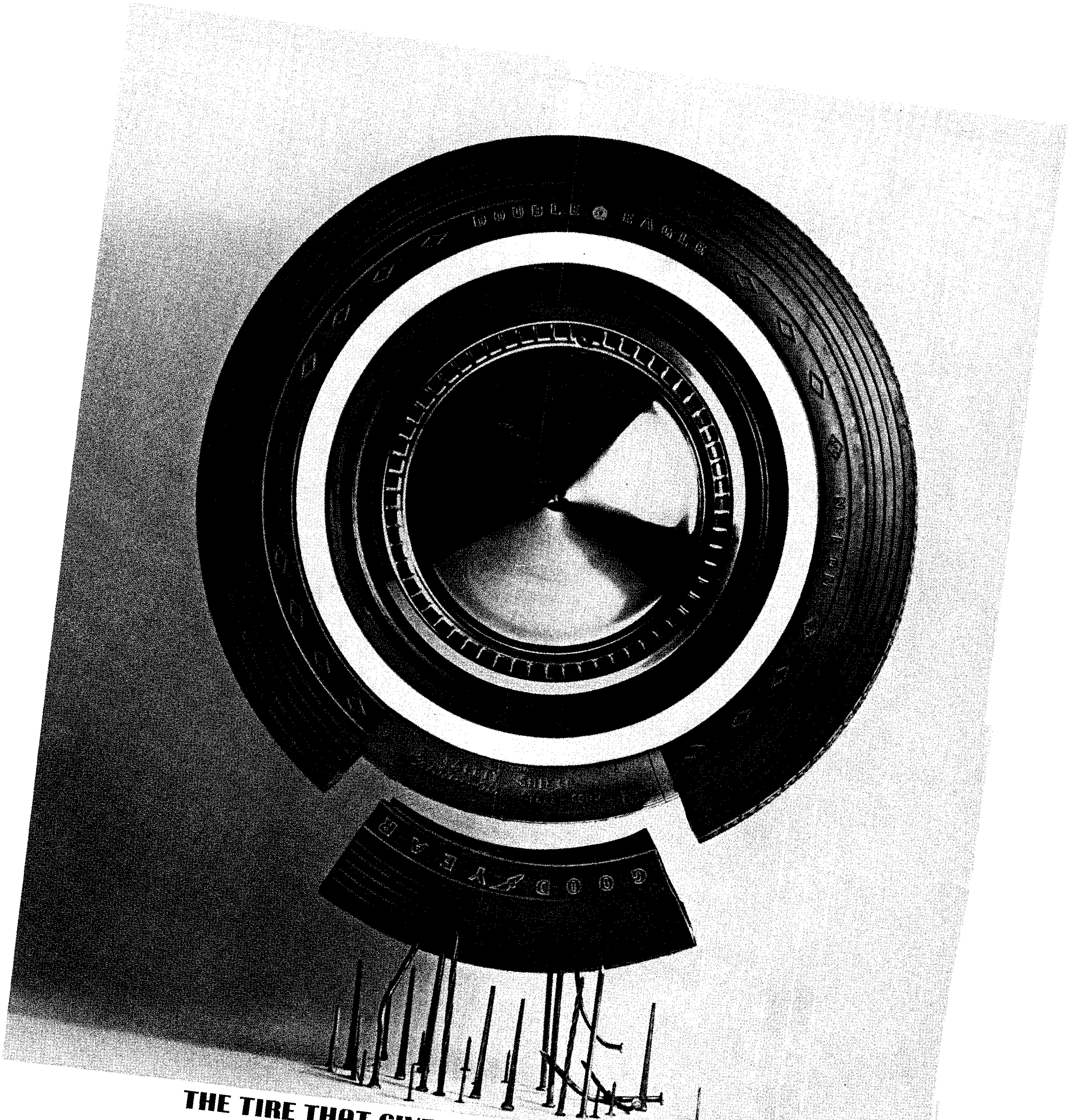

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other. The piano was not where it had been during rehearsal, and to be seen by both Janis and the band Goodman had to stand hidden from the audience. Ducking forward, Goodman gave Janis a peekaboo wave and then vanished, leaving Janis to play apparently without benefit of conductor. "Whenever jazz musicians play classical stuff, they play loud," a member of the band said before the performance. "You know, to prove they're in there." On this occasion, however, the band was controlled and supportive, and the balance achieved was far better than anyone had expected. Especially in the solo passages, Janis's performance was lucid and precise, and the Soviet audience received the Gershwin no less warmly than the audience in Aeolian Hall so many years ago. Sometimes Goodman lets the band play a jam session for an encore, but that evening he limited them to Dixieland, which always gets a big reception from Soviet audiences. "Yeah, they seemed to like it," Zoot Sims said later, "but somehow a seventeen-piece Dixieland band doesn't quite make it." And it is true that some of the Leningrad jazz fans have been displeased. As one young man who plays with an amateur group here said, "Goodman is not presenting American musicians or jazz so much as he is presenting Goodman." Still, most of the young Leningrad enthusiasts loved the band. And what matters most is that they had an opportunity to hear a really professional modern jazz rhythm section at work—to see how everything holds together because something solid, consistent, and flawless underlies the music.

AN altogether different noise came last Sunday from the Sports Stadium of the Baltic Fleet, where Leningrad's annual show of hunting and "room," or "decorative," dogs was winding up. The stadium—actually a fenced-in sports field—was decorated with dozens of red and blue flags, and the yelping of dogs was drowned out from time to time by the cheers of a crowd watching a soccer game in another part of the field. There were no stands or stalls for the dog show; dogs waiting for their class to be called were leashed to stakes set in the turf. On a slat fence behind them were printed signs naming the breeds; among the names familiar to me were such uniquely Russian breeds as the West Siberian laika (literally "barker") and the Estonian greyhound. It was a fine, blowy day, and dogs and owners lolled in the sunshine. At one end of the stadium, the hunting dogs were being paraded in

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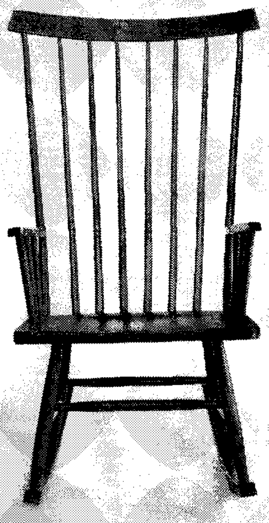

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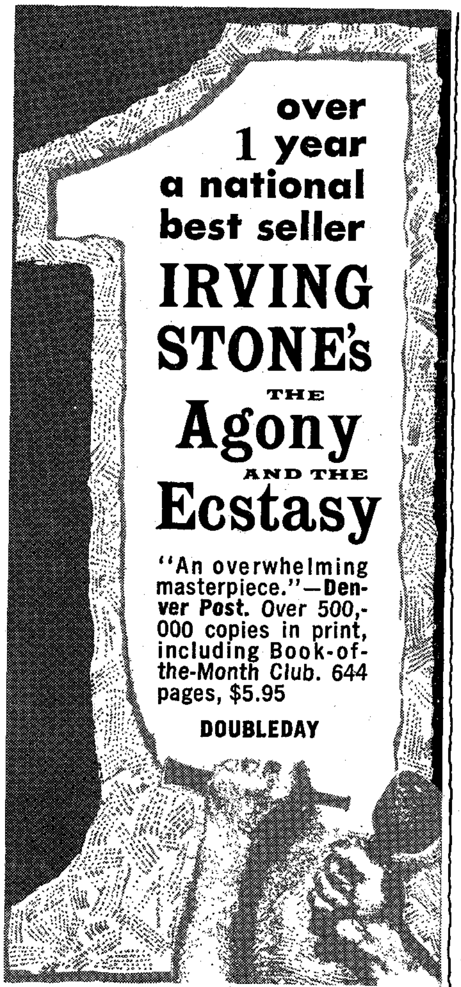

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slow circles by their overcoated, unsmiling owners. The largest class was the Russian mountain dog, with eighteen entries. Nobody said much, and since the deliberations promised to go mysteriously and slowly on, I went looking for the borzois. There were five. Stretched out indolently on rugs, they were still obviously the aristocrats of the Soviet canine world. There are only three borzois left in Leningrad, a woman exhibitor told me, and of the two out-of-towners, one was a gold-medal champion from Tallin. No one seemed to have any idea when they would be judged, so I moved on to a small pen where the decorative breeds were being shown. The last class of Pekinese bitches was about to receive its awards, and the judges, all women, were busily writing their comments on each bitch. A lady who introduced herself to me as Djanetta Avgustovna explained that in Russian dog-show judging there are two or three *stazhori*, or specialists, who make the first criticism. Next are two judges. "And if they have difficulties or make a mistake," she went on, "I am the Main Expert and give my decision." I watched for a while and then wandered over to a crowd gathered around a handsome Scotty whose neck was heavy with gold medals hanging from a gold chain. His name was Tak-Tak, and he had won the Gold Medal and Chain—the highest award given—at the Moscow dog show. It turned out that he was the entry of the Main Expert. The owners of other Scotties did not seem hopeful.

THE last big noise of the week took place just outside Leningrad, near the village of Yukki—the world-championship races for motorcycles in the 250-cc. class. Trains, buses, private cars, taxis, motorcycles, and bicycles brought a crowd of over ten thousand out from the city, and it was the first time I have been in a traffic jam in the Soviet Union. Hillsides surrounding the twenty-six-hundred-metre course were packed with spectators, and the tents of the competitors, each with the entrant's national flag flying at its door, resembled the pavilions at a medieval tournament. The main event, which had drawn teams from England, Sweden, Finland, Holland, Austria, and Norway as well as from the People's Democracies, was the two-heat, thirty-lap championship, over a moderately difficult course, with several stiff hills and a series of tight turns. The distance was about seventy-five kilometres, and there were forty competitors in the field. The championship, sponsored by the Fédéra-

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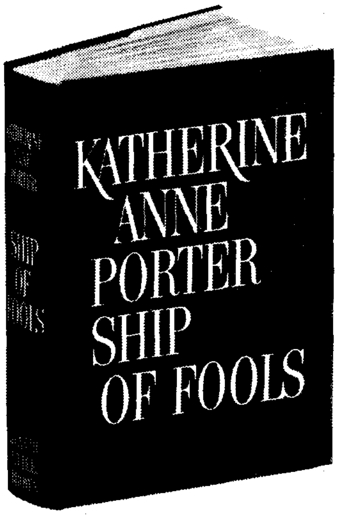

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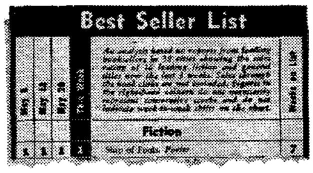
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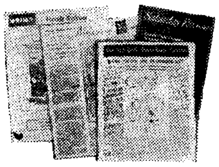
THE RECORD

The publication of Ship of Fools is being acclaimed on the front pages of every one of America's leading book reviews. ● Mark Schorer in the N. Y. Times Book Review compares this novel to the best novels of the past hundred years. ● Within two weeks after its first appearance on the N. Y. Times bestseller list, Ship of Fools was the nation's #1 best seller, a record unrivalled by any other novel in nearly a decade. ● The-Book-of-the-Month Club has chosen Ship of Fools for its members. ● Shortly after publication Hollywood announced that after tense bidding, the film rights have been purchased by producer Stanley Kramer for a major motion picture production. ● In England, France, Italy, Germany and Sweden translations of Ship of Fools are being readied for the press. ● Is it any wonder that in America Ship of Fools has shot to the top of the best-seller list?



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Every corner of the United States is ringing with praise for Ship of Fools. These comments, chosen from hundreds, are typical: "Not a dull page; not a word you want to skip. The reading of it is sheer delight." — **Philadelphia Bulletin.** "A vivid, beautifully written story bathed in intelligence and humor." — **N. Y. Herald Tribune.** "A major novel, seething with all too recognizable life." — **Newsweek.** "It throbs with life on every page . . . A dazzling performance." — **San Francisco Chronicle.** "A literary event of the highest magnitude." — **Washington Post.** "An absorbing novel . . . bursting with a wealth of beautifully realized and diverse characters, brilliantly analyzed." — **Dallas Morning News.** "I say and I think I shall go on saying, My God, here is a book." — **Dorothy Parker in Esquire.** "Awaited for an entire literary generation . . . now suddenly, superbly here." — **N. Y. Times Book Review.**

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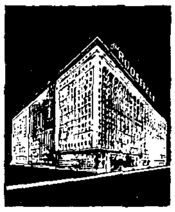

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tion Internationale du Motocyclisme, has been won by Sweden four out of the last five runnings. At the end of the first heat, Hallman, of Sweden, was in the lead, followed by two Englishmen, Jeff Smith and Arthur Lempkin, who were sponsored by a motorcycle factory in Manchester. The only competitor from the People's Democracies in a threatening position was a Czech, Chizhek. Short but heavy downpours scattered throughout the afternoon made the second heat considerably more sticky than the first. Excited announcements came over the public-address system as positions were reported from observation posts around the course, and these kept the crowd yelling for the Czech. The loudspeakers squawked, the crowd yelled, the motorcycles roared, the mud flew, and at the end it was still Hallman, Smith, and Lempkin. It was a pleasure to get back to Leningrad's strolling accordionists and guitarists meeting the White Nights. —RALPH BLUM

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A barrier against fallout is being built by Hyatt Von Dehn above his new home at Thunderbird Estates, Palm Springs.

Less than a year ago Hyatt (he owns Hyatt Houses near Los Angeles and other airports) built a beautiful, modernistic and spectacular desert home at Thunderbird Estates (at a cost of half a million or more). It has a magnificent view of the entire Coachella Valley.

Now his "barrier" (actually a bomb shelter, but he dislikes calling it by that name) is well under way, and it probably will be the most complete shelter built here or anywhere by and for a private citizen.

Like his sprawling hillside home below, the barrier will be a push button operation, completely air conditioned, have its own power generating plant, a living room and playroom with heavy glass windows, a well stocked larder, of course; several radio and television sets, and now, hold your hats, an underground swimming pool!

Hyatt designed his new shelter himself, with the aid of an architect and contractor, and it will be the last word.—*Cholly Angeleno in the Los Angeles Examiner.*

Not unless there's a floating bar.

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE:

Integrety for Tomorrow's Adults by Blanche Carrier will be issued in paperback at $1.95 on June 8 by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Blanche Carrier, one of America's best-known and best-loved religious educators has written a book for every parent concerned about the increase in juvenile delinquency. Chapter titles Include: "Can They Resist the Crowd?" "Can They Become Resposible?"—*Book news from the Thomas Y. Crowell Company.*

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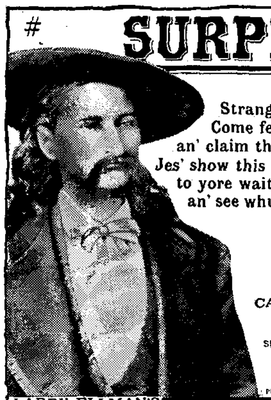

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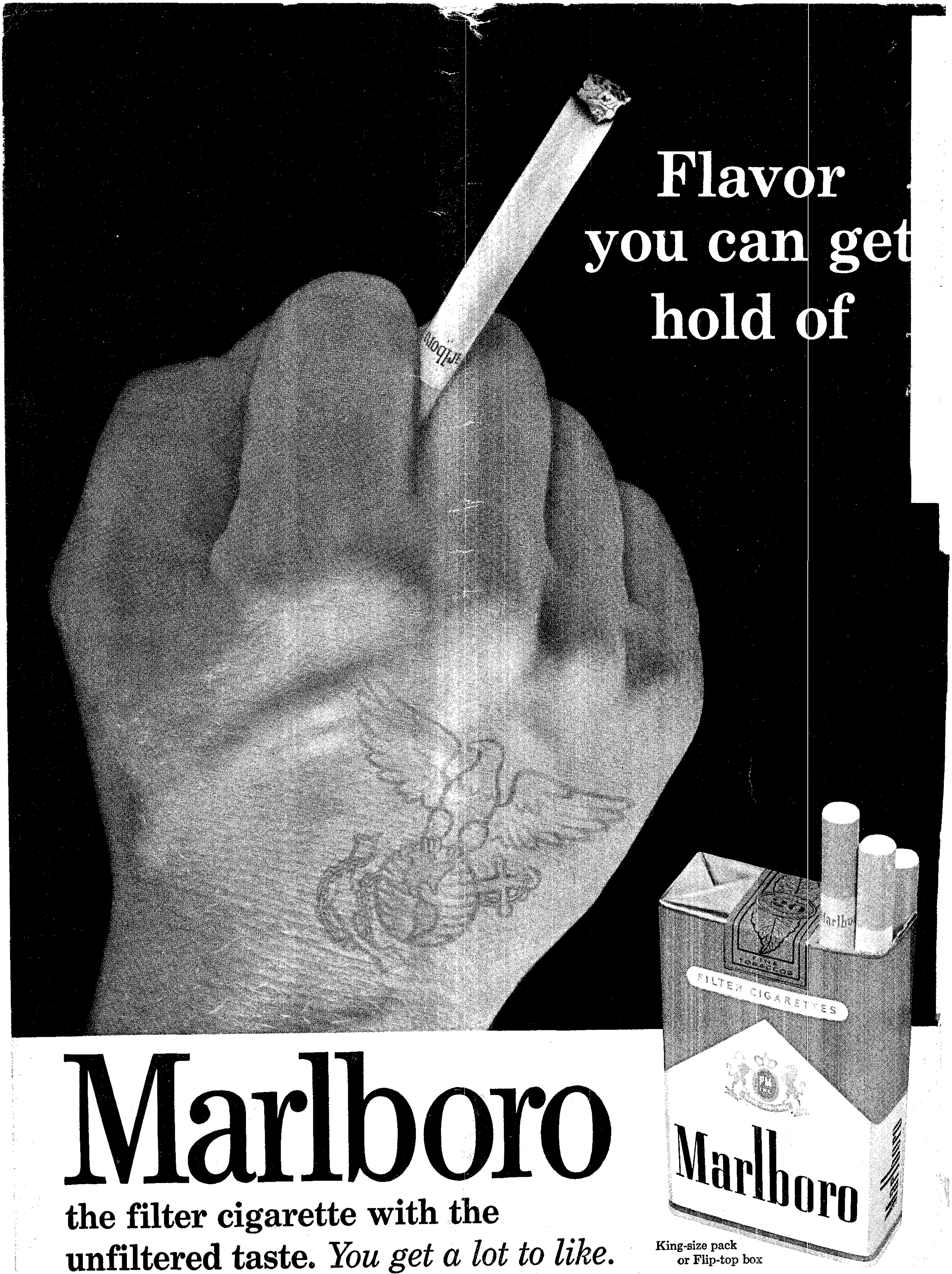
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